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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 585
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1714[1]

[ADDISON]

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta ...

Virg.

The Sequel of the Story of Shalum *and* Hilpa.

THE Letter inserted in my last had so good an Effect upon *Hilpa*, that she answered it in less than a Twelvemonth after the following Manner:

Hilpa, *Mistress of the Vailles, to* Shalum, *Master of Mount* Tirzah.

In the 789th Year of the Creation.

'WHAT have I to do with thee, O *Shalum*? Thou praisest *Hilpa*'s Beauty, but art thou not secretly enamour'd with the Verdure of her Meadows? Art thou not more affected with the Prospect of her green Vailles, than thou wouldst be with the Sight of her Person? The Lowings of my Herds, and the Bleatings of my Flocks, make a pleasant Eccho in thy Mountains, and sound sweetly in thy Ears. What tho' I am delighted with the Wavings of thy Forests, and those Breezes of Perfumes which flow from the Top of *Tirzah*: are these like the Riches of the Valley?

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'I know thee, O *Shalum*; thou art more wise and happy than any of the Sons of Men. Thy Dwellings are among the Cedars; thou searchest out the Diversity of Soils, thou understandest the Influences of the Stars, and markest the Change of Seasons. Can a Woman appear lovely in the Eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O *Shalum*; let me alone, that I may enjoy those goodly Possessions which are fallen to my Lot. Win me not by thy enticing Words. May thy Trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add Wood to Wood, and Shade to Shade; but tempt not *Hilpa* to destroy thy Solitude, and make thy Retirement populous.'

The *Chinese* say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a Treat in one of the neighbouring Hills to which *Shalum* had invited

her. This Treat lasted for two Years, and is said to have cost *Shalum* five hundred Antelopes, two thousand Ostriches, and a thousand Tun of Milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that Variety of delicious Fruits and Potherbs, in which no Person then living could any way equal *Shalum.*

He treated her in the Bower which he had planted amidst the Wood of Nightingales. This Wood was made up of such Fruit Trees and Plants as are most agreeable to the several Kinds of Singing-Birds; so that it had drawn into it all the Musick of the Country, and was filled from one End of the Year to the other with the most agreeable Consort in Season.

He shewed her every Day some beautiful and surprizing Scene in this new Region of Woodlands; and as by this Means he had all the Opportunities he could wish for of opening his Mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her Departure she made him a kind of Promise, and gave him her Word to return him a positive Answer in less than fifty Years.

She had not been long among her own People in the Vallies, when she received new Overtures, and at the same Time a most splendid Visit from *Mishpach,* who was a mighty Man of old, and had built a great City, which he called after his own Name. Every House was made for at least a thousand Years, nay there were some that were leased out for three Lives; so that the Quantity of Stone and Timber consumed in this Building is scarce to be imagined by those who

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live in the present Age of the World. This great Man entertained her with the Voice of musical Instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the Sound of the Timbrel. He also presented her with several domestick Utensils wrought in Brass and Iron, which had been newly found out for the Conveniency[1] of Life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at *Hilpa* for the Reception which she had given to *Mishpach,* insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole Revolution of *Saturn*; but finding that this Intercourse went no further than a Visit, he again renewed his Addresses to her, who during his long Silence is said very often to have cast a wishing Eye upon Mount *Tirzah.*

Her Mind continued wavering about twenty Years longer between *Shalum* and *Mishpach*; for tho' her Inclinations favoured the

former, her Interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her Heart was in this unsettled Condition, the following Accident happened which determined her Choice. A high Tower of Wood that stood in the City of *Mishpach* having caught Fire by a Flash of Lightning, in a few Days reduced the whole Town to Ashes. *Mishpach* resolved to rebuild the Place whatever it should cost him; and having already destroyed all the Timber of the Country, he was forced to have Recourse to *Shalum,* whose Forests were now two hundred Years old. He purchased these Woods with so many Herds of Cattle and Flocks of Sheep, and with such a vast Extent of Fields and Pastures, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Mishpach*; and therefore appeared so charming in the Eyes of *Zilpah*'s Daughter, that she no longer refused him in Marriage. On the Day in which he brought her up into the Mountains he raised a most prodigious Pile of Cedar, and of every sweet-smelling Wood, which reached above 300 Cubits in Height: He also cast into the Pile Bundles of Myrrh and Sheaves of Spikenard, enriching it with every spicy Shrub, and making it fat with the Gums of his Plantations. This was the Burnt-Offering which *Shalum* offered in the Day of his Espousals: The Smoke of it ascended up to Heaven, and filled the whole Country with Incense and Perfume.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclogues,* 5. 62–64:

The Mountain tops unshorn, the Rocks rejoice;
The lowly Shrubs partake of Humane Voice. DRYDEN.

2. 7: This Wood] ~ *8vo*; The Wood *12mo*

[1] See *OED,* Convenience, 6 (saving of trouble). The last quotation given in this sense is dated 1796.

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NO. 586
FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1714[1]

[BYROM]

... Quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, curant,
vident, Quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique
in somno accidunt.

Cic. de Div.

BY the last Post I received the following Letter, which is built upon a Thought that is new, and very well carried on; for

which Reasons I shall give it to the Publick without Alteration, Addition, or Amendment.

SIR,

'IT was a good Piece of Advice which *Pythagoras* gave to his Scholars, That every Night before they slept they should examine what they had been a doing that Day, and so discover what Actions were worthy of Pursuit to Morrow, and what little Vices were to be prevented from slipping unawares into a Habit.[1] If I might second the Philosopher's Advice, it should be mine, That in a Morning before my Scholar rose, he should consider what he had been about that Night, and with the same Strictness as if the Condition he has believ'd himself to be in was real. Such a Scrutiny into the Actions of his Fancy must be of considerable Advantage, for this Reason, Because the Circumstances which a Man imagines himself in during Sleep, are generally such as entirely favour his Inclinations good or bad, and give him imaginary Opportunities of

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pursuing them to the utmost; so that his Temper will lie fairly open to his View, while he considers how it is mov'd when free from those Constraints which the Accidents of real Life put it under. Dreams are certainly the Result of our waking Thoughts, and our daily Hopes and Fears are what give the Mind such nimble Relishes of Pleasure, and such severe Touches of Pain, in its midnight Rambles. A Man that murders his Enemy, or deserts his Friend, in a Dream, had need to guard his Temper against Revenge and Ingratitude, and take heed that he be not tempted to do a vile thing in the Pursuit of false, or the Neglect of true Honour. For my Part, I seldom receive a Benefit, but in a Night or two's Time I make most noble Returns for it; which tho' my Benefactor is not a whit the better for, yet it pleases me to think, that it was from a Principle of Gratitude in me, that my Mind was susceptible of such generous Transport while I thought my self repaying the Kindness of my Friend: And I have often been ready to beg Pardon, instead

of returning an Injury, after considering, that when the Offender was in my Power I had carried my Resentments much too far.

'I think it has been observ'd in the Course of your Papers, how much one's Happiness or Misery may depend upon the Imagination: [1] Of which Truth those strange Workings of Fancy in Sleep are no inconsiderable Instances; so that not only the Advantage a Man has of making Discoveries of himself, but a Regard to his own Ease or Disquiet, may induce him to accept of my Advice. Such as are willing to comply with it, I shall put into a way of doing it with Pleasure, by observing only one Maxim which I shall give them, *viz. To go to Bed with a Mind entirely free from Passion, and a Body clear of the least Intemperance.*

'They indeed who can sink into Sleep with their Thoughts less calm or innocent than they should be, do but plunge themselves into Scenes of Guilt and Misery; or they who are willing to purchase any Midnight Disquietudes for the Satisfaction of a full Meal, or a Skin full of Wine; these I have nothing to say to, as not knowing how to invite 'em to Reflections full of Shame and Horror: But those that will observe this Rule, I promise 'em they shall awake into Health and Chearfulness, and be capable of recounting with Delight those glorious Moments wherein the Mind has been in-

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dulging it self in such Luxury of Thought, such noble Hurry or Imagination. Suppose a Man's going supperless to Bed should introduce him to the Table of some great Prince or other, where he shall be entertained with the noblest Marks of Honour and Plenty, and do so much Business after, that he shall rise with as good a Stomach to his Breakfast as if he had fasted all Night long; or suppose he should see his dearest Friends remain all Night in great Distresses, which he could instantly have disengaged them from, could he have been content to have gone to Bed without the t'other Bottle: Believe me, these Effects of Fancy are no contemptible Consequences of commanding or indulging one's Appetite.

'I forbear recommending my Advice upon many other Accounts, till I hear how you and your Readers relish what I have already said; among whom, if there be any that may pretend it is useless to them, because they never dream at all, there may be others, perhaps, who do little else all Day long. Were every one as sensible as I am what happens to him in his Sleep, it would be no Dispute whether we past so considerable a Portion of our Time in the Condition of

Stocks and Stones, or whether the Soul were not perpetually at Work upon the Principle of Thought. However, 'tis an honest Endeavour of mine to persuade my Countrymen to reap some Advantage from so many unregarded Hours, and as such you will encourage it.

'I shall conclude with giving you a Sketch or two of my Way of proceeding.

'If I have any Business of Consequence to do to Morrow, I am scarce dropt asleep to Night but I am in the midst of it, and when awake I consider the whole Procession[1] of the Affair, and get the Advantage of the next Day's Experience before the Sun has risen upon it.

'There is scarce a great Post but what I have some Time or other been in; but my Behaviour while I was Master of a College pleases me so well, that whenever there is a Province of that Nature vacant, I intend to step in as soon as I can.

'I have done many Things that would not pass Examination,

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when I have had the Art of Flying, or being Invisible; for which Reason I am glad I am not possessed of those extraordinary Qualities.

'Lastly, Mr. SPECTATOR, I have been a great Correspondent of yours, and have read many of my Letters in your Paper which I never wrote to you. If you have a Mind I should really be so, I have got a Parcel of Visions and other Miscellanies in my Noctuary,[2] which I shall send you to enrich your Paper with on proper Occasions.

Oxford, August 20.

I am, &c.

John Shadow."

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Cicero, *De Divinatione,* 1. 22. 45 (altered): Whatever men transact in their lives, whatever employs their thoughts, cares, eyes, or waking actions, these are the subjects of their dreams.

This number, the first of a series of four papers on dreams (the others are Nos. 587, 593, and 597), is assigned by Nichols and later editors to John Byrom, author of the 'Pastoral' in No. 603. Byrom's 'two humorous letters upon dreams' are referred to in the *Biographia Britannica,* vi, part ii, Supplement (1766), pp. 26–28, and identified in Kippis's revised edition (iii. 121) as Nos. 586 and 593. Both of these purport to be from 'John Shadow' of Oxford, who disclaims authorship of No. 587 (see No. 593 *ad fin*.). The Tickell MS. assigns Nos. 586 and 597 to Byrom, No. 593 to Budgell, and says nothing of No. 587. No. 593 no doubt consists of extracts from John Shadow's letter, revised by Budgell. The authorship of No. 587 remains unknown; No. 597 consists of editorial comments on the dream experiences of several correspondents and cannot be assigned to Byrom. Nos. 586 and 593—and No. 603—are the only papers certainly by him.

4. 3: SIR,] IR,

[1] See the Commentaries of Hierocles upon the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, printed in André Dacier's *Life of Pythagoras,* published by Tonson in 1707, pp. 304–10. This practice of the Pythagoreans is referred to by Cicero, *De Senectute*, 11. 38.

[1] See Nos. 136, 167, &c. (vol. ii).

6. 1: perpetually] pre-/petually

[1] I.e. 'onward movement, advance' (cf. *OED).*

[2] This is the first example in *OED* of this word, coined upon the analogy of 'diary'.

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The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 587
MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1714[1]

... intus, et in Cute novi.

Pers.

THO' the Author of the following Vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the Work of that ingenious Gentleman, who promised me, in the last Paper, some Extracts out of his Noctuary.

SIR,

I Was the other Day reading the Life of *Mahomet.* Among many other Extravagancies, I find it recorded of that Impostor, that in the fourth Year of his Age the Angel *Gabriel* caught him up, while he was among his Play-fellows, and, carrying him aside, cut open his Breast, plucked out his Heart, and wrung out of it that black Drop of Blood, in which, say the *Turkish* Divines, is contained the *Fomes Peccati,* so that he was free from Sin ever after.[2] I immediately said to my self, tho' this Story be a Fiction, a very good Moral may be drawn from it, would every Man but apply it to himself, and endeavour to squeeze out of his Heart whatever Sins or ill Qualities he finds in it.

While my Mind was wholly taken up with this Contemplation, I insensibly fell into a most pleasing Slumber, when methought two Porters entered my Chamber, carrying a large Chest between them. After having set it down in the middle of the Room they departed. I immediately endeavoured to open what was sent me, when a

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Shape, like that in which we paint our Angels, appeared before me, and forbad me. Enclosed, said he, are the Hearts of several of your Friends and Acquaintance; but before you can be qualified to see and animadvert on the Failings of others, you must be pure your self; whereupon he drew out his Incision Knife, cut me open, took out my Heart, and began to squeeze it. I was in a great Confusion,

to see how many things, which I had always cherished as Virtues, issued out of my Heart on this Occasion. In short, after it had been throughly squeezed, it looked like an empty Bladder, when the Phantome, breathing a fresh Particle of Divine Air into it, restored it safe to its former Repository; and having sewed me up, we began to examine the Chest.

The Hearts were all enclosed in transparent Phials, and preserved in a Liquor which looked like Spirits of Wine. The first which I cast my Eye upon, I was afraid would have broke the Glass which contained it. It shot up and down, with incredible Swiftness, thro' the Liquor in which it swam, and very frequently bounced against the side of the Phial. The *Fomes,* or Spot in the middle of it, was not large, but of a red fiery Colour, and seemed to be the Cause of these violent Agitations. That, says my Instructor, is the Heart of *Tom Dread-nought,* who behaved himself well in the late Wars, but has for these Ten Years last past been aiming at some Post of Honour to no Purpose. He is lately retired into the Country, where, quite choaked up with Spleen and Choler, he rails at better Men than himself, and will be for ever uneasie, because it is impossible he should think his Merit sufficiently rewarded. The next Heart that I examined was remarkable for its Smallness; it lay still at the bottom of the Phial, and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The *Fomes* was quite black, and had almost diffused it self over the whole Heart. This, says my Interpreter, is the Heart of *Dick Gloomy,* who never thirsted after any thing but Mony. Notwithstanding all his Endeavours, he is still poor. This has flung him into a most deplorable State of Melancholy and Despair. He is a Composition of Envy and Idleness, hates Mankind, but gives them their Revenge by being more uneasie to himself than to any one else.

The Phial I looked upon next contained a large fair Heart, which beat very strongly. The *Fomes* or Spot in it was exceeding small;

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but I could not help observing, that which way soever I turned the Phial it always appeared uppermost, and in the strongest Point of Light. The Heart you are examining, says my Companion, belongs to *Will. Worthy.* He has, indeed, a most noble Soul, and is possessed of a thousand good Qualities. The Speck which you discover is *Vanity.*

Here, says the Angel, is the Heart of *Freelove,* your intimate Friend. *Freelove* and I, said I, are at present very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the Heart of a Man, which I fear

is overcast with Rancour. My Teacher commanded me to look upon it; I did so, and, to my unspeakable Surprise, found that a small swelling Spot, which I at first took to be *Ill-will* towards me, was only *Passion,* and that upon my nearer Inspection it wholly disappeared; upon which the Phantome told me *Freelove* was one of the best natured Men alive.

This, says my Teacher, is a Female Heart of your Acquaintance. I found the *Fomes* in it of the largest Size, and of a hundred different Colours, which were still varying every Moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the Heart of *Coquetilla.*

I set it down, and drew out another, in which I took the *Fomes* at first sight to be very Small, but was amazed to find, that as I looked steadfastly upon it, it grew still larger. It was the Heart of *Melissa*,[1] a noted Prude who lives the next Door to me.

I show you this, says the Phantome, because it is indeed a Rarity, and you have the Happiness to know the Person to whom it belongs. He then put into my Hands a large Chrystal Glass, that enclosed an Heart, in which, though I examined it with the utmost Nicety, I could not perceive any Blemish. I made no Scruple to affirm that it must be the Heart of *Seraphina,* and was glad, but not surprised, to find that it was so. She is, indeed, continued my Guide, the Ornament, as well as the Envy, of her Sex; at these last Words, he pointed to the Hearts of several of her Female Acquaintance which lay in different Phials, and had very large Spots in them, all of a deep *Blue.* You are not to wonder, says he, that you see no

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Spot in an Heart, whose Innocence has been proof against all the Corruptions of a depraved Age. If it has any Blemish, it is too small to be discovered by Human Eyes.

I layed it down, and took up the Hearts of other Females, in all of which the *Fomes* ran in several Veins, which were twisted together, and made a very perplexed Figure. I asked the meaning of it, and was told it represented *Deceit.*

I should have been glad to have examined the Hearts of several of my Acquaintance, whom I knew to be particularly addicted to Drinking, Gaming, Intreaguing, *&c.* but my Interpreter told me I must let that alone till another Opportunity, and flung down the Cover of the Chest with so much Violence, as immediately awoke me.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Persius, *Satires,* 3. 30:

I know thee to thy Bottom; from within
Thy shallow Centre, to thy outmost Skin, DRYDEN.

The authorship of this number is unknown; it may be a genuine contribution inspired by No. 586. Although assigned to Byrom by Nichols, Morley, and Aitken, it is specifically disclaimed by 'John Shadow' in No. 593.

[2] The anecdote is told in *The Turkish Spy,* book iii, letter xx (ed. 1702, v. 200), and by Bayle, art. Mahomet, Remark I. In neither of these accounts, however, is *Fomes peccati* used. (The phrase occurs in Prudentius, *Apophthegmata,* 942, and elsewhere.)

7. 23: forbad me.] forbad be.

[1] Both 'Coquetilla' and 'Melissa' appear in No. 377 (vol. iii).

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 588

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1714[1]

[GROVE]

Dicitis, Omnis in Imbecillitate est et Gratia, et Caritas.

Cicero. De Nat. Deor. L.

MAN may be considered in two Views,
as a Reasonable, and as a Sociable Being; capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and of contributing to the Happiness or Misery of his Fellow-Creatures. Suitably to this double Capacity, the Contriver of Human Nature hath wisely furnished it with two Principles of Action, Self-love and Benevolence; designed one of them to render Man wakeful to his own personal Interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost Assistance to all engag'd in the same Pursuit.[2] This is such an Account of our Frame, so agreeable to Reason, so much for the Honour of our Maker, and the Credit of our Species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce Men to represent Humane Nature as they do under Characters of Disadvantage, or, having drawn it with a little and sordid Aspect, what Pleasure they can possibly take in such a Picture. Do they reflect that 'tis their Own, and, if we will believe themselves, is not more odious than the Original? One of the first that talked in this lofty Strain of our Nature was *Epicurus.*[3] Beneficence, would his Followers say, is all founded in Weakness; and, whatever he pretended, the Kindness that passeth between Men and Men is by every Man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a Piece with the rest of that hopeful Philosophy,

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which having patch'd Man up out of the four Elements, attributes his Being to Chance, and derives all his Actions from an unintelligible Declination of Atoms. And for these glorious Discoveries, the Poet is beyond Measure transported in the Praises of his Hero, as if he must needs be something more than Man, only for an Endeavour to prove that Man is in nothing superior to Beasts. In this School was Mr. *Hobs* instructed to speak after the same Manner, if he did

not rather draw his Knowledge from an Observation of his own Temper; for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a Rule, 'That from the Similitudes of Thoughts and Passions of one Man to the Thoughts and Passions of another, whosoever looks into himself and considers what he doth when he thinks, hopes, fears, *&c.* and upon what Grounds; he shall hereby read and know what are the Thoughts and Passions of all other Men upon the like Occasions.'[1] Now we will allow Mr. *Hobs* to know best how he was inclined: But in earnest, I should be heartily out of Conceit with my self, if I thought my self of this unamiable Temper, as he affirms, and should have as little Kindness for my self as for any Body in the World. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent Propensions[2] were the original Growth of the Heart of Man, and, however checked and overtop'd by counter Inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still some Force in the worst of Tempers, and a considerable Influence on the best. And, methinks, it's a fair Step towards the Proof of this, that the most beneficent of all Beings is he who hath an absolute Fulness of Perfection in Himself, who gave Existence to the Universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which He communicated, without diminishing from the Plenitude of his own Power and Happiness. The Philosophers before mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this Argument; for, placing the Gods in a State of the most elevated Blessedness, they describe them as Selfish as we poor miserable Mortals can be, and shut them out from all Concern for Mankind, upon the Score of their having no Need of us. But if He that sitteth in the Heavens wants not us, we stand in continual Need of Him; and, surely, next to the Survey of the immense Treasures of his own Mind, the most exalted Pleasure He receives is from beholding Millions of Creatures, lately drawn out of the Gulph of Non-existence, rejoycing in the various

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Degrees of Being and Happiness imparted to them.[3] And as this is the true, the glorious Character of the Deity, so in forming a reasonable Creature He would not, if possible, suffer his Image to pass out of his Hands unadorned with a Resemblance of Himself in this most lovely Part of his Nature. For what Complacency could a Mind, whose Love is as unbounded as his Knowledge, have in

a Work so unlike Himself? a Creature that should be capable of knowing and conversing with a vast Circle of Objects, and love none but Himself? What Proportion would there be between the Head and the Heart of such a Creature, its Affections, and its Understanding? Or could a Society of such Creatures, with no other Bottom but Self-Love on which to maintain a Commerce, ever flourish? Reason, 'tis certain, would oblige every Man to pursue the general Happiness, as the Means to procure and establish his own; and yet if, besides this Consideration, there were not a natural Instinct, prompting Men to desire the Welfare and Satisfaction of others, Self-Love, in Defiance of the Admonitions of Reason, would quickly run all Things into a State of War and Confusion. As nearly interested as the Soul is in the Fate of the Body, our provident Creator saw it necessary, by the constant Returns of Hunger and Thirst, those importunate Appetites, to put it in Mind of its Charge; knowing, that if we should eat and drink no oftner than cold abstracted Speculation should put us upon these Exercises, and then leave it to Reason to prescribe the Quantity, we should soon refine ourselves out of this bodily Life. And, indeed, 'tis obvious to Remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unless carried to it by Inclinations which anticipate our Reason, and, like a Biass, draw the Mind strongly towards it. In order, therefore, to establish a perpetual Intercourse of Benefits amongst Mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous Prepossession of Benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue its Impossibility? Is it inconsistent with Self-love? Are their Motions contrary? No more than the diurnal Rotation of the Earth is opposed to its Annual; or its Motion round its own Center, which may be improved as an Illustration of Self-Love, to that which whirls it about the common Center of the World, answering to universal Benevolence. Is the Force of Self-Love abated, or its Interest prejudiced by Benevolence? So far from

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it, that Benevolence, though a distinct Principle, is extreamly serviceable to Self-Love, and then doth most Service when 'tis least designed.

But to descend from Reason to matter of Fact; the pity which arises on sight of Persons in Distress, and the Satisfaction of Mind which is the Consequence of having removed them into a happier State, are instead of a thousand Arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested Benevolence. Did Pity proceed from a Reflection

we make upon our Liableness to the same ill Accidents we see befall others, it were nothing to the present Purpose; but this is Assigning an artificial Cause of a natural Passion, and can by no means be admitted as a tolerable Account of it, because Children, and Persons most Thoughtless about their own Condition, and incapable of entering into the Prospects of Futurity, feel the most violent Touches of Compassion. And then as to that charming Delight which immediately follows the giving Joy to another, or relieving his Sorrow, and is, when the Objects are numerous, and the kindness of Importance really inexpressible, what can this be owing to but a Consciousness of a Man's having done something Praise-worthy, and expressive of a great Soul?[1] Whereas, if in all this he only Sacrificed to Vanity and Self-Love, as there would be nothing brave in Actions that make the most shining Appearance, so Nature would not have rewarded them with this divine Pleasure; nor could the Commendations, which a Person receives for Benefits done upon selfish Views, be at all more Satisfactory, than when he is applauded for what he doth without Design; because in both Cases the Ends of Self-Love are equally answered. The Conscience of approving ones self a Benefactor to Mankind is the noblest Recompence for being so; doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own Advantage, not-withstanding which, the Inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The Pleasure which attends the Gratification of our Hunger and Thirst, is not the Cause of these Appetites; they are previous to any such Prospect; and so likewise is the desire of doing Good; with this Difference, that being seated in the Intellectual Part, this last, though Antecedent to Reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwise a Virtue than as it is so. Thus have I contended for the Dignity of that Nature I have the Honour

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to partake of, and, after all the Evidence produced, think I have a Right to conclude, against the Motto of this Paper, that there is such a thing as Generosity in the World. Though if I were under a Mistake in this I should say, as *Cicero* in Relation to the Immortality of the Soul, I willingly err, and should believe it very much for the Interest of Mankind to lie under the same Delusion.[2] For the contrary Notion naturally tends to dispirit the Mind, and sinks

it into a Meanness fatal to the Godlike Zeal of doing good. As on the other Hand, it teaches People to be Ungrateful, by possessing them with a Perswasion concerning their Benefactors, that they have no Regard to them in the Benefits they bestow. Now he that banishes Gratitude from among Men, by so doing stops up the Stream of Beneficence. For though in conferring Kindnesses, a truly generous Man doth not aim at a Return, yet he looks to the Qualities of the Person obliged, and as nothing renders a Person more unworthy of a Benefit, than his being without all Resentment of it, he will not be extreamly forward to Oblige such a Man.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Cicero, *De natura deorum,* 1. 44. 124: You say all Goodness and Charity are founded in Weakness.

This number is the first of four papers (Nos. 588, 601, 626, and 635) contributed to the *Spectator* by Henry Grove (1684–1738), the dissenting divine. They are reprinted in his *Miscellanies* (1739), in his *Sermons and Tracts* (1740), and in his *Discourses, Tracts and Poems* (1747). See Introduction.

10. 5: of] of / of

[2] For Pope's statement of this theme see the *Essay on Man*, ii. 53 ff.

[3] Cicero, *De natura deorum,* 1. 43. 121 f.

[1] Hobbes, *Leviathan,* Introduction (Everyman ed., p. 2).

[2] I.e. propensities. Grove also uses this form of the word in No. 601.

11. 31: drawn] ∼ *8vo*; drown *12mo*

[3] Cf. No. 519 (vol. iv).

13. 11: but a Consciousness] ∼ *8vo*; but Consciousness *12mo*

[1] Cf. Ronald S. Crane, 'Suggestions toward a genealogy of the "Man of Feeling" ', *ELH,* i (1934), 205–30.

[2] Cicero, *De Senectute,* 23. 85. This sentence is used by Addison as the motto for *Freeholder* 51.

14. 10: to] to / to

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NO. 589
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1714[1]

[BUDGELL]

Persequitur scelus ille suum: labefactaque tandem
Ictibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor
Corruit. ...

Ovid.

SIR,

'I AM so great an Admirer of Trees, that the Spot of Ground I have chosen to build a small Seat upon, in the Country, is almost in the midst of a large Wood. I was obliged, much against my Will, to cut down several Trees, that I might have any such thing as a Walk in my Gardens; but then I have taken Care to leave the Space, between every Walk, as much a Wood as I found it. The Moment you turn either to the right or left, you are in a Forest, where Nature presents you with a much more beautiful Scene than could have been raised by Art.

'Instead of *Tulips* or *Carnatians* I can shew you *Oakes* in my Gardens of four hundred Years standing, and a Knot of *Elms* that might shelter a Troop of Horse from the Rain.

'It is not without the utmost Indignation, that I observe several

prodigal young Heirs in the Neighbourhood, felling down the most glorious Monuments of their Ancestors Industry, and ruining, in a Day, the Product of Ages.

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'I am mightily pleased with your Discourse upon Planting,[1] which put me upon looking into my Books to give you some Account of the Veneration the Ancients had for Trees. There is an old Tradi tion, that *Abraham* planted a *Cyprus,* a *Pine,* and a *Cedar,* and that these three incorporated into one Tree, which was cut down for the building of the Temple of *Solomon.*[2]

'*Isidorus,* who lived in the Reign of *Constantius,* assures us, that he saw, even in his Time, that famous *Oak* in the Plains of *Mambré,* under which *Abraham* is reported to have dwelt, and adds, that the People looked upon it with a great Veneration, and preserved it as a Sacred Tree.[3]

'The Heathens still went farther, and regarded it as the highest Piece of Sacrilege to injure certain Trees which they took to be protected by some Deity. The Story of *Erisicthon,* the Grove at *Dodona,* and that at *Delphi,* are all Instances of this kind.[4]

'If we consider the Machine in *Virgil,* so much blamed by several Criticks, in this Light, we shall hardly think it too violent.[5]

'*Æneas,* when he built his Fleet, in order to sail for *Italy,* was obliged to cut down the Grove on Mount *Ida,* which however he durst not do till he had obtained Leave from *Cybele,* to whom it was dedicated. The Goddess could not but think her self obliged to protect these Ships, which were made of Consecrated Timber, after a very extraordinary Manner, and therefore desired *Jupiter,* that they might not be obnoxious to the Power of Waves or Winds. *Jupiter* would not grant this, but promised her, that as many as

came safe to *Italy* should be transformed into Goddesses of the Sea; which the Poet tells us was accordingly executed.

And now at length the number'd Hours were come,
Prefixed by Fate's irrevocable Doom,
When the great Mother of the Gods was free
To save her Ships, and finish Jove's *Decree.*
First, from the Quarter of the Morn, there sprung
A Light that sign'd the Heav'ns, and shot along:
Then from a Cloud, firing'd round with Golden Fires

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Were Timbrels heard, and Berecynthian *Quires*:
And last a Voice, with more than Mortal Sounds,
Both Hosts in Arms oppos'd, with equal Horror wounds.
O Trojan *Race, your needless Aid forbear;*
And know my Ships are my peculiar Care.
With greater ease the hold Rutulian *may,*
With hissing Brands, attempt to burn the Sea,
Than singe my sacred Pines. But you my Charge,
Loos'd from your crooked Anchors launch at large,
Exalted each a Nymph: Forsake the Sand,
And swim the Seas, at Cybele'*s Command.*
No sooner had the Goddess ceas'd to speak,
When lo, th' obedient Ships, their Haulsers break;
And, strange to tell, like Dolphins in the Main,
They plunge their Prow's, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous Maids the Billows sweep,
As rode before tall Vessels on the Deep.

Dryden'*s* Virg.[1]

'The common Opinion concerning the Nymphs, whom the Ancients called *Hamadryads,* is more to the Honour of Trees than any thing yet mentioned. It was thought the Fate of these Nymphs had so near a Dependance on some Trees, more especially Oaks, that they lived and died together. For this Reason, they were extreamly grateful to such Persons who preserved those Trees with which their Being subsisted. *Apollonius* tells us a very remarkable Story to this Purpose, with which I shall conclude my Letter.[2]

'A certain Man, called *Rhæcus,* observing an old Oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of Compassion towards the Tree,

ordered his Servants to pour in fresh Earth at the Roots, and set it upright. The *Hamadryad,* or Nymph, who must necessarily have perished with the Tree, appeared to him the next Day, and after having returned him her Thanks, told him, she was ready to grant what ever he should ask. As she was extreamly Beautiful, *Rhæcus* desired he might be entertained as her Lover. The *Hamadryad,* not much displeased with the Request, promised to give him a Meeting, but commanded him for some Days to abstain from the Em-

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braces of all other Women, adding, that she would send a Bee to him, to let him know when he was to be Happy. *Rhæcus* was, it seems, too much addicted to Gaming, and happened to be in a run of ill Luck when the faithful Bee came buzzing about him; so that instead of minding his kind Invitation, he had like to have killed him for his Pains. The *Hamadryad* was so provoked at her own Disappointment, and the ill Usage of her Messenger, that she deprived *Rhæcus* of the Use of his Limbs. However, says the Story, he was not so much a Criple, but he made a shift to cut down the Tree, and consequently to fell his Mistress.'

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NOTES

11: *September* 3, 1714.] *September.* 3 1714.

[1] *Motto.* Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* 8. 774–6:

Not thus restrain'd, he with repeated Blows
And straining Cords the mighty Tree o'erthrows.

Assigned to Budgell in the Tickell MS.; it may represent an original contribution reworked by Budgell.

[1] No. 583 (vol. iv).

[2] The material here is to be found in Bayle, art. Abraham, Remark T.

[3] In Remark T of the article 'Abraham' Bayle writes: 'This puts me in mind of the Oak of *Mamre,* under which it is pretended that *Abraham* went sometimes to cool himself. It is said, That that Oak was still to be seen in the Reign of *Constantius* ... ' In the margin a reference is given to 'Isidor. l. 17, c. 7 *Bonifacium Hist. Iudicr.* p. 285'.

[4] Erysichthon, the Thessalian, cut down a great oak sacred to Ceres and was punished by a visit from Famine and afflicted with unappeasable hunger (Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* 8. 738–878). Bayle mentions the incident (art. Hamadryades, Remark D). Dodona was a city in Epirus and seat of an ancient oracle of Jupiter, whose responses were given in the rustling of oaks (Ovid, 7. 629; 13. 716). At the shrine of Apollo at Delphi the laurel tree and the quiver borne by Apollo quaked together as the response was given (ibid. 15. 634).

[5] *Aeneid,* 9. 77–122. Cf. Nos. 315 and 351 (vol. iii) for Addison's references to this episode. In No. 351 it is called 'the most violent Machine in the whole *Æneid*', one which 'has given Offence to several Criticks'.

[1] Dryden's *Aeneis,* ix. 125–48.

[2] Apollonius Rhodius, *Argonautica,* book 2. The story here derives from Bayle, art. Hamadryades, Remark B. The final sentence is an addition by Budgell.

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 590
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1714[1]

[ADDISON]

... Assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur;
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuneta novantur.

Ov. Met.

The following Discourse comes from the same Hand with the Essays upon Infinitude.[2]

WE consider infinite Space as an Expansion without a Circum ference: We consider Eternity, or infinite Duration, as a

Line that has neither a Beginning nor an End. In our Speculations of infinite Space, we consider that particular Place in which we exist, as a kind of Center to the whole Expansion. In our Specula- tions of Eternity, we consider the Time which is present to us as the Middle, which divides the whole Line into two equal Parts. For this Reason, many witty Authors compare the present Time to an Isthmus or narrow Neck of Land, that rises in the midst of an Ocean, immeasurably diffused on either Side of it.[1]

Philosophy, and indeed common Sense, naturally throws Eternity under two Divisions; which we may call in *English,* that Eternity

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which is past, and that Eternity which is to come. The learned Terms of, *Æternitas a Parte ante,* and *Æternitas a Parte post,* may be more amusing to the Reader, but can have no other Idea affixed to them than what is convey'd to us by those Words, an Eternity that is past, and an Eternity that is to come.[2] Each of these Eternities is bounded at the one Extream; or, in other Words, the former has an End, and the latter a Beginning.

Let us first of all consider that Eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the Subject of another Paper. The Nature of this Eternity is utterly inconceivable by the Mind of Man: Our Reason demonstrates to us that it *has been,* but at the same Time can frame no Idea of it, but what is big with Absurdity and

Contradiction. We can have no other Conception of any Duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present, is at some certain Distance from us; and whatever is at any certain Distance from us, be *the* Distance never so remote, cannot be Eternity. The very Notion of any Duration's being past, implies that it was once present; for the Idea of being once present, is actually included in the Idea of its being past. This therefore is a Depth not to be sounded by human Understanding. We are sure that there has been an Eternity, and yet contradict our selves when we measure this Eternity by any Notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the Bottom of this Matter, we shall find, that the Difficulties we meet with in our Conceptions of Eternity proceed from this single Reason, That we can have no other Idea of any kind of Duration, than that by which we our selves, and all other created Beings, do exist; which is, a successive Duration, made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this Manner, all the Parts of whose Existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain Number of Years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our being to all that Eternity which is to come, in adding Millions of Years to Millions of Years, and we can never come up to any Fountain-head of Duration, to any Beginning in Eternity: But at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie within the Reach of Numbers, tho' perhaps we can never be able to put enough of 'em together for that Purpose. We may as

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well say, that any thing may be actually present in any Part of infinite Space, which does not lie at a certain Distance from us, as that any Part of infinite Duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined Distance from us. The Distance in both Cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our Faculties, but our Reason tells us that it cannot be so in it self. Here therefore is that Difficulty which human Understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from Eternity, and are at the same Time unable to conceive that any thing which exists, according to our Notion of Existence, can have existed from Eternity.

It is hard for a Reader, who has not rolled this Thought in his own Mind, to follow in such an abstracted[1] Speculation; but I have

been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative Argument of the Being and Eternity of a God: And tho' there are many other Demonstrations which lead us to this great Truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any Proofs in this Matter which the Light of Reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by Men famous for their Penetration and Force of Understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the Pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that Eternity which is past, according to the best Idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several Articles on this Subject which are dictated to us by the Light of Reason, and which may be looked upon as the Creed of a Philosopher in this great Point.

First, It is certain that no Being could have made it self; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a Contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some Being must have existed from all Eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created Beings, or according to any Notions which we have of Existence, could not have existed from Eternity.

Fourthly, That this eternal Being must therefore be the Great

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Author of Nature, *the Antient of Days*,[1] who, being at an infinite Distance in his Perfections from all finite and created Beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no Idea.

I know that several of the School-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the Manner of God's Existence, by telling us, That he comprehends infinite Duration in every Moment; That Eternity is with him a *punctum stans,* a fixed Point;[2] or, which is as good Sense, an *Infinite Instant*; that nothing with Reference to his Existence is either past or to come; To which the ingenious Mr. *Cowley* alludes in his Description of Heaven,

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an Eternal NOW *does always last*.[1]

For my own Part, I look upon these Propositions as Words that have no Ideas annexed to them; and think Men had better own their Ignorance, than advance Doctrines, by which they mean nothing, and which indeed are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our Disquisitions, when we meditate on him, who is environned with so much Glory and Perfection,[a] who is the Source of Being, the Fountain of all that Existence which we and his whole Creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost Humility acknowledge, that as some Being must necessarily have existed from Eternity, so this Being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a Being to have existed from Eternity after our Manner or Notions of Existence. Revelation confirms these natural Dictates of Reason in the Accounts which it gives us of the Divine Existence, where it tells us, that he is the same Yesterday, to Day, and for Ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Beginning and the Ending; that a thousand Years are with him as one Day, and one Day as a thousand Years;[2] by which, and the like Expressions, we are taught, that his Existence, with Relation to Time or Duration, is infinitely different from the Existence of any of his Creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate Conceptions of it.

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In the first Revelation which he makes of his own Being, he intitles himself, *I am that I am*;[b] and when *Moses* desires to know what Name he shall give him in his Embassy to *Pharaoh*, he bids him say that, *I am* hath sent you.[3] Our great Creator, by this Revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real Existence, and distinguishes himself from his Creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonick Notion, which was drawn from Speculations of Eternity, wonderfully agrees with this Revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in Reality exists, whose Existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive Existence is rather a Shadow of Existence, and something which is like it, than Existence it self.

He only properly exists whose Existence is intirely present; that is, in other Words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no Idea of.

I shall conclude this Speculation with one useful Inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate our selves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable Goodness and Wisdom which contrived this Existence for finite Natures? What must be the Overflowings of that good Will, which prompted our Creator to adapt Existence to Beings, in whom it is not necessary? Especially when we consider, that he himself was before, in the compleat Possession of Existence and of Happiness, and in the full Enjoyment of Eternity. What Man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable, and a happy Creature, in short, of being taken in as a Sharer of Existence and a kind of Partner in Eternity, without being swallowed up in Wonder, in Praise, in Adoration! It is indeed a Thought too big for the Mind of Man, and rather to be entertained in the Secrecy of Devotion and in the Silence of the Soul, than to be expressed by Words. The Supreme Being has not given us Powers or Faculties sufficient to extol and magnifie such unutterable Goodness.

[a]It is however some Comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that a Work which cannot

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be finished, will however be the Work of an Eternity.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* 15. 179–85 (altered):

Time hastes it self perpetually away.
No more the fleeting Hours than Tides can stay:
But as one Billow the preceding drives,
And as succeeding that a third arrives:
So fly the rolling Years, and so pursue,
Each others, ever changing, ever new.
What once was manifest, no more we see,
Nor what is present shall hereafter be.
Each Moment is renew'd ...

[2] Nos. 565, 571, 580 (vol. iv).

[1] Cf. Cowley's Pindaric ode, 'Life and Fame', lines 10–13:

Vain weak-built *Isthmus,* which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt *two Eternities*;
Yet canst nor *Wave* nor *Wind* sustain,
But *broken* and *orewhelm'd,* the endless *Oceans* meet again.

Cowley's note reads: '*Isthmus* is a neck of Land that divides a *Peninsula* from the *Continent,* and is betwixt two Seas. ... In which manner this narrow passage of *Life* divides the *Past Time* from the *Future,* and is at last swallowed up into *Eternity* (*Poems,* ed. Waller, pp. 202–3).

[2] In his note on 'The Muse' Cowley writes: 'There are two sorts of *Eternity*; from the *Present backwards* to *Eternity,* and from the *Present forwards,* called by the Schoolmen *Æternitas à parte ante,* and *Æternitas à parte post* (ibid., p. 187).

19. 20: to all that] to that

19. 32: Understanding] Undestanding

37: who has] who, has

[1] Here, as in No. 47, used in the obsolete sense of 'abstruse, difficult' (*OED,* with dates 1615–1823).

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20. 22: at an infinite] ∼ *8vo*; at infinite *12mo*

[1] Dan. vii. 9, 13, 22.

[2] The illustrations come from Cowley's notes to *Davideis,* i. 361–2:

> *Eternity* is defined by *Boet.* Lib. 5. *de Consolat. Interminabilis vitæ tota simul & perfecta possessio.* The whole and perfect possession, ever all at once, of a Being without beginning or ending. Which *Definition* is followed by *Tho. Aquin.* and all the *Schoolmen*; who therefore call *Eternity Nunc stans,* a *standing Now,* to distinguish it from that *Now,* which is a difference of *time,* and is alwaies in *Fluxu* (*Poems,* ed. Waller, p. 273).

[1] Cowley, *Davides*, i. 361–2.

[a] Perfection,] Perfection *Fol.*

[2] Ps. xc. 4.

[b] *I am that I am*;] *I am, that am; Fol.*

21. 25: intitles] intiles

21. 26: Embassy] ∼ *8vo*; Embassady *12mo*

[3] Exod. iii. 14.

22. 6: ineffable] inneffable

8: prompted] prompred

[a] *No new paragraph in Fol.*

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 591
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1714[1]

[BUDGELL]

... *Tenerorum lusor amorum.*

Ov.

I HAVE just received a Letter from a Gentleman, who tells me he has observed with no small Concern, that my Papers have

of late been very barren in relation to Love; a Subject which, when agreeably handled, can scarce fail of being well received by both Sexes.

If my Invention therefore should be almost exhausted on this Head, he offers to serve under me in the Quality of a *Love Casuist*; for which Place he conceives himself to be throughly qualified, having made this Passion his principal Study, and observed it in all its different Shapes and Appearances, from the Fifteenth to the Forty fifth Year of his Age.

He assures me with an Air of Confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real Abilities, that he does not doubt of giving Judgment to the Satisfaction of the Parties concerned, on the most nice and intricate Cases which can happen in an Amour; as,

How great the Contraction of the Fingers must be, before it amounts to a Squeeze by the Hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute Denial from a Maid, and what from a Widow.

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What Advances a Lover may presume to make, after having received a Patt upon his Shoulder from his Mistress's Fan.

Whether a Lady, at the first Interview, may allow an humble Servant to kiss her Hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the Maid, in order to succeed with the Mistress.

What Constructions a Man may put upon a Smile, and in what Cases a Frown goes for nothing.

On what Occasions a sheepish Look may do Service, *&c.*
As a farther Proof of his Skill, he has also sent me several Maxims in Love, which he assures me are the Result of a long and profound Reflection, some of which I think my self obliged to communicate to the Publick, not remembring to have seen them before in any Author.

'There are more Calamities in the World arising from Love than from Hatred.

'Love is the Daughter of *Idleness,* but the Mother of *Disquietude.*

'Men of grave Natures (says Sir *Francis Bacon*) are the most constant; for the same Reason Men should be more constant than Women.[1]

'The Gay Part of Mankind is most amorous, the Serious most loving.

'A Coquet often loses her Reputation whilst she preserves her Virtue.

'A Prude often preserves her Reputation when she has lost her Virtue.

'Love refines a Man's Behaviour, but makes a Woman's ridiculous.

'Love is generally accompanied with Good-will in the Young, Interest in the Middle-Aged, and a Passion too gross to name in the Old.

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'The Endeavours to revive a decaying Passion generally extin guish the Remains of it.

'A Woman who from being a Slattern becomes over-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a Slattern, is most certainly in love.'

I shall make use of this Gentleman's Skill as I see Occasion;[1] and since I am got upon the Subject of Love, shall conclude this Paper with a Copy of Verses which were lately sent me by an unknown Hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary Run of Son-nateers.[2]

The Author tells me they were written in one of his despairing

Fits; and I find entertains some Hope that his Mistress may pity such a Passion as he has described, before she knows that she is herself *Corinna.*

CONCEAL, fond Man, conceal the mighty Smart,
Nor tell Corinna *she bas fir'd thy Heart.*
In vain would'st thou complain, in vain pretend
To ask a Pity which she must not lend.
She's too much thy Superior to comply,
And too too fair to let thy Passion die.
Languish in Secret, and with dumb Surprize
Drink the resistless Glanas of her Eyes.
At awful Distance entertain thy Grief,
Be still in Pain, but never ask Relief.
Ne'er tempt her Scorn of thy consuming State,
Be any way undone, but fly her Hate.
Thou must submit to see thy Charmer bless
Some happier Youth, that shall admire her less;
Who in that lovely Form, that heav'nly Mind,
Shall miss ten thousand Beauties thou could'st find;
Who with low Fancy shall approach her Charms,
While half enjoy'd she sinks into his Arms.
She knows not, must not know, thy nobler Fire,
Whom she, and whom the Muses do inspire:
Her Image only shall thy Breast employ,
And fill thy captiv'd Soul with Shades of Joy.

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Direct thy Dreams by Night, thy Thoughts by Day;
And never, never, from thy Bosom stray.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Ovid, *Tristia*, 3. 3. 73: Love is my sportive theme.

This number is assigned to Budgell in the Tickell MS. It is probably a working over of contributed material.

23. 15: to a Squeeze] ~ *8vo*; to Squeeze *12mo*

26: Occasions] ~ *8vo*; Occasion *12mo*

[1] Sir Francis Bacon, *Of Marriage and Single Life*: 'Grave Natures, led by Custome, and therfore constant, are commonly loving *Husbands ...* ' (*Essays,* ed. Wright, 1899, p. 27).

[1] See Nos. 602, 605, 607, 614, 623, and 625.

[2] The tradition that these lines were written by Gilbert Budgell, the younger brother of Eustace, seems to have originated in Theophilus Cibber's *Lires of the Poets* (1753). Apropos of Eustace Budgell the compilers write (v. 14–15):

> As to his brothers, the second, Gilbert, was thought a man of deeper learning and better judgment when he was young than our author, but was certainly inferior to him in his appearance in life; and, 'tis thought, greatly inferior to him in every respect. He was the author of a pretty copy of verses in the VIIIth Vol. of the Spectators, Numb. 591, which begins thus,

Conceal, fond man, conceal the mighty smart,
Nor tell Corinna she has fix'd thy heart.

Gilbert Budgell was born about 1689 and matriculated at Christ Church 17 Nov. 1707, at the age of eighteen, received his B.A. in 1711, his M.A. in 1714, and some time later took orders (John Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses*, Early Series, 1500–1714 (Oxford, 1891), i. 206). The account in the *Lives of the Poets* (v. 15) reports the rumour that the verses are based upon experience:

> It is said that it was a repulse from a lady of great fortune, with whom he was desperately in love whilst at Oxford, and to whom he had addressed these lines, that made him disregard himself ever after, neglect his studies, and fall into a habit of drinking. Whatever was the occasion of his last vice it ruined him.

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J. D., writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1780 (p. 175), states categorically that 'the verses in No. 591 were by Mr. Gilbert Budgell, Eustace's elder brother'. In a note on this number Nichols (1789) writes: 'This Paper, No. 591, might be written by Mr. G. Budgell or his brother Eustace, for it is said that this whole volume was *published* by him and his kinsman Addison, without the concurrence of Steele.' Nathan Drake (*Essays*, iii. 371) also describes Gilbert Budgell as the author of these 'elegant verses', which describe, 'with no common skill and beauty, his ardent, but almost hopeless, attachment for the fair Corinna'.

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 592
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1714[1]

[ADDISON]

... *Studium sine divite Vena.*

Hor.

I LOOK upon the Play-house as a World within it self. They have lately furnished the Middle Region of it with a new Sett of Meteors, in order to give the Sublime to many modern Tragedies. I was there last Winter at the first Rehearsal of the new Thunder,

which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of.[1] They have a *Salmoneus* behind the Scenes, who plays it off with great Success.[2] Their Lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their Clouds are also better furbelow'd, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent Storm locked up in a great Chest that is designed for the *Tempest*.[3] They are also provided with above a Dozen Showers of Snow, which, as I am informed, are the Plays of many unsuccessful Poets artificially cut and shreaded for that Use. Mr. *Rimer*'s *Edgar* is to fall in Snow at the next acting of King *Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the Distress of that unfortunate Prince; and to serve by way of Decoration to a Piece which that great Critick has written against.[4]

I do not indeed wonder that the Actors should be such professed Enemies to those among our Nation who are commonly known by the Name of Criticks, since it is a Rule among these Gentlemen to

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fall upon a Play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a Maxim, That whatever Dramatick Performance has a long Run, must of Necessity be good for nothing; as tho' the first Precept in Poetry were *not to please.* Whether this Rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the Determination of those who are better Judges than my self: If it does, I am sure it tends very much to the Honour of those Gentlemen who have established it; few of their Pieces having been disgraced by a Run of three Days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the Town would never give them more than one Night's Hearing.[5]

I have a great Esteem for a true Critick, such as *Aristotle* and *Longinus* among the *Greeks, Horace* and *Quintilian* among the *Romans, Boileau* and *Dacier* among the *French.* But it is our Misfortune, that some who set up for professed Criticks among us are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten Words together with Elegance or common Propriety, and withall so illiterate, that they have no Taste of the learned Languages, and therefore criticise upon old Authors only at second-hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any Notions they have of the Authors

themselves. The Words Unity, Action, Sentiment, and Diction, pronounced with an Air of Authority, give them a Figure among unlearned Readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible. The ancient Criticks are full of the Praises of their Contemporaries; they discover Beauties which escaped the Observation of the Vulgar, and very often find out Reasons for palliating and excusing such little Slips and Over sights as were committed in the Writings of eminent Authors. On the contrary, most of the Smatterers in Criticism who appear among us, make it their Business to vilify and depreciate every new Pro-duction that gains Applause, to descry imaginary Blemishes, and to prove by far-fetch'd Arguments, that what pass for Beauties in any celebrated Piece are Faults and Errors. In short, the Writings of these Criticks compared with those of the Ancients, are like the Works of the Sophists compared with those of the old Philosophers.

Envy and Cavil are the natural Fruits of Laziness and Ignorance; which was probably the Reason, that in the Heathen Mythology *Momus* is said to be the Son of *Nox* and *Somnus,* of Darkness and

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Sleep.[1] Idle Men, who have not been at the Pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant Men are very subject to decry those Beauties in a celebrated Work which they have not Eyes to discover. Many of our Sons of *Momus,* who dignify themselves by the Name of Criticks, are the genuine Descendants of these two illustrious Ancestors. They are often led into those numerous Absurdities, in which they daily instruct the People, by not considering that, 1*st,* There is sometimes a greater Judgment shewn in deviating from the Rules of Art, than in adhering to them; and, 2*dly,* That there is more Beauty in the Works of a great Genius who is ignorant of all the Rules of Art, than in the Works of a little Genius, who not only knows, but scrupulously observes them.

1*st,* We may often take Notice of Men who are perfectly acquainted with all the Rules of good Writing, and notwithstanding choose to depart from them on extraordinary Occasions. I could give Instances out of all the Tragick Writers of Antiquity who have shewn their Judgment in this Particular, and purposely receded from an establish'd Rule of the Drama, when it has made way for

a much higher Beauty than the Observation of such a Rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest Pieces of Architecture and Statuary both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent Deviations from Art in the Works of the greatest Masters, which have produced a much nobler Effect than a more accurate and exact way of Proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the *Italians* call the *Gusto Grande* in these Arts, which is what we call the Sublime in Writing.[1]

In the next Place, our Criticks do not seem sensible that there is more Beauty in the Works of a great Genius who is ignorant of the Rules of Art, than in those of a little Genius who knows and observes them. It is of these Men of Genius that *Terence* speaks, in opposition to the little artificial Cavillers of his Time;

Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potiús, quàm istorum obscuram diligentiam.[2]

A Critick may have the same Consolation in the ill Success of his

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Play, as Dr. *South* tells us a Physician has at the Death of a Patient, That he was killed *secundum artem*.[3] Our inimitable *Shakespear* is a Stumbling-block to the whole Tribe of these rigid Criticks. Who would not rather read one of his Plays, where there is not a single Rule of the Stage observed, than any Production of a modern Critick, where there is not one of them violated? *Shakespear* was indeed born with all the Seeds of Poetry, and may be compared to the Stone in *Pyrrhus*'s Ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the Figure of *Apollo* and the Nine Muses in the Veins of it, produced by the spontaneous Hand of Nature, without any Help from Art.[4]

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NOTES

25. 28: *Friday*,] FRYDAY,

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Ars poetica,* 409: Study without the rich vein of genius.

[1] Cf. Addison's allusion to 'the play-house thunderer' in No. 235 and note.

[2] Virgil, *Aeneid,* 6. 787. Cf. No. 36 (vol. i).

[3] *The Tempest* had been last performed on 4 June at Drury Lane, with Powell in the role of Prospero.

[4] Thomas Rymer's *Edgar, or the English Monarch* (1678). Rymer's censure of Shakespeare is alluded to in 'the next acting of King *Lear*'.

[5] The author's benefit was on the third day.

[1] 'Momus, was the Son of *Somnus* and *Nox,* he was the God of Liberty, being a Deity that spoke his Mind freely, and controul'd every thing, even the Actions of the Gods themselves, as may be seen in a Dialogue of *Lucian* concerning *Jupiter Tragicus*' (Danet).

27. 24: these] ∼ *8vo*; those *12mo*

28. 4: Deviations] Diviations

[1] In the section on Rome in the *Remarks on Italy* (1705) Addison had commented on the seeming disproportion of the ancient pillars found there. Some, he says, explain this as rather

> an Effect of Art, and of what the *Italians* call the *Gusto grande*, than of any Negligence in the Architect; for they say the Ancients always consider'd the Situation of a Building, whether it were high or low, in an open Square or in a narrow Street, and more or less deviated from their Rules of Art, to comply with the several Distances and Elevations from which their Works were to be regarded (pp. 355–6).

[2] *Andria,* Prologue, 20–21. Terence's critics in censuring him are censuring Naevius, Plautus, and Ennius, 'on whose authority our dramatist may rely, and whose freedom he is far more earnest to imitate than the murky accuracy of his critics' (trans. Sergeaunt, Loeb Lib.).

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[3] The phrase occurs in Robert South's 'Sermon preached at Westminster-Abbey, February 22, 1684–5', on chance in the affairs of men (*Twelve Sermons*, 6th ed., 1727, i. 316).

[4] Pliny, *Natural History,* 37. 3: 'Post hunc anulum regis alterius in fama est gemma, Pyrrhi illius, qui adversus Romanos bellum gessit. Namque habuisse dicitur achaten in qua novem Musae et Apollo citharam tenens spectarentur, non arte, sed naturae sponte ita discurrentibus maculis ut Musis quoque singulis sua redderentur insignia.'

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 593

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1714[1]

[BYROM]

Quale per incertam Lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in Sylvis: ...

Virg.

MY dreaming Correspondent, Mr. *Shadow*,[2] has sent me a second Letter, with several curious Observations on Dreams in general, and the Method to render Sleep improving: An Extract of his Letter will not, I presume, be disagreeable to my Readers.

'SINCE we have so little Time to spare, that none of it may be lost, I see no Reason why we should neglect to examine those imaginary Scenes we are presented with in Sleep, only because they have less Reality in them than our waking Meditations. A Traveller would bring his Judgment in Question who should despise the Directions of his Map for want of real Roads in it, because here stands a *Dott* instead of a Town, or a *Cypher* instead of a City, and it must be a long Day's Journey to travel thro' two or three Inches. Fancy in Dreams gives us much such another Landskip of Life as that does of Countries, and tho' its Appearances may seem strangely jumbled together, we may often observe such Traces and Footsteps of noble Thoughts, as, if carefully pursued, might lead us into a proper Path of Action. There is so much Rapture and Extasie in our fancied Bliss, and something so dismal and shocking in our fancied Misery, that tho' the Inactivity of the Body has given Occasion for calling Sleep the Image of *Death*,[3] the Briskness of the

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Fancy affords us a strong Intimation of something within us that can never die.

'I have wondered, that *Alexander* the Great, who came into the World sufficiently dreamt of by his Parents, and had himself a tolerable knack at dreaming, should often say, that *Sleep was one*

thing which made him sensible he was Mortal.[1] I who have not such Fields of Action in the Day-time to divert my Attention from this Matter, plainly perceive, that in those Operations of the Mind, while the Body is at rest, there is a certain Vastness of Conception very suitable to the Capacity, and demonstrative of the Force, of that Divine Part in our Composition which will last for ever. Neither do I much doubt but that had we a true Account of the Wonders the Hero last mentioned performed in his Sleep, his conquering this little Globe would hardly be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without Vanity, that when I compare several Actions in *Quintus Curtius* with some others in my own Noctuary, I appear the greater Hero of the two.'[2]

I shall close this Subject with observing, that while we are awake, we are at Liberty to fix our Thoughts on what we please, but in Sleep we have not the Command of them. The Ideas which strike the Fancy, arise in us without our Choice, either from the Occurrences of the Day past, the Temper we lye down in, or it may be the Direction of some superior Being.

It is certain the Imagination may be so differently affected in Sleep, that our Actions of the Day might be either rewarded or punished with a little Age of Happiness or Misery. St. *Austin* was of Opinion, that if in *Paradise* there was the same Vicissitude of sleeping and waking as in the present World, the Dreams of its Inhabitants would be very happy.[3]

And so far at present our Dreams are in our Power, that they are generally conformable to our waking Thoughts, so that it is not impossible to convey our selves to a Consort of Musick, the Conversation of distant Friends, or any other Entertainment which has been before lodged in the Mind.

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My Readers, by applying these Hints, will find the Necessity of making a *good Day* of it, if they heartily wish themselves a *good Night.*

I have often considered *Marcia*'s Prayer,[4] and *Lucius*'s Account of *Cato* in this Light.[5]

Marc. *O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Just,*
Watch round bis Couch, and soften his Repose,
Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With easie Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
And show Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

Luc. *Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!*
O Marcia, *I have seen thy Godlike Father*:
Some Pow'r invisible supports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatness.
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretcht at Ease, his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd, Cæsar *thou can'st not hurt me.*

Mr. *Shadow* acquaints me in a Postscript, that he has no manner of Title to the Vision which succeeded his first Letter;[1] but adds, that as the Gentleman who wrote it Dreams very sensibly, he shall be glad to meet him some Night or other, under the great Elm Tree by which *Virgil* has given us a fine Metaphorical Image of Sleep, in order to turn over a few of the Leaves together, and oblige the Publick with an Account of the Dreams that lie under them.[2]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid,* 6. 270–1:

Thus wander Travellers in Woods by Night,
By the Moon's doubtful, and malignant Light. DRYDEN.

The main part of this number consists of a second letter by Mr. Shadow, i.e. John Byrom (cf. No. 586). The opening and closing paragraphs are probably by Budgell, since this number is assigned to Budgell in the Tickell MS.

[2] See No. 586.

[3] A frequent comparison; e.g. Ovid, *Amores*, 2. 9. 41.

[1] Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*, 22. 3. The saying is also in Bayle, 'Macedonia', Remark E.

30. 7: but that had] but had

[2] Quintus Curtius wrote an account of Alexander's exploits (*The Life and Death of Alexander the Great*) in ten books, of which two are lost. An incident from it is cited in No. 31 (i. 129).

[3] This has not been located.

[4] Addison's *Cato*, V. iii. 9–13.

[5] Ibid. v. iv. 27–34.

[1] The vision succeeding his first letter is contained in No. 587.

[2] *Aeneid*, 6. 282–4.

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 594
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1714[3]

[ADDISON]

Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger est: hunc tu Romane caveto.

Hor.

WERE all the Vexations of Life put together, we should find that a great Part of them proceed from those Calumnies and Reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

pg 32

There is scarce a Man living who is not, in some Degree, guilty of this Offence; tho', at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the Persons who are notorious for this Practice. It generally takes its Rise either from an Ill-will to Mankind, a private Inclination to make our selves esteemed, an Ostentation of Wit, a Vanity of being thought in the Secrets of the World, or from a Desire of gratifying any of these Dispositions of Mind in those Persons with whom we converse.

The Publisher of Scandal is more or less odious to Mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing Motives. But whatever may be the Occasion of spreading these false Reports, he ought to consider, that the Effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the Person at whom they are

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aimed: The Injury is the same, tho' the Principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much Indulgence, when he passes a Judgment on his own Thoughts or Actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable Proceeding, which is so universally practised, and, at the same time, so universally blamed, I shall lay down three Rules by which I would have a Man examine and search into his own Heart, before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil Disposition of Mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, let him consider whether he does not take Delight in hearing the Faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackning Accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured Side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such Reports as tend to the Disreputation[1] of another.

These are the several Steps by which this Vice proceeds, and grows up into Slander and Defamation.

In the first Place, A Man who takes delight in hearing the Faults of others, shows sufficiently that he has a true Relish of Scandal, and consequently the Seeds of this Vice within him. If his Mind is gratified with hearing the Reproaches which[a] are cast on others, he will find the same Pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A Man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his Mind this criminal Curiosity, which[b] is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such Stories as tend to the Disreputation of others.

In the Second place, a Man should consult his own Heart, whether he be not apt to *believe* such little blackning Accounts; and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured Side.

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Such a Credulity is very vicious in it self, and generally arises from a Man's Consciousness of his own secret Corruptions. It is a pretty Saying of *Thales,* Falshood is just as far distant from Truth, as the Ears are from the Eyes.[2] By which he would intimate, that a Wise Man should not easily give Credit to the Reports of Actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this Head, mention two or three remarkable Rules to be observed by the Members of the celebrated Abbey *de la Trape,* as they are Published in a little *French* Book.[3]

The Fathers are there ordered, never to give an Ear to any Accounts of Base or Criminal Actions; to turn off all such Discourse if possible; but in Case they hear any thing of this Nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal Action may have proceeded from a good Intention in him who is guilty of it. This is perhaps carrying Charity to an

Extravagance, but it is certainly much more Laudable, than to suppose, as the Ill-natured part of the World does, that Indifferent, and even good Actions, proceed from bad Principles and wrong Intentions.

In the Third place, A Man should examine his Heart, whether he does not find in it a secret Inclination to Propagate such Reports as tend to the Disreputation of another.

When the Disease of the Mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this Degree of Malignity, it discovers its self in its worst Symptoms, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the Guilt of this last Particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of Humanity, or even common Discretion. I shall only add, that whatever Pleasure any Man may take in spreading[a] Whispers of this Nature, he will find an infinitely greater Satisfaction in conquering the Temptation he is under, by letting the Secret die within his own Breast.

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Horace, *Satires,* 1. 4. 81–85:?

He that himself shall blame his absent Friends,
Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends,
Sports with their Fame, and speaks what e're He can,
And only to be thought a Witty Man,
Tells Tales, and brings his Friend in dis-esteem,
That Man's a *Knave,* be sure beware of him. CREECH.

Although this number, like No. 570, was not reprinted (by an oversight?) in Tickell's edition of Addison's works, it is assigned to Addison in the Tickell MS. and both in content and in style bears the mark of Addison's hand. One of Addison's favourite phrases, 'to wear out of his mind', occurs on p. 33, line 12, and the revisions—including *that* to *which* in two cases—also suggest Addison. Moreover, if we take *secret* to be one of Addison's favourite adjectives, this is to be found twice in the essay (p. 33, line 20; p. 34, line 6).

[1] Now *obs.* or *arch.* (*OED*).

[1] which] that *Fol.*

[b] which] that *Fol.*

[2] See Stobaeus, *Anthologium,* 3, cap. 12, no. 14:

> Thales. Thales the Milesian on being asked how far falsehood is distant from truth said: as far as the eyes are from the ears.

[3] André Félibien, *Description de l'Abbaye de la Trape* (Paris, 1689), p. 216. For Félibien see *Journal des Savans,* 28 Nov. 1695, pp. 459–65.

33. 29: Discourse] Discouse

34. 10: Symptoms,] Simptoms,

34. 11: of this] in this

[a] spreading] divulging *Fol.*

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 595
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

... Non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

Hor.

IF ordinary Authors would condescend to write as they think, they would at least be allowed the Praise of being intelligible.

But they really take Pains to be ridiculous; and, by the studied Ornaments of Stile, perfectly disguise the little Sence they aim at. There is a Grievance of this Sort in the Commonwealth of Letters, which I have for some time resolved to redress, and accordingly I have set this Day apart for Justice. What I mean is *the Mixture of inconsistent Metaphors,* which is a Fault but too often found in learned Writers, but in all the unlearned without Exception.

In order to set this matter in a clear Light to every Reader, I shall, in the first place, observe that a Metaphor is a Similie in one Word, which serves to convey the Thoughts of the Mind under Resemblances and Images which affect the Senses. There is not any thing in the World, which may not be compared to several things, if considered in several distinct Lights; or, in other Words, the same thing may be expressed by different Metaphors. But the mischief is, that an unskilful Author shall run these Metaphors so absurdly into one another, that there shall be no Similie, no agreeable Picture, no apt Resemblance, but Confusion, Obscurity and Noise. Thus I have known a Hero compared to a Thunderbolt,

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a Lion and the Sea; all, and each of them proper Metaphors for Impetuosity, Courage or Force. But by bad Management it hath so happened, that the Thunder-bolt hath overflowed its Banks; the Lion hath been darted through the Skies, and the Billows have rolled out of the *Libyan* Desart.

The Absurdity in this Instance is obvious. And yet every time that clashing Metaphors are put together, this Fault is committed more or less. It hath already been said, that Metaphors are Images of things which affect the Senses. An Image therefore, taken from what acts upon the Sight, cannot, without Violence, be applied to the Hearing; and so of the rest. It is no less an Impropriety to make any Being in Nature or Art to do things in its Metaphorical State, which it could not do in its Original. I shall illustrate what I have said, by an Instance which I have read more than once in Controversial Writers. *The heavy Lashes,* saith a celebrated Author, *that*

have drop'd from your Pen, &c. I suppose this Gentleman having frequently heard of *Gall dropping from a Pen,* and *being lash'd in a Satyr,* he was resolved to have them both at any Rate, and so uttered this compleat Piece of Nonsense. It will most effectually discover the Absurdity of these monstrous Unions, if we will suppose these Metaphors or Images actually painted. Imagine then a Hand holding a Pen, and several Lashes of Whip-cord falling from it, and you have the true Representation of this sort of Eloquence. I believe, by this very Rule, a Reader may be able to judge of the Union of all Metaphors whatsoever, and determine which are Homogeneous and which Heterogeneous; or, to speak more plainly, which are Consistent, and which Inconsistent.

There is yet one Evil more which I must take notice of, and that is the running of Metaphors into tedious Allegories; which, though an Error on the better hand, causes Confusion as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the lustre of one Word leads a Writer out of his Road, and makes him wander from his Subject for a Page together. I remember a young Fellow, of this Turn, who having said by Chance that his Mistress had a *World* of Charms, thereupon took occasion to consider her as one possessed of Frigid and Torrid Zones, and pursued her from the one Pole to the other.[1]

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I shall conclude this Paper with a Letter written in that enormous[2] Stile, which I hope my Reader hath by this time set his Heart against. The Epistle hath heretofore received great Applause; but after what hath been said, let any Man commend it if he dare.

SIR,

'AFTER the many heavy *Lashes* that have fallen from your *Pen,* you may justly expect in return, all the *Load* that my *Ink* can lay upon your Shoulders. You have *Quartered* all the foul *Language* upon me, that could be *raked out* of the *Air* of *Billingsgate,* without knowing who I am, or whether I deserve to be *Cupped* and *Scarified* at this rate. I tell you once for all, turn your *Eyes* where you please, you shall never *Smell* me out. Do you think that the *Panicks,* which you *sow* about the Parish, will ever *build* a Monument to your Glory. No, Sir, you may *Fight* these Battels as long as you will, but when you come to *Ballarne* the Account, you will find that you have been *Fishing* in troubled Waters, and that an *Ignus fatuus* hath bewildered

you, and that indeed you have *built* upon a sandy Foundation, and brought your *Hogs* to a fair Market.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Ars poetica,* 12–13:

Not joyn quite *Opposites,* the Wild and Tame;
The Snake and Dove, the Lion and the Lamb. CREECH.

This number, the first of a series of twenty-four contributed by Tickell to Vol. viii (Hodgart, p. 373), aroused the indignation of one Nathaniel Castleton, possibly the 'celebrated author' ridiculed in the third paragraph. The *Post-Boy* of Thursday, 30 Dec. 1714, reports that 'Mr. Castleton at the Penny-Post-Office' hopes by Saturday 'to publish several Vindications against the SPECTATOR of the 17th of September, 1714', together with 'the Essay towards a Coalition of Parties in Great-Britain'. Castleton, who seems to have thought Swift was the author of this number of the *Spectator,* published his reply on 18 Jan. 1714/15 (*Post-Boy,* advertisement) under the imprint of John Morphew, in the form of three distinct pamphlets but paged consecutively:

> 1. Spectator of the 17th of September 1714. Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. Several Preparatory Instances of Mr. Castleton's Way of Writing produced against the intricate Representations of him in the aforesaid Spectator.—nisi lacessitus injuria.
>
> 2. An Essay towards a Coalition of Parties in Great Britain.
>
> 3. An Explanatory Supplement, addressed to the many Friends, however distinguished, of our excellent Constitution.

See Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes,* i. 111–14. In the *Key to the Lock,* published four months later, Pope included an acrostic poem supposed to be written 'by N. Castleton, A Well-wilier to the Coalition of Parties' (*Minor Poems,* ed. Norman Ault and John Butt, p. 133).

34. 20: *geminentur*,] *geminenter,*

36. 4: effectually] effectually

36. 21: to the other.] ∼ *12mo*; to other. *8vo*

[1] Possibly a reminiscence of Cowley's poem, 'The Request' (cf. No. 62, vol. i).

[2] Here used in the obsolete sense of 'monstrous'. The last example in *OED* in this sense is dated 1818.

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 596
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1714[1]

[BUDGELL]

Molle meum levibus Cor est violabile Telis.

Ovid.

THE Case of my Correspondent who sends me the following Letter has somewhat in it so very whimsical, that I know not how to entertain my Readers better than by laying it before them.

SIR,

'I AM fully convinced that there is not upon Earth a more impertinent Creature than an importunate Lover: We are daily complaining of the Severity of our Fate, to People who are wholly unconcerned in it; and hourly improving a Passion, which we would perswade the World is the Torment of our Lives. Notwithstanding this Reflection, Sir, I cannot forbear acquainting you with my own Case. You must know then, Sir, that even from my Childhood, the most prevailing Inclination I could perceive in my self, was a strong Desire to be in Favour with the Fair Sex. I am at present in the one and twentieth Year of my Age, and should have made Choice of a She Bed-fellow many Years since, had not my Father, who has a pretty good Estate of his own getting, and passes in the World for a prudent Man, been pleased to lay it down as a Maxim,[a] That nothing spoils a young Fellow's Fortune so much as marrying early; and that no Man ought to think of Wedlock

till six and twenty. Knowing his Sentiments upon this Head, I

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thought it in vain to apply my self to Women of Condition, who expect Settlements; so that all my Amours have hitherto been with Ladies who had no Fortunes: But I know not how to give you so good an Idea of me, as by laying before you the History of my Life.

'I can very well remember, that at my School-Mistresses, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining my self with the Miss who *Lay in*,[1] and was constantly one of the first to make a Party in the Play of *Husband and Wife.* This Passion for being well with the Females still increased as 1 advanced in Years. At the Dancing-School I contracted so many Quarrels by struggling with my Fellow-Scholars for the Partner I liked best, that upon a Ball Night, before our Mothers made their Appearance, I was usually up to the Nose in Blood. My Father, like a discreet Man, soon removed me from this Stage of Softness to a School of Discipline, where I learnt *Latin* and *Greek.* I underwent several Severities in this Place, till it was thought convenient to send me to the University; though, to confess the Truth, I should not have arrived so early at that Seat of Learning, but from the Discovery of an Intrigue between me and my Master's House-keeper; upon whom I had employed my Rhetorick so effectually, that, though she was a very elderly Lady, I had almost brought her to consent to marry me. Upon my Arrival at *Oxford,* I found Logick so dry, that, instead of giving Attention to the Dead, I soon fell to addressing the Living. My first Amour was with a pretty Girl whom I shall call *Parthenope*: Her Mother sold Ale by the Town Wall. Being often caught there by the Proctor, I was forced at last, that my Mistress's Reputation might receive no Blemish, to confess my Addresses were honourable. Upon this I was immediately sent Home; but *Parthenope* soon after marrying a Shooe-maker, I was again suffered to return. My next Affair was with my Taylor's Daughter, who deserted me for the Sake of a young Barber. Upon my complaining to one of my particular Friends on this Misfortune, the cruel Wagg made a meer Jest of my Calamity, and asked me with a Smile, *Where the* Needle *should turn but to the* Pole?[2] After this I was deeply in Love with a Millener, and at last with my Bed-maker; upon which I was sent away, or, in the University Phrase, *Rusticated*[3] for ever.

'Upon my coming home, I settled to my Studies so heartily, and

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contracted so great a Reservedness by being kept from the Company I most affected, that my Father thought he might venture me at the *Temple.*

'Within a Week after my Arrival I began to shine again, and became enamoured with a mighty pretty Creature, who had every thing but Money to recommend her. Having frequent Opportunities of uttering all the soft things which an Heart formed for Love could inspire me with, I soon gained her Consent to treat of Marriage; but, unfortunately for us all, in the Absence of my Charmer I usually talked the same Language to her elder Sister, who is also very pretty. Now I assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, this did not proceed from any real Affection I had conceived for her; but being a perfect Stranger to the Conversation of Men, and strongly addicted to associate with the Women, I knew no other Language but that of Love. I should however be very much obliged to you, if you could free me from the Perplexity I am at present in. I have sent Word to my old Gentleman in the Country, that I am desperately in Love with the younger Sister; and her Father, who knew no better, poor Man! acquainted him by the same Post, that I had for some time made my Addresses to the Elder. Upon this, old Testy, sends me up Word, that he has heard so much of my Exploits, that he intends immediately to order me to the *South Sea.* Sir, I have occasionally talked so much of dying, that I begin to think there is not much in it; and if the old Squire persists in his Design, I do hereby give him Notice that I am providing my self with proper Instruments for the Destruction of despairing Lovers. Let him therefore look to it, and consider that by this Obstinacy he may himself lose the Son of his Strength, the World an hopeful Lawyer, my Mistress a passionate Lover, and you, Mr. SPECTATOR,

Middle-Temple, *Your constant Admirer,*

Sept. 18. Jeremy Lovemore.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Ovid, *Heroides,* 15. 79:

My tender Heart with ease receives a Wound.

The last of Budgell's contributions, according to the Tickell MS. (Hodgart, p. 379). Budgell at about this date was appointed Clerk of the Council and Secretary of the Lords Justices in Ireland and left for Dublin early in October (Smithers, p. 301). The letter signed Jeremy Lovemore, which makes up almost the whole of this number, may be of course a genuine contribution reworked by Budgell.

[a] as a Maxim,] as Maxim *Fol.*

[1] Used here in slang sense? The *OED* gives no special meaning which seems appropriate. I have found no references to a play or game called 'Husband and Wife'.

[2] 'The common sign of a barber's shop' (Nichols).

[3] The context implies that this is a recent term. This is the earliest example in *OED* in this sense, 'to dismiss or "send down" from a university for a specified time as a punishment'.

39. 25: not much] ∼ *8vo*; not so much *12mo*

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The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 597

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1714[1]

... Mens sine Pondere ludit.

Petr.

SINCE I received my Friend *Shadow*'s Letter,[2] several of my Correspondents have been pleased to send me an Account how they have been employed in Sleep, and what notable Adventures they have been engaged in during that Moonshine in the Brain. I shall lay before my Readers an Abridgment of some few of their Extravagancies, in hopes that they will in Time accustom themselves to dream a little more to the Purpose.

One who stiles himself *Gladio,* complains heavily that his Fair One charges him with Inconstancy, and does not use him with half the Kindness which the Sincerity of his Passion may demand; the said *Gladio* having by Valour and Stratagem put to death Tyrants, Inchanters, Monsters, Knights, *&c.* without Number, and expos'd himself to all manner of Dangers for her Sake and Safety. He desires in his Postscript to know, Whether, from a constant Success in them, he may not promise himself to succeed in her Esteem at last.

Another who is very prolix in his Narrative writes me Word, That having sent a Venture beyond Sea, he took Occasion one Night to fancy himself gone along with it, and grown on a sudden the richest Man in all the *Indies.* Having been there about a Year or two, a Gust of Wind that forced open his Casement blew him over to his native Country again; where awaking at Six a Clock, and the Change of the Air not agreeing with him, he turned to his

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Left Side in order to a second Voyage; but e'er he could get on Shipboard, was unfortunately apprehended for stealing a Horse, tryed and condemned for the Fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if some Body stepping hastily into his Chamber had not brought him a Reprieve. This Fellow too wants Mr. *Shadow*'s Advice, who, I dare say, would bid him be content to rise after his first Nap, and learn to be satisfied as soon as Nature is.

The next is a publick spirited Gentleman, who tells me, That on the Second of *September* at Night the whole City was on Fire,

and would certainly have been reduced to Ashes again by this Time, if he had not flown over it with the *New River*[1] on his Back, and happily extinguished the Flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a Right to petition the Lord Mayor and Aldermen for a Reward.

A Letter dated *September* the Ninth acquaints me, That the Writer being resolved to try his Fortune, had fasted all that Day; and that he might be sure of dreaming upon something at Night, procured an handsome Slice of Bride-Cake, which he placed very conveniently under his Pillow. In the Morning his Memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd Fancy that he had eaten his Cake; which being found upon Search reduced to a few Crums, he is resolved to remember more of his Dreams another Time, believing from this that there may possibly be somewhat of Truth in them.

I have received numerous Complaints from several delicious Dreamers, desiring me to invent some Method of silencing those noisy Slaves, whose Occupations lead them to take their early Rounds about the City in a Morning, doing a deal of Mischief, and working strange Confusion in the Affairs of its Inhabitants. Several Monarchs have done me the Honour to acquaint me, how often they have been shook from their respective Thrones by the rattling of a Coach or the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow. And many private Gentlemen, I find, have been baulk'd[a] of vast Estates by Fellows not worth Three-pence. A fair Lady was just upon the Point of being married to a young, handsome, rich, ingenious Nobleman, when an impertinent Tinker passing by, forbid the Banns; and an

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hopeful Youth, who had been newly advanced to great Honour and Preferment, was forced by a neighbouring Cobler to resign all for an old Song. It has been represented to me, that those inconsiderable Rascals do nothing but go about dissolving of Marriages and spoiling of Fortunes, impoverishing rich and ruining great People, interrupting Beauties in the midst of their Conquests, and Generals in the Course of their Victories. A boisterous Peripatetick hardly goes through a Street without waking half a Dozen Kings and Princes to open their Shops or clean Shooes, frequently transforming Scepters into Paring-Shovels, and Proclamations into Bills. I have

by me a Letter from a young Statesman, who in five or six Hours came to be Emperor of *Europe,* after which he made War upon the Great Turk, routed him Horse and Foot, and was crowned Lord of the Universe in *Constantinople;* the Conclusion of all his Successes is, that on the 12th Instant, about Seven in the Morning, his Imperial Majesty was deposed by a Chimney-Sweeper.

On the other hand, I have Epistolary Testimonies of Gratitude from many miserable People, who owe to this clamorous Tribe frequent Deliverances from great Misfortunes. A Small-coal-man, by waking of one of these distress'd Gentlemen, saved him from ten Years Imprisonment.[1] An honest Watchman bidding aloud Good-morrow to another, freed him from the Malice of many potent Enemies, and brought all their Designs against him to nothing. A certain Valetudinarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore Throat by the Hoarseness of a Carman, and relieved from a Fit of the Gout by the Sound of *old Shooes.* A noisy Puppy that plagued a sober Gentleman all Night long with his Impertinence, was silenced by a Cinder-Wench with a Word speaking.

Instead therefore of suppressing this Order of Mortals, I would propose it to my Readers to make the best Advantage of their Morning Salutations. A famous *Macedonian* Prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good Fortune, had a Youth to wait on him every Morning, and bid him remember that he was a Man.[2] A Citizen who is waked by one of these Criers, may regard him as a kind of Remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the Circumstances he has overlook'd all the Night-time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and pre-

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pare to act suitably to the Condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please, but I shall take no Notice of any imaginary Adventures that do not happen while the Sun is on this Side the Horizon. For which Reason I stifle *Fritilla*'s Dream at Church last *Sunday,* who, while the rest of the Audience were enjoying the Benefit of an excellent Discourse, was losing her

Money and Jewels to a Gentleman at Play, till after a strange Run of ill Luck, she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty Children for her last Stake. When she had thrown them away her Companion went off, discovering himself by his usual Tokens, a cloven Foot and a strong Smell of Brimstone; which last proved only a Bottle of Spirits, which a good old Lady applied to her Nose, to put her in a Condition of hearing the Preacher's third Head concerning Time.

If a Man has no Mind to pass abruptly from his imagin'd to his real Circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of Observation which my Oneirocritical Correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the Imagination through all its Extravagancies, whether in Sleeping or Waking, is no improper Method of correcting and bringing it to act in Subordinancy to Reason, so as to be delighted only with such Objects as will affect it with Pleasure, when it is never so cool and sedate.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Petronius, *Satyrtcon,* 104: The mind plays free and unoppressed.

> This was used as a part of the motto of No. 487. Although this number has often been attributed to Byrom, it is evidently based on contributions from several correspondents. Possibly Budgell is the redactor.

[2] No. 586.

[1] See No. 5.

a baulk'd] baul'd *Fol., 8vo, 12mo*

[1] Though there is no allusion to music here, editors beginning with Nichols have taken this as a reference to Tom Britton, the 'musical small-coal-man'. Britton, who died very shortly after the publication of this number—his funeral was held on 1 Oct. (*DNB*)—

> was universally known to all Lovers of Musick, of what Quality soever; and ... for 46 Years kept a Consort once a Week at his own House, and at his own Expence, purely for the Entertainment of his Friends and his own Satisfaction (*British Mercury,* 6 October 1714).

[2] Philip of Macedonia. See Bayle, art. 'Daurat', Remark O.

43. 11: Oneirocritical] Oncicrocritical

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 598
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1714[1]

[ADDISON]

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter?

Juv.

MANKIND may be divided into the Merry and the Serious, who, both of them, make a very good Figure in the Species, so long as they keep their respective Humours from degenerating into the neighbouring Extreme; there being a natural Tendency in the one to a melancholy Moroseness, and in the other to a fantastick Levity.

The merry Part of the World are very amiable, whilst they diffuse a Chearfulness through Conversation at proper Seasons and on proper Occasions; but, on the contrary, a great Grievance to

Society, when they infect every Discourse with insipid Mirth, and turn into Ridicule such Subjects as are not suited to it. For tho' Laughter is looked upon by the Philosophers as the Property of Reason, the Excess of it has been always considered as the Mark of Folly.[1]

On the other Side, Seriousness has its Beauty whilst it is attended with Chearfulness and Humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good Humour of those with whom we converse.

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These two Sets of Men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective Characters, are apt to bear a natural Aversion and Antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear Men of serious Tempers and austere Morals, enlarging upon the Vanities and Follies of the young and gay Part of the Species; whilst they look with a kind of Horror upon such Pomps and Diversions as are innocent in them selves, and only culpable when they draw the Mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a Passage in the Account which Mr. *Baxter* gives of his own Life, wherein he represents it as a great Blessing, that in his Youth he very narrowly escaped getting a Place at Court.[2]

It must indeed be confessed that Levity of Temper takes a Man off his Guard, and opens a Pass to his Soul for any Temptation that assaults it. It favours all the Approaches of Vice, and weakens all the Resistance of Virtue. For which Reason a renowned Statesman in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Days, after having retired from Court and publick Business, in order to give himself up to the Duties of Religion; when any of his old Friends used to visit him, had still this Word of Advice in his Mouth, *Be serious.*[3]

An eminent *Italian* Author of this Cast of Mind, speaking of the great Advantage of a serious and composed Temper, wishes very gravely, that for the Benefit of Mankind he had *Trophonius*'s Cave in his Possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the Reformation of Manners than all the Work-houses and Bridewells in *Europe.*[4]

We have a very particular Description of this Cave in *Pausanias,* who tells us, that it was made in the Form of a huge Oven, and had many particular Circumstances, which disposed the Person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch that no Man was ever observed to laugh all his Life after, who had once made his Entry into this Cave.[1] It was usual in those Times, when any one carried a more than ordinary Gloominess in his Features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of

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Trophonius's Cave.

On the other Hand, Writers of a more merry Complexion have been no less severe on the opposite Party; and have had one Advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more Turns of Wit and Humour.

After all, if a Man's Temper were at his own Disposal, I think he would not choose to be of either of these Parties; since the most perfect Character is that which is formed out of both of them. A Man would neither chuse to be a Hermit nor a Buffoon: Humane Nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a Word, a Man should not five as if there was no God in the World; nor, at the same Time, as if there were no Men in it.

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NOTES

17: *Friday*,] FRYDAY,

[1] *Motto.* Juvenal, *Satires* 10. 28–30 (altered):

Will you not now the Pair of Sages praise,
Who the same end pursu'd by different ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the woful Times,
One laugh'd at Follies, one lamented Crimes. DRYDEN.

[1] Cf. Nos. 249 (vol. ii) and 494 (vol. iv).

44. 10: notwithstanding] nothwithstanding

[2] *Reliquiae Baxterianae* (1696), lib. i, part i (p. 11). The *Abridgment* by Edmund Calamy (1702) is more likely the direct source, since it has a marginal note (p. 4) on the passage: 'A Great Snare escaped.'

[3] This would be appropriate to one of the Cecil family, whose motto was *Sero sed serio,* but the saying has not been traced.

[4] For Trophonius see No. 505 (vol. iv). John Hughes, in a note in his translation of Fontenelle's *Dialogues of the Dead* (1708), pp. 47–48, explains that Trophonius was the son of Apollo and had a Temple erected in honour of him near Labadia in Boeotia, where he became famous for giving oracles by dreams.

> But what is particularly to be remark'd here, is, that 'twas said those who went into this Cave lost, for a time, the Power of Laughing; an Opinion occasion'd by the Mysteriousness of the Solemnity, in which nothing was omitted that cou'd fill a weak Mind with all the Ideas of Fear and Superstition.

[1] Pausanias, *Description of Hellas,* 9. 37. 5–7. Cf. also Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations,* 1. 47. 114.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 599

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1714[2]

... Ubique
Luctus ubique pavor ...

Virg.

IT has been my Custom, as I grow old, to allow my self in some little Indulgences which I never took in my Youth. Among

others is that of an Afternoon's Napp, which I fell into in the fifty fifth Year of my Age, and have continued for the three Years last past. By this means I enjoy a double Morning, and rise twice a Day fresh to my Speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my Dreams have proved instructive to my Countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the Good of the Publick. I was Yesterday meditating on the Account with which I have already entertained my Readers concerning the Cave of *Trophonius.*[1] I was no sooner fallen into my usual Slumber, but I dreamt that this Cave was put into my Possession, and that I gave publick Notice of its Virtue, inviting every one to it, who had a mind to be a serious Man for the remaining part of his Life. Great Multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the Experiment was a *Merry-Andrew,*[2] who was put into my Hands by a neighbouring Justice of Peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of Life. Poor Pickle-herring[3] had not taken above one Turn in it, when he came out of the Cave, like a Hermit from his Cell, with a penitential Look and a most rueful Countenance. I then put in a young laughing Fop, and, watching for his Return, asked him, with a Smile, how he liked the Place? he replied, Prithee

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Friend be not impertinent, and stalked by me as grave as a Judge. A Citizen then desired me to give free Ingress and Egress to his Wife, who was dressed in the gayest coloured Ribbons I had ever seen. She went in with a flirt of her Fan and a smirking Countenance, but came out with the Severity of a Vestal, and, throwing from her several Female Gugaws, told me, with a Sigh, that she resolved to go into deep Mourning, and to wear Black all the rest of her Life. As I had many Coquetts recommended to me by their Parents, their Husbands and their Lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into Day-light, you would have fancied my Cave to have been a Nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn Procession of Religious marching out, one behind another in the most profound Silence and the most exemplary Decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a Sight, there came towards me a great Company of Males and Females laughing, singing and dancing, in such a manner that I could hear them a great while

before I saw them. Upon my asking their Leader, what brought them thither? they told me all at once, that they were *French* Protestants lately arrived in *Great Britain*,[1] and that finding themselves of too gay a Humour for my Country, they applied themselves to me in order to compose them for *British* Conversation. I told them, that to oblige them I would soon spoil their Mirth; upon which I admitted a whole Shole of them, who, after having taken a Survey of the Place, came out in very good order, and with Looks entirely *English.* I afterwards put in a *Dutch* Man, who had a great Fancy to see the *Kelder*,[2] as he called it, but I could not observe that it had made any manner of Alteration in him.

A Comedian who had gained great Reputation in Parts of Humour, told me, that he had a mighty Mind to act *Alexander* the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it, if he could strike two or three laughing Features out of his Face: [3] He tried the Experiment, but contracted so very solid a Look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no Part hereafter, but a *Timon* of *Athens*,[4] or a Mute in the *Funeral.*[5]

I then clapt up an empty fantastick Citizen, in order to qualify

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him for an Alderman. He was succeeded by a young Rake of the *Middle Temple,* who was brought to me by his Grandmother; but to her great Sorrow and Surprize, he came out a *Quaker.* Seeing myself surrounded with a Body of Free-Thinkers, and Scoffers at Religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober Looks and thoughtful Brows of those who had been in the Cave; I thrust 'em all in, one after another, and lock'd the Door upon 'em. Upon my opening it, they all look'd as if they had been frighted out of their Wits, and were marching away with Ropes in their Hands, to a Wood that was within Sight of the Place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious Thoughts; but knowing these would quickly bring them to a better Frame of Mind, I gave them into the Custody of their Friends, till that happy Change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me, was a young Woman, who at

the first Sight of my short Face fell into an immoderate Fit of Laughter, and was forced to hold her Sides all the while her Mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old Lady, and taking her Daughter by the Hand, Madam, said I, be pleased to retire into my Closet, while your Mother tells me your Case. I then put her into the Mouth of the Cave, when the Mother, after having begged Pardon for the Girl's Rudeness, told me, that she often treated her Father and the gravest of her Relations in the same Manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her Companions from one end of a Tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a Sermon, and set the whole Congregation a staring at her. The Mother was going on, when the young Lady came out of the Cave to us with a composed Countenance, and a low Curtesy. She was a Girl of such exuberant Mirth, that her Visit to *Trophonius* only reduced her to a more than ordinary Decency of Behaviour, and made a very pretty Prude of her. After having performed innumerable Cures, I looked about me with great Satisfaction, and saw all my Patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing Posture, so that the whole Place seemed covered with Philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the Cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful Effects upon the Company; but as I was stooping at the Entrance, the Door being something low, I gave such a Nod

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in my Chair, that I awaked. After having recovered my self from my first Startle,[1] I was very well pleased at the Accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little Stay in the Place might have spoil'd my *Spectators.*

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid,* 2. 368–9:

All parts resound with Tumults, Plaints, and Fears, DRYDEN.

Although this essay was not reprinted in Addison's *Works* (1721) and is not mentioned in the Tickell MS., it may be by Addison. It is a sequel to his essay constituting the preceding number.

46. 2: three Years last] ~ *8vo*; three last Years *12mo*

[1] No. 598.

[2] No. 35.

[3] No. 47

[1] Nos. 180 (vol. ii), 328 (vol. iii).

[2] The Dutch word for cellar.

[3] *Alexander the Great,* i.e. Lee's *Rival Queens* (No. 36).

[4] This had been performed at Drury Lane on 17 May 1714, with Powell in the title-role, and again at Drury Lane on 16 June, for the benefit of Mrs. Powell and King (a box-keeper).

[5] Steele's comedy (cf. No. 51) had been given on 8 Apr., 11 May, and 9 Dec. 1713 at Drury Lane, but no performances are recorded for the year 1714.

[1] A start or shock of surprise or alarm (*OED*). This is the first recorded quotation for this sense in *OED*.

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... Ubique
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Virg.

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him for an Alderman. He was succeeded by a young Rake of the *Middle Temple,* who was brought to me by his Grandmother; but to her great Sorrow and Surprize, he came out a *Quaker.* Seeing myself surrounded with a Body of Free-Thinkers, and Scoffers at Religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober Looks and thoughtful Brows of those who had been in the Cave; I thrust 'em all in, one after another, and lock'd the Door upon 'em. Upon my opening it, they all look'd as if they had been frighted out of their Wits, and were marching away with Ropes in their Hands, to a Wood that was within Sight of the Place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious Thoughts; but knowing these would quickly bring them to a better Frame of Mind, I gave them into the Custody of their Friends, till that happy Change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me, was a young Woman, who at

the first Sight of my short Face fell into an immoderate Fit of Laughter, and was forced to hold her Sides all the while her Mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old Lady, and taking her Daughter by the Hand, Madam, said I, be pleased to retire into my Closet, while your Mother tells me your Case. I then put her into the Mouth of the Cave, when the Mother, after having begged Pardon for the Girl's Rudeness, told me, that she often treated her Father and the gravest of her Relations in the same Manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her Companions from one end of a Tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a Sermon, and set the whole Congregation a staring at her. The Mother was going on, when the young Lady came out of the Cave to us with a composed Countenance, and a low Curtesy. She was a Girl of such exuberant Mirth, that her Visit to *Trophonius* only reduced her to a more than ordinary Decency of Behaviour, and made a very pretty Prude of her. After having performed innumerable Cures, I looked about me with great Satisfaction, and saw all my Patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing Posture, so that the whole Place seemed covered with Philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the Cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful Effects upon the Company; but as I was stooping at the Entrance, the Door being something low, I gave such a Nod

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in my Chair, that I awaked. After having recovered my self from my first Startle,[1] I was very well pleased at the Accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little Stay in the Place might have spoil'd my *Spectators.*

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid,* 2. 368–9:

All parts resound with Tumults, Plaints, and Fears, DRYDEN.

Although this essay was not reprinted in Addison's *Works* (1721) and is not mentioned in the Tickell MS., it may be by Addison. It is a sequel to his essay constituting the preceding number.

46. 2: three Years last] ~ *8vo*; three last Years *12mo*

[1] No. 598.

[2] No. 35.

[3] No. 47

[1] Nos. 180 (vol. ii), 328 (vol. iii).

[2] The Dutch word for cellar.

[3] *Alexander the Great,* i.e. Lee's *Rival Queens* (No. 36).

[4] This had been performed at Drury Lane on 17 May 1714, with Powell in the title-role, and again at Drury Lane on 16 June, for the benefit of Mrs. Powell and King (a box-keeper).

[5] Steele's comedy (cf. No. 51) had been given on 8 Apr., 11 May, and 9 Dec. 1713 at Drury Lane, but no performances are recorded for the year 1714.

[1] A start or shock of surprise or alarm (*OED*). This is the first recorded quotation for this sense in *OED*.

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 600
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1714[2]

[ADDISON]

... Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

Virg.

I HAVE always taken a particular Pleasure in examining the Opinions which Men of different Religions, different Ages, and

different Countries, have entertained concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and the State of Happiness which they promise themselves in another World. For whatever Prejudices and Errors human Nature lies under, we find that either Reason, or Tradition from our first Parents, has discovered to all People something in these great Points which bears Analogy to Truth, and to the Doctrines opened to us by Divine Revelation. I was lately discoursing on this Subject with a learned Person who has been very much conversant among the Inhabitants of the more Western Parts of *Africk.*[1] Upon his conversing with several in that Country, he tells me that their Notion of Heaven or of a future State of Happiness is this, That every thing we there wish for will immediately present it self to us. We find, say they, our Souls are of such a Nature that they require Variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same Objects. The Supreme Being therefore, in Compliance with this Taste of Happiness which he has planted in the Soul of Man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every Gratification which it is in the Humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in Groves or Bowers, among running Streams or Falls of Water, we shall immediately find our selves in the midst

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of such a Scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with Musick, and the Melody of Sounds, the Consort rises upon our Wish, and the whole Region about us is filled with Harmony. In short, every Desire will be followed by Fruition, and whatever a Man's Inclination directs him to, will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in Conformity to our Wishes, or whether he only produces such a Change in our Imagination, as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those Scenes which delight us. Our Happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external Objects, or from the Impressions of the Deity upon our own private Fancies. This is the Account which

I have received from my learned Friend. Notwithstanding this System of Belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the Influence of a Divine Being on a Human Soul. It has also, like most other Opinions of the Heathen World upon these important Points, it has, I say, its Foundation in Truth, as it supposes the Souls of good Men after this Life to be in a State of perfect Happiness, that in this State there will be no barren Hopes, nor fruitless Wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular Circumstance which I am most pleased with in this Scheme, and which arises from a just Reflexion upon Human Nature, is that Variety of Pleasures which it supposes the Souls of good Men will be possessed of in another World. This I think highly probable, from the Dictates both of Reason and Revelation. The Soul consists of many Faculties, as the Understanding, and the Will, with all the Senses both outward and inward;[1] or to speak more Philosophically, the Soul can exert herself in many different ways of Action: She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like Exercises of different Kinds and Natures; but what is more to be considered, the Soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite Pleasure and Satisfaction from the Exercise of any of these its Powers, when they are gratified with their proper Objects; she can be entirely happy by the Satisfaction of the Memory, the Sight the Hearing, or any other Mode of Perception. Every Faculty is as a distinct Taste in the Mind, and hath Objects accommodated to its proper Relish. Doctor *Tillotson* somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists

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the Happiness of the Blest, because God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by Ten Thousand different ways.[2] Besides those several Avenues to Pleasure which the Soul is endowed with in this Life; it is not impossible, according to the Opinions of many eminent Divines, but there may be new Faculties in the Souls of good Men made perfect, as well as new Senses in their glorified

Bodies.[1] This we are sure of, that there will be new Objects offered to all those Faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take Notice that every particular Faculty is capable of being employed on a very great Variety of Objects. The Understanding, for Example, may be happy in the Contemplation of Moral, Natural, Mathematical, and other kinds of Truth. The Memory likewise may turn it self to an infinite Multitude of Objects, especially when the Soul shall have passed through the Space of many Millions of Years, and shall reflect with Pleasure on the Days of Eternity. Every other Faculty may be considered in the same Extent.

We cannot question but that the Happiness of a Soul will be adequate to its Nature, and that it is not endowed with any Faculties which are to lie useless and unemploy'd. The Happiness is to be the Happiness of the whole Man, and we may easily conceive to our selves the Happiness of the Soul, whilst any one of its Faculties is in the Fruition of its chief Good. The Happiness may be of a more exalted Nature in Proportion as the Faculty employ'd is so, but as the whole Soul acts in the Exertion of any of its particular Powers, the whole Soul is happy in the Pleasure which arises from any of its particular Acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken Notice of by one of the greatest modern Philosophers, we divide the Soul into several Powers and Faculties, there is no such Division in the Soul it self, since it is the whole Soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines.[2] Our manner of considering the Memory, Understanding, Will, Imagination, and the like Faculties, is for the better enabling us to express our selves in such abstracted Subjects of Speculation, not that there is any such Division in the Soul it self.

Seeing then that the Soul has many different Faculties, or in other

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Words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased, or made happy by all these different Faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent Faculties, which it is not at present in a Condition to exert; that we cannot believe the Soul is endowed with any Faculty which is of no Use to it; that whenever any one of these Faculties is transcendently pleased, the Soul is in a State of Happiness; and in the last Place, considering

that the Happiness of another World is to be the Happiness of the whole Man; Who can question but that there is an infinite Variety in those Pleasures we are speaking of; and that this Fulness of Joy will be made up of all those Pleasures which the Nature of the Soul is capable of receiving?

We shall be the more confirmed in this Doctrine, if we observe the Nature of Variety, with regard to the Mind of Man. The Soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The Faculties relieve one another by Turns, and receive an Additional Pleasure from the Novelty of those Objects, about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this Notion, under the different Views which it gives us of our future Happiness. In the Description of the Throne of God, it represents to us all those Objects which are able to gratify the Senses and Imagination. In very many places it intimates to us all the Happiness which the Understanding can possibly receive in that State, where all Things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know, even as we are known;[1] the Raptures of Devotion, of Divine Love, the Pleasure of conversing with our Blessed Saviour, with an innumerable Host of Angels, and with the Spirits of just Men made Perfect,[2] are likewise revealed to us in several Parts of the Holy Writings. There are also mentioned those Hierarchies, or Governments, in which the Blest shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great Part of our Happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this World, where every one is aiming at Power and Superiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that Station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other Station. These, and many other Particulars, are marked in Divine Revelation, as the several Ingredients of our Happiness in Heaven, which all imply

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such a Variety of Joys, and such a Gratification of the Soul in all its different Faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a Set of Angels who know most, and the Seraphims a Set of Angels who love most.[3] Whether this Distinction be not altogether Imaginary,

I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable that among the Spirits of good Men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the Employment of one Faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous Habits or Inclinations which have here taken the deepest Root.

I might here apply this Consideration to the Spirits of wicked Men, with Relation to the Pain which they shall suffer in every one of their Faculties, and the respective Miseries which shall be appropriated to each Faculty in Particular. But leaving this to the Reflection of my Readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the Soul susceptible of Pleasure by so many different Ways. We see by what a Variety of Passages, Joy and Gladness may enter into the Thoughts of Man. How wonderfully a humane Spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper Satisfactions, and taste the Goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into our selves with Rapture and Amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our Gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a Profusion of Blessings, and opened in us so many Capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger Argument that God has designed us for a State of future Happiness, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being capable of receiving so much Bliss. He would never have made such Faculties in vain, and have endowed us with Powers that were not to be exerted on such Objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest by the inward Frame and Constitution of our Minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite Variety of Pleasures and Gratifications, which are not to be met with in this Life. We should therefore at all times take Care that we do not disappoint this his gracious Purpose and Intention

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towards us, and make those Faculties which he formed as so many Qualifications for Happiness and Rewards, to be the Instruments of Pain and Punishment.

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid,* 6. 641:

Stars of their own, and their own Suns they know, DRYDEN.

This number is Addison's final contribution to the *Spectator.* Since 3 Aug. he had served as Secretary to the Regents, and after this duty ended, on 22 Sept., he was made Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Sunderland (Smithers, p. 297).

48. 33: Religions,] ~ *8vo*; Religion *12mo*

49. 6: bears] ~ *8vo*; bear *12mo*

[1] Identified by Nichols and later editors as Addison's father, Lancelot Addison, author of *West Barbary; or a short narrative of the revolutions of the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco* (Oxford, 1671). Hence Nichols infers an early date of composition for this paper, probably before 1703 (the year of Lancelot Addison's death).

[1] The five senses, and the 'faculties' of the mind or soul.

[2] In Sermon 8, 'On the Happiness of a Heavenly Conversation', Tillotson describes the happiness of the blest, who 'shall sing everlasting songs of praise to God':

> This, this shall be the employment of the blessed spirits above, and these are the chief ingredients of our happiness which the Scripture mentions. And if there were no other, as there may be ten thousand more for any thing I can tell, yet generous and virtuous minds will easily understand how great a pleasure there is in the improvement of our knowledge, and the exercise of love; and in a grateful and perpetual acknowledgment of the greatest benefits that creatures are capable of receiving (*Works,* 9th ed., 1728, i. 74).

[1] One of the chief arguments in John Scott's *The Christian Life*, which Addison praises in No. 447.

[2] Locke, *Essay*, 11. xxi. 6–20.

[1] 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

[2] Heb. xii. 23.

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[3] Cf. Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, i. 28: 'The first place … is given to the Angels of love, which are tearmed Seraphim, the second to the Angels of light, which are tearmed Cherubim' (quoted in *OED*). The patristic explanations point to the Greek meaning of 'cherubim' as 'much knowledge' (Hastings, *Dictionary of the Bible*, 1898, i. 379), while the presumed derivation of 'seraphim' from a Hebrew root meaning 'to burn' led to the view that the seraphim are specially distinguished by fervour of love (*OED,* s.v. Seraphim). The traditional nine orders are seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominions, virtues, powers, principalities, archangels, and angels.

53. 1: examine;] examin;

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 601
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1714[1]

[GROVE]

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετικὸς πεφυκώς.

Antonin. Lib. 9.

THE following Essay comes from an Hand which has entertained my Readers once before.

NOTWITHSTANDING a narrow contracted Temper be that which obtains most in the World, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine Characteristick of Mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing Good, and receive more of their Happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate Sensation. Now tho' these Heroic Souls are but few, and to Appearance so far advanced above the groveling Multitude as if they were of another Order of Beings, yet in Reality their Nature is the same, moved by the same Springs, and endowed with all the same essential Qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid Body in Winter and in Summer; when it stands stiffened in Ice, as when it flows along in gentle Streams gladdening a thousand Fields in its Progress. 'Tis a Property of the Heart of Man to be diffusive: Its kind Wishes spread abroad over the Face of the Creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrap'd up in their own dear selves, without any visible Concern for their Species, let us suppose that their Good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing Force of some contrary Quality restrained in

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its Operations. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal Checks upon this generous Propension[2] of the Human Soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what Method, this most useful Principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native Freedom of Exercise.

The first and leading Cause is an unhappy Complexion of Body. The Heathens, ignorant of the true Source of Moral Evil, generally charged it on the Obliquity of Matter, which, being eternal and independant, was incapable of Change in any of its Properties, even

by the Almighty Mind, who, when He came to fashion it into a World of Beings, must take it as He found it. This Notion, as most others of theirs, is a Composition of Truth and Error. That Matter is eternal, that from the first Union of a Soul to it, it perverted its Inclinations, and that the ill Influence it hath upon the Mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great Errors, occasioned by a Truth as evident, that the Capacities and Dispositions of the Soul depend, to a great degree, on the bodily Temper. As there are some Fools, others are Knaves, by Constitution; and particularly, it may be said of Many, that they are born with an illiberal Cast of Mind; the Matter that composes them is tenacious as Birdlime, and a kind of Cramp draws their Hands and their Hearts together, that they never care to open them unless to grasp at more. 'Tis a melancholy Lot this; but attended with one Advantage above theirs to whom it would be as painful to forbear good Offices, as it is to these Men to perform them; that whereas Persons naturally Beneficent often mistake Instinct for Virtue, by reason of the Difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them and when the other, Men of the opposite Character may be more certain of the Motive that predominates in every Action. If they cannot confer a Benefit with that Ease and Frankness which are necessary to give it a Grace in the Eye of the World, in requital, the real Merit of what they do is enhanc'd by the Opposition they surmount in doing it. The Strength of their Virtue is seen in rising against the Weight of Nature, and every time they have the Resolution to discharge their Duty, they make a Sacrifice of Inclination to Conscience, which is always too grateful to let its Followers go without suitable Marks of its Approbation. Perhaps the entire Cure of this ill Quality is no more possible than of some Distempers that

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descend by Inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a Course of Beneficence obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral Habit, which shall be somewhat of a Counterpoise to the Force of Mechanism. Only it must be remembered, that we do not intermit, upon any Pretence whatsoever, the Custom of doing Good, in regard if there be the least Cessation, Nature will watch the Opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the Ground it was so long in quitting: For there is this difference between mental Habits, and such as have their Foundation in the Body; that these last are in their Nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only

not to be oppos'd; whereas the former must be continually reinforc'd with fresh Supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the Reason why good Habits, in general, require longer time for their Settlement than bad, and yet are sooner displac'd; the Reason is, that vicious Habits (as Drunkenness for Instance) produce a Change in the Body, which the others not doing, must be maintain'd the same way they are acquir'd, by the mere Dint of Industry, Resolution, and Vigilance.

Another Thing which suspends the Operations of Benevolence, is the Love of the World; proceeding from a false Notion Men have taken up, that an Abundance of the World is an essential Ingredient into the Happiness of Life. Worldly Things are of such a Quality as to lessen upon dividing, so that the more Partners there are, the less must fall to every Man's private Share. The Consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an Evil Eye, each imagining all the rest to be imbark'd in an Interest, that cannot take Place but to his Prejudice. Hence are those eager Competitions for Wealth or Power; hence one Man's Success becomes another's Disappointment; and, like Pretenders to the same Mistress, they can seldom have common Charity for their Rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall out, but 'tis natural for a Man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own Interest first. If that which Men esteem their Happiness were, like the Light, the same sufficient and unconfined Good, whether Ten Thousand enjoy the Benefit of it, or but one, we should see Mens good Will, and kind Endeavours, would be as universal.

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Homo qui Erranti comiter monstrat Viam,
Quasi Lumen de suo Lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit.[1]

But, unluckily, Mankind agree in making Choice of Objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual Differences. Learn therefore, like a wise Man, the true Estimate of Things. Desire not more of the World than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as useless only, but burthensome. Place not your Quiet in Things which you cannot have with-

out putting others beside them, and thereby making them your Enemies; and which, when attained, will give you more Trouble to keep, than Satisfaction in the Enjoyment. Virtue is a Good of a nobler Kind; it grows by Communication, and so little resembles earthly Riches, that the more Hands it is lodg'd in, the greater is every Man's particular Stock. So, by propagating and mingling their Fires, not only all the Lights of a Branch together cast a more extensive Brightness, but each single Light burns with a stronger Flame. And lastly, take this along with you, that if Wealth be an Instrument of Pleasure, the greatest Pleasure it can put into your Power, is that of doing Good. 'Tis worth considering, that the Organs of Sense act within a narrow Compass, and the Appetites will soon say they have enough: Which of the two therefore is the happier Man? He, who confining all his Regard to the Gratification of his own Appetites, is capable but of short Fits of Pleasure? Or the Man, who, reckoning himself a Sharer in the Satisfactions of others, especially those which come to them by his Means, enlarges the Sphere of his Happiness?

The last Enemy to Benevolence I shall mention, is Uneasiness of any Kind. A guilty, or a discontented Mind, a Mind ruffled by ill Fortune, disconcerted by its own Passions, sowered by Neglect, or fretting at Disappointments, hath not Leisure to attend to the Necessity or Reasonableness of a Kindness desir'd, nor a Taste, for those Pleasures which wait on Beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted Heart to relish them. The most miserable of all Beings is the most envious; as, on the other Hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in search of the Seat of perfect Love and Friendship, you will not find it till you come to

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the Region of the Blessed, where Happiness, like a refreshing Stream, flows from Heart to Heart in an endless Circulation, and is preserv'd sweet and untainted by the Motion. 'Tis old Advice, if you have a Favour to request of any one, to observe the softest times of Address, when the Soul, in a Flush of good Humour, takes a Pleasure to shew itself pleas'd.[1] Persons conscious of their own Integrity, satisfied with themselves, and their Condition, and full of Confidence in a Supreme Being, and the Hope of Immortality, survey all about them with a Flow of Good-will. As Trees which like their Soil, they shoot out in Expressions of Kindness, and bend beneath their own precious Load, to the Hand of the Gatherer.

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Now if the Mind be not thus easy, 'tis an infallible Sign that it is not in its natural State: Place the Mind in its right Posture, it will immediately discover its innate Propension to Beneficence.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*, 9. 42. 4: Man is naturally inclined to do good.

The second of Grove's four contributions; cf. No. 588.

54. *m.*: *εὐεργετικὸς*] *ἐυργετὸς*

[2] I.e. propensity. In No. 588 Grove also speaks of 'kind and benevolent Propensions'.

[1] Ennius, quoted in Cicero, *De Officiis,* 1. 16. 51. The lines are translated by L'Estrange (*Tully's Offices,* 4th ed., 1688):

To put a Wandring Traveller in's Way,
Is but to light One Candle with Another:
I've ne'er the less, for what I Give——.

[1] Cf. No. 177 (vol. ii)

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 602
MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1714[1]

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Juv.

THE following Letter comes from a Gentleman, who, I find, is very diligent in making his Observations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the Publick.

SIR,

'IN order to execute the Office of Love-Casuist to *Great Britain,* with which I take my self to be invested by your Paper of *September* 8,[2] I shall make some further Observations upon the two Sexes in general, beginning with that which always ought to have the upper Hand. After having observed with much Curiosity the Accomplishments which are apt to captivate female Hearts, I find that there is no Person so irresistable as one who is a Man of Importance, provided it be in Matters of no Consequence. One who makes himself talked of, tho' it be for the particular Cock of his Hat, or for prating aloud in the Boxes at a Play, is in a fair way of being a Favourite. I have known a young Fellow make his Fortune by knocking down a Constable; and may venture to say, tho' it may seem a Paradox, that many a Fair One has died by a Duel in which both the Combatants have survived.

'About three Winters ago I took Notice of a young Lady at the Theatre, who conceived a Passion for a notorious Rake that headed a Party of Cat-calls;[3] and am credibly informed, that the Emperor of the Mohocks married a rich Widow within three Weeks after having rendered himself formidable in the Cities of *London* and

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'I was very sensible of the great Advantage of being a Man of Importance upon these Occasions on the Day of the King's Entry, when I was seated in a Balcony behind a Cluster of very pretty Country Ladies, who had one of these showy Gentlemen in the Midst of them.[3] The first Trick I caught him at, was bowing to several Persons of Quality whom he did not know; nay, he had the Impudence to hem at a Blue Garter who had a finer Equipage than ordinary, and seemed a little concerned at the impertinent Huzzas of the Mob, that hindered his Friend from taking Notice of him. There was indeed one who pull'd off his Hat to him, and upon the Ladies asking who it was, he told them, it was a Foreign Minister that he had been very merry with the Night before; whereas in Truth, it was the City Common-Hunt.[4]

'He was never at a Loss when he was asked any Person's Name, tho' he seldom knew any one under a Peer. He found Dukes and Earls among the Aldermen, very good-natured Fellows among the Privy Counsellors, with two or three agreeable old Rakes among the Bishops and Judges.

'In short, I collected from his whole Discourse, that he was

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done in half a Year's Courtship.

'*Ovid* has finely touched this Method of making Love, which I shall here give my Reader in Mr. *Dryden*'s Translation.[1]

Page the Eleventh.

Thus Love in Theatres did first improve,
And Theatres are still the Scene of Love:
Nor shun the Chariots, and the Courser's Race;
The Circus *is no inconvenient Place.*
No Need is there of talking on the Hand,
Nor Nods, nor Signs, which Lovers understand;
But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide,
Close as you can to hers, and Side by Side:
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no Matter; crowding sit;
For so the Laws of publick Shows permit.
Then find Occasion to begin Discourse,
Enquire whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse;
To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your Inclinations to her Mind;
Like what she likes, from thence your Court begin,
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.

Again, Page the Sixteenth.

O when will come the Day, by Heaven design'd,
When thou, the best and fairest of Mankind,
Drawn by white Horses, shalt in Triumph ride,
With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in Flight;O glorious Object! O surprising Sight!O Day of Publick Joy, too good to end in Night!
On such a Day, if thou, and next to thee
Some Beauty sits, the Spectacle to see;
If she enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs;
Answer to all thou knowest; and, if Need be,
Of Things unknown seem to speak knowingly:

This is Euphrates, *crown'd with Reeds; and there*

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Flows the swift Tigris, *with his Sea-green Hair.*
Invent new Names of Things unknown before;
Call this Armenia; *that, the* Caspian *Shore*:
Call this a Mede, *and that a* Parthian *Youth;*
Talk probably; no Matter for the Truth.

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 602
MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1714[1]

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Juv.

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Enquire whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse;
To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,
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Like what she likes, from thence your Court begin,
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.

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With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in Flight;O glorious Object! O surprising Sight!O Day of Publick Joy, too good to end in Night!
On such a Day, if thou, and next to thee
Some Beauty sits, the Spectacle to see;
If she enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs;
Answer to all thou knowest; and, if Need be,
Of Things unknown seem to speak knowingly:

This is Euphrates, *crown'd with Reeds; and there*

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Talk probably; no Matter for the Truth.

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[1] Dryden's translation of the First Book of the 'Art of Love', lines 156–71, 242–60.

60. 12: *No*] *Nor*

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 603
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1714[1]

[BYROM]

Ducite ab Urbe Domum, mea Carmina, ducite Daphnim.

Virg.

THE following Copy of Verses comes from one of my Correspondents, and has something in it so Original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my Readers.

I.

MY Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,[a]
When Phebe *went with me wherever I went;*

pg 62

Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast,
Sure never fond Shepherd like Colin *was blest!*
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find?
When Things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

II.

With such a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,
I was so good humour'd, so chearful, and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known.

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My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart—I am sure it weighs more than a Pound.

III.

The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, *if* Phebe *was there,*
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide,
Must you be so chearful, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phebe *and I were as joyful as they,*
How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
When Spring, Love and Beauty, were all in their Prime?
But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

V.

My Dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one and me;

And Phebe *was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,*
Come hither, poor Fellow; and patted his Head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour Look
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another; for why shoud not Tray
Be as dull as his Master, when Phebe*'s away?*

VI.

When walking with Phebe, *what Sights have I seen?*
How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green?
What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,

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The Cornfields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,
They none of 'em now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the Magick I find of her Eyes,
Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

VII.

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throstle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone;
Her Voice in the Consort, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable Sound.

VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violets beautiful Blue?
Does ought of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile,
That Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! Rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made your selves fine for; a Place in her Breast:
To put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
To be pluckt by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

IX.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phebe *return?*
While amidst the soft Zephyrs, cool Breezes, I burn;

Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead.
Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah Colin! *old Time is full of Delay,*
Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou canst say.

X.

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Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain.
To be cur'd thou must, Colin, *thy Passion remove;*
But what Swain is so silly to live without Love!
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! What shall I do? I shall die with Despair;
Take Heed, all ye Swains, bow you love one so fair.

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclogues*, 8. 68:

Restore, my Charms,
My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

DRYDEN.

The poem which makes up this number is ascribed to John Byrom in the Tickell MS. Phebe is believed to have been Richard Bentley's youngest and favourite daughter Joanna, called 'Jug Bentley', at that time a child of eleven. She afterwards became the wife of Denison Cumberland (grandson of the Bishop of Peterborough) and mother of the dramatist, Richard Cumberland. See Richard Cumberland's *Memoirs* (ed. 1807, i. 24) and James Henry Monk, *Life of Richard Bentley* (1833), ii. 113–14. The first printed attribution to Byrom seems to be in the *Biographia Britannica*, vi, part ii, Supplement (1766), pp. 26–28. Nichols, the first editor of the *Spectator*, writes:

> The author, Mr. John Byrom, was, when he wrote this poem, a student at Cambridge, and a candidate for a fellowship. This writer affirms, on good authority, that it answered its purpose effectually, which was not so much to win the daughter's affections, as to secure her father's interest on the occasion above-mentioned. As the poet was not in reality smitten with the charms of *Phoebe*, he is, perhaps, more pardonable for the introduction of some ludicrous instances of puerility of sentiment and expression which are introduced into his piece; at least this information, which may be depended upon, serves to account for them.

When Byrom's *Tunbridgiale, a Poem*, was published in 1726, it was described on the title-page simply as 'By the Author of *My Time O ye Muses,* &c. SPECTATOR, vol. VIII'.

The poem is reprinted in the *Gentleman's Magazine,* Feb. 1745 (xv. 102–3), with a Latin translation by G. Walmsley.

[a] *The poem is printed in italics in 8vo and 12mo, in roman in Fol.*

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 604
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. …

Hor.

THE Desire of knowing future Events, is one of the strongest Inclinations in the Mind of Man. Indeed an Ability of foreseeing probable Accidents is what, in the Language of Men, is called Wisdom and Prudence: But, not satisfied with the Light that Reason holds out, Mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into Futurity. Magick, Oracles, Omens, lucky Hours, and the various Arts of Superstition, owe their Rise to this powerful Cause. As this Principle is founded in Self-Love, every Man is sure to be sollicitous in the first Place about his own Fortune, the Course of his Life, and the Time and Manner of his Death.

If we consider that we are free Agents, we shall discover the Absurdity of such Enquiries. One of our Actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the Cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole Chain of Life is linked together. Pain, Poverty, or Infamy, are the natural Product of vicious and imprudent Acts; as the contrary Blessings are of good ones; so that we cannot suppose our Lot to be determined without Impiety. A great Enhancement of Pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and Pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other Accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this Portion bestowed on us;

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to adore the Hand that hath fitted every Thing to our Nature, and hath not more displayed his Goodness in our Knowledge than in our Ignorance.

It is not unworthy Observation, that superstitious Enquiries into future Events prevail more or less, in proportion to the Improvement of liberal Arts and useful Knowledge in the several Parts of the World. Accordingly we find, that magical Incantations remain in *Lapland*;[1] in the more remote Parts of *Scotland* they have their second Sight, and several of our own Countrymen see abundance of Fairies.[2] In *Asia* this Credulity is strong; and the greatest Part of refined Learning there consists in the Knowledge of Amulets, Talismans, occult Numbers, and the like.[3]

When I was at *Grand Cairo*,[4] I fell into the Acquaintance of a good-natured Musselman, who promised me many good Offices, which he designed to do me when he became the Prime Minister, which was a Fortune bestowed on his Imagination by a Doctor very deep in the curious Sciences. At his repeated Sollicitations I went to learn my Destiny of this wonderful Sage. For a small Sum I had his Promise; but was required to wait in a dark Apartment till he had run thro' the preparatory Ceremonies. Having a strong Propensity, even then, to Dreaming, I took a Nap upon the Sofa where I was placed, and had the following Vision, the Particulars whereof I picked up the other Day among my Papers.

I found my self in an unbounded Plain, where methought the

whole World, in several Habits, and with different Tongues, was assembled. The Multitude glided swiftly along, and I found in my self a strong Inclination to mingle in the Train. My Eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid Figures. Several in rich Caftans[1] and glittering Turbans bustled through the Throng, and trampled over the Bodies of those they threw down; till to my great Surprize I found that the great Pace they went only hastened them to a Scaffold or a Bowstring. Many beautiful Damsels on the other Side moved forward with great Gaiety; some danced till they fell all along; and others painted their Faces till they lost their Noses. A Tribe of Creatures with busy Looks falling into a Fit of

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Laughter at the Misfortunes of the unhappy Ladies, I turned my Eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his Pockets with Gold and Jewels, and when there was no Room left for more, these Wretches looking round with Fear and Horror, pined away before my Face with Famine and Discontent.

This Prospect of humane Misery struck me dumb for some Miles. Then it was that, to disburthen my Mind, I took Pen and Ink, and did every Thing that hath since happened under my Office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing my self for the Good of Mankind, I was surprized to meet with very unsuitable Returns from my Fellow-Creatures. Never was poor Author so beset with Pamphleteers, who sometimes marched directly against me, but oftener shot at me from strong Bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in Ambush. They were of all Characters and Capacities, some with Ensigns of Dignity, and others in Liveries; but what most surprized me, was to see two or three in Black Gowns among my Enemies.[2] It was no small Trouble to me sometimes to have a Man come up to me with an angry Face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my Life. With the Ladies it was otherwise: Many became my Enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who resented the Satyr which they imagined I had directed against them. My great Comfort was in the Company of half a Dozen Friends, who, I found since, were the Club which I have so often mentioned in my Papers. I laughed often at Sir *Roger* in my Sleep, and was the more diverted with

Will. Honeycomb's Gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) because I had foreseen his Marriage with a Farmer's Daughter.[1] The Regret which arose in my Mind upon the Death of my Companions, my Anxieties for the Publick, and the many Calamities still fleeting before my Eyes, made me repent my Curiosity; when the Magician entered the Room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

N. B. I have only delivered the Prophecy of that Part of my Life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second Part till a more proper Opportunity.

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NOTES

64. 16: *Misnumbered* 603 *in 8vo.*

64. 16: *Friday,*] FRYDAY,

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, 1. 11. 1–3:

Seek not to know what fated End,
The Gods for you or me intend,
  Nor lend to magick Arts an Ear.

[1] See John Scheffer, *The History of Lapland* (Oxford, 1674), chap. xi ('Of the magicall Ceremonies of the Laplanders'), pp. 45–60. Magic, Scheffer writes, is 'one of the greatest of their impieties that yet continues among them' (p. 45).

[2] 'Second sight' is also alluded to in Nos. 505 and 524.

[3] This would not hold, however, for China. Le Comte (*Memoirs*, 1697) praises the Chinese for their learning and the purity of their religion, though the *bonzes* do take advantage of the people.

[4] See No. 1.

[1] A caftan is a garment worn in Turkey and other eastern countries, 'consisting of a kind of long under-tunic or vest tied at the waist with the girdle' (*OED*).

[2] 'The hirelings and *black gowns* employed by the administration in the last years of the Queen's reign, Dr. Swift, Prior, Atterbury, Dr. Freind, Dr. King, Mr. Oldisworth, Mrs. D. Manley, and the writers of The Examiner, &c.' (Nichols).

[1] See No. 530 (vol. iv).

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Will. Honeycomb's Gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) because I had foreseen his Marriage with a Farmer's Daughter.[1] The Regret which arose in my Mind upon the Death of my Companions, my Anxieties for the Publick, and the many Calamities still fleeting before my Eyes, made me repent my Curiosity; when the Magician entered the Room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

N. B. I have only delivered the Prophecy of that Part of my Life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second Part till a more proper Opportunity.

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NOTES

64. 16: *Misnumbered* 603 *in 8vo.*

64. 16: *Friday,*] FRYDAY,

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, 1. 11. 1–3:

Seek not to know what fated End,
The Gods for you or me intend,
  Nor lend to magick Arts an Ear.

[1] See John Scheffer, *The History of Lapland* (Oxford, 1674), chap. xi ('Of the magicall Ceremonies of the Laplanders'), pp. 45–60. Magic, Scheffer writes, is 'one of the greatest of their impieties that yet continues among them' (p. 45).

[2] 'Second sight' is also alluded to in Nos. 505 and 524.

[3] This would not hold, however, for China. Le Comte (*Memoirs*, 1697) praises the Chinese for their learning and the purity of their religion, though the *bonzes* do take advantage of the people.

[4] See No. 1.

[1] A caftan is a garment worn in Turkey and other eastern countries, 'consisting of a kind of long under-tunic or vest tied at the waist with the girdle' (*OED*).

[2] 'The hirelings and *black gowns* employed by the administration in the last years of the Queen's reign, Dr. Swift, Prior, Atterbury, Dr. Freind, Dr. King, Mr. Oldisworth, Mrs. D. Manley, and the writers of The Examiner, &c.' (Nichols).

[1] See No. 530 (vol. iv).

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 605
MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1714[2]

[TICKELL]

Exuerint sylvestrem animum, cultuque frequenti
In quascunque voles artes, haud tarda sequentur.

Virg.

HAVING perused the following Letter, and finding it to run upon the Subject of Love, I refer'd it to the Learned *Casuist*, whom I have retained in my Service for Speculations of that Kind.[3] He returned it to me the next Morning with his Report annexed to it, with both of which I shall here present my Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'FINDING that you have Entertained an useful Person in your Service in quality of *Love-Casuist,* I apply my self to you, under a very great Difficulty, that hath for some Months Perplexed me. I have a Couple of humble Servants, one of which I have no

Aversion to; the other I think of very kindly. The First hath the Reputation of a Man of good Sense, and is one of those People that your Sex are apt to Value. My Spark is reckoned a Coxcomb among the Men, but is a Favourite of the Ladies. If I marry the Man of Worth, as they call him, I shall oblige my Parents and improve my Fortune; but with my dear Beau I promise my self Happiness, altho' not a Jointure. Now I would ask you, whether I should consent to lead my Life with a Man that I have only no Objection to, or with him against whom all Objections to me appear frivolous.

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I am determined to follow the *Casuists* Advice, and I dare say he will not put me upon so serious a thing as Matrimony contrary to my Inclination.

I am, *&c.*

Fanny Fickle.

P. S. 'I forgot to tell you, that the pretty Gentleman is the most complaisant Creature in the World, and is always of my Mind; but the other forsooth, fancies he hath as much Wit as my self, slights my Lap-dog, and hath the Insolence to contradict me when he thinks I am not in the Right. About half an Hour ago, he maintained to my Face, that a Patch always implies a Pimple.'

As I look upon it to be my Duty rather to side with the Parents than the Daughter, I shall propose some Considerations to my gentle Querist, which may encline her to comply with those, under whose Direction she is: And, at the same time, convince her, that it is not impossible but she may, in time, have a true Affection for him who is, at present, indifferent to her: Or, to use the old Family Maxim, that *If she marries first, Love will come after.*

The only Objection, that she seems to insinuate against the Gentleman proposed to her, is his want of Complaisance, which, I perceive, she is very willing to return. Now, I can discover from this very Circumstance, that she and her Lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good Friends in their Hearts. It is difficult to determine, whether Love delights more in giving Pleasure or Pain. Let Miss *Fickle* ask her own Heart, if she doth not take a secret Pride in making this Man of good Sense look very silly. Hath she ever been better pleased, than when her Behaviour hath made her Lover ready to hang himself? Or doth she ever rejoice more, than when she thinks she hath driven him to the very Brink of a purling Stream? Let her consider, at the same time, that it is not

impossible but her Lover may have discovered her Tricks, and hath a mind to give her as good as she brings.[1] I remember a handsome young Baggage that treated a hopeful *Greek* of my Acquaintance, just come from *Oxford*, as if he had been a *Barbarian.* The first Week,

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after she had fixed him, she took a Pinch of Snuff out of his Rival's Box, and apparently touched the Enemy's little Finger. She became a profest Enemy to the Arts and Sciences, and scarce ever wrote a Letter to him without willfully mis-spelling his Name. The young Scholar, to be even with her, railed at *Coquettes* as soon as he had got the Word; and did not want Parts to turn into Ridicule her Men of Wit and Pleasure of the Town. After having irritated one another, for the space of five Months, she made an Assignation with him fourscore Miles from *London.* But as he was very well acquainted with her Pranks, he took a Journey the quite contrary Way. Accordingly they met, quarrel'd, and in a few Days were Married. Their former Hostilities are now the Subject of their Mirth, being content at present with that part of Love only which bestows Pleasure.

Women, who have been married some time, not having it in their Heads to draw after them a numerous Train of Followers, find their Satisfaction in the Possession of one Man's Heart. I know very well, that Ladies in their Bloom desire to be excused in this Particular. But when Time hath worn out their natural Vanity and taught them Discretion, their Fondness settles on its proper Object. And it is probably for this Reason, that among Husbands, you will find more that are fond of Women beyond their Prime, than of those who are actually in the Insolence of Beauty. My Reader will apply the same Observation to the other Sex.

I need not insist upon the Necessity of their pursuing one common Interest, and their united Care for their Children; but shall only observe, by the Way, that married Persons are both more warm in their Love, and more hearty in their Hatred, than any others whatsoever. Mutual Favours and Obligations, which may be supposed to be greater here than in any other State, naturally beget an intense Affection in generous Minds. As, on the contrary, Persons who have bestowed such Favours, have a particular Bitterness in their Resentments, when they think themselves ill treated by those of whom they have deserved so much.

Besides, Miss *Fickle* may consider, that as there are often many Faults concealed before Marriage, so there are sometimes many Virtues unobserved.

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To this we may add the great Efficacy of Custom, and constant Conversation, to produce a mutual Friendship and Benevolence in two Persons. It is a nice Reflection, which I have heard a Friend of mine make, that you may be sure a Woman loves a Man, when she uses his Expressions, tells his Stories, or imitates his Manner. This gives a secret Delight; for Imitation is a kind of artless Flattery,[1] and mightily favours the powerful Principle of Self-love. It is certain, that married Persons, who are possest with a mutual Esteem, not only catch the Air and way of Talk from one another, but fall into the same Traces of thinking and liking. Nay, some have carried the Remark so far as to assert, that the Features of Man and Wife grow, in time, to resemble one another. Let my fair Correspondent therefore consider, that the Gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own Face in two or three Years; which she must not expect from the Beau, who is too full of his dear self to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own Judgment, if that Person will not be the handsomest, that is the most like her self.

We have a remarkable Instance to our present Purpose in the History of King *Edgar*, which I shall here relate, and leave it with my fair Correspondent to be applied to her self.[2]

This great Monarch, who is so famous in *British* Story, fell in Love, as he made his Progress through his Kingdom, with a certain Duke's Daughter who lived near *Winchester,* and was the most celebrated Beauty of the Age. His Importunities and the Violence of his Passion were so great, that the Mother of the young Lady promised him to bring her Daughter to his Bed the next Night, tho' in her Heart she abhor'd so infamous an Office. It was no sooner dark than she conveyed into his Room a young Maid of no disagreeable Figure, who was one of her Attendants, and did not want Address to improve the Opportunity for the Advancement of her Fortune. She made so good Use of her Time, that when she offered to rise a little before Day, the King could by no means think of parting with her. So that finding her self under a Necessity of discovering

who she was, she did it in so handsome a Manner, that his Majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his Protection; insomuch that our Chronicles tell us he carried her

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along with him, made her his first Minister of State, and continued true to her alone till his Marriage with the beautiful *Elfrida.*

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Virgil, *Georgia*, 2. 51–52:

Their Wildness lose, and quitting Nature's part,
Obey the Rules and Discipline of Art.

DRYDEN.

This number is assigned to Tickell in the Tickell MS. Earlier editors, following Nichols, have given it, with some hesitation, to Budgell. Since it is connected with the speculations of the 'Love Casuist' of Nos. 591 and 602, there would be some grounds for connecting it with Budgell—if one may assume that he had left notes behind him before leaving for Ireland. Tickell, however, was by this time in charge of the paper and it seems safer on the whole to assign the essay to him (cf. Hodgart, p. 379).

67. 15: *voles*] *voces*

[3] The 'Love Casuist' of Nos. 591 and 602.

[1] The two quotations in *OED* to illustrate this phrase are from Cibber's *She Would and She Would Not* (1703) and *Guardian* 145 (1713, by Steele).

[1] An anticipation of the apophthegm, 'Imitation is the sincerest of flattery', in Charles Caleb Colton's *Lacon: or Many Things in Few Words* (1820–2), No. 217.

70. 19: to her] to / to her

[2] For the history of this tenth-century monarch see *DNB*. The story told here follows closely the account given in Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicle* (ed. 1684, page 11).

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 606
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

... longum cantu solata laborem
Arguto Conjunx percurrit pectine Telas.

Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE a couple of Nieces under my Direction, who so often run gadding abroad, that I don't know where to have them. Their Dress, their Tea, and their Visits, take up all their Time, and they go to Bed as tired with doing nothing, as I am after quilting a whole Under-Petticoat. The only time they are not idle, is while they read your SPECTATORS; which being dedicated to the Interests of Virtue, I desire you to recommend the long neglected Art of Needle-work. Those Hours which in this Age are thrown away in Dress, Play, Visits, and the like, were employed, in my time, in writing out Receipts, or working Beds, Chairs and Hangings for the Family. For my Part, I have ply'd my Needle these fifty Years, and by my good Will would never have it out of my Hand. It grieves my Heart to see a couple of proud idle Flirts sipping their Tea, for a whole Afternoon, in a Room hung round with the Industry of their great Grandmother. Pray, Sir, take the laudable Mystery of Embroidery into your serious Consideration, and as you have a great deal of the Virtue of the last Age in you, continue your Endeavours to reform the present.

I am, &c.

In Obedience to the Commands of my venerable Correspondent,

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I have duly weighed this important Subject, and promise my self,

from the Arguments here laid down, that all the fine Ladies of *England* will be ready, as soon as their Mourning[1] is over, to appear covered with the Work of their own Hands.

What a delightful Entertainment must it be to the Fair Sex, whom their native Modesty, and the Tenderness of Men towards them, exempts from publick Business, to pass their Hours in imitating Fruits and Flowers, and transplanting all the Beauties of Nature into their own Dress, or raising a new Creation in their Closets and Apartments. How pleasing is the Amusement of walking among the Shades and Groves planted by themselves, in surveying Heroes slain by their Needle, or little *Cupids* which they have brought into the World without Pain!

This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a Lady can shew a fine Genius, and I cannot forbear wishing, that several Writers of that Sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to Tapestry than Rhime. Your Pastoral Poetesses may vent their Fancy in Rural Landskips, and place despairing Shepherds under silken Willows, or drown them in a Stream of Mohair.[2] The Heroick Writers may work up Battels as successfully,[a] and inflame them with Gold or stain them with Crimson. Even those who have only a Turn to a Song or an Epigram, may put many valuable Stitches into a Purse, and crowd a thousand Graces into a Pair of Garters.

If I may, without breach of good Manners, imagine that any pretty Creature is void of Genius, and would perform her Part herein but very awkardly, I must nevertheless insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of Harm's way.

Another Argument for busying good Women in Works of Fancy,[3] is, because it takes them off from Scandal, the usual Attendant of Tea-Tables, and all other unactive Scenes of Life. While they are forming their Birds and Beasts, their Neighbours will be allowed to be the Fathers of their own Children: And *Whig* and *Tory* will be but seldom mentioned, where the great Dispute is, whether Blue or Red is the more proper Colour. How much greater Glory would *Sophronia* do the General, if she would chuse rather to Work the

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Battel of *Blenheim* in Tapestry, than signalize her self with so much Vehemence against those who are *Frenchmen* in their Hearts![b]

A Third Reason that I shall mention, is the Profit that is brought to the Family where these pretty Arts are encouraged. It is manifest that this way of Life not only keeps fair Ladies from running out into Expences, but is at the same time an actual Improvement. How memorable would that Matron be, who should have it inscribed upon her Monument, 'that she Wrought out the whole Bible[a] in Tapestry, and died in a good old Age, after having covered three hundred Yards of Wall in the Mansion-House.'[1]

The Premises being considered, I humbly submit the following Proposals to all Mothers in *Great Britain.*

I. That no young Virgin whatsoever be allowed to receive the Addresses of her first Lover, but in a Suit of her own Embroidering.

II. That before every fresh Servant, she be obliged to appear with a new Stomacher at the least.

III. That no one be actually Married, till she hath the Child-bed Pillows,[2] *&c.* ready Stitched, as likewise the Mantle for the Boy, quite finished.

These Laws, if I mistake not, would Effectually restore the decayed Art of Needle-work, and make the Virgins of *Great Britain* exceedingly Nimble-Finger'd in their Business.

There is a memorable Custom of the *Grecian* Ladies, in this Particular, preserved in *Homer*, which I hope will have a very good Effect with my Country-women. A Widow, in Ancient Times, could not, without Indecency, receive a second Husband, till she had Woven a Shrowd for her deceased Lord, or the next of Kin to him. Accordingly, the Chaste *Penelope* having, as she thought, lost *Ulysses* at Sea, she employed her time in preparing a Winding-sheet for *Laërtes* the Father of her Husband. The Story of her Web being very Famous, and yet not sufficiently known in its several Circumstances, I shall give it to my Reader, as *Homer* makes one of her Wooers relate it.

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Sweet Hope she gave to every Youth apart,
With well taught Looks, and a deceitful Heart:
A Web she wove of many a slender Twine,
Of curious Texture, and perplext Design;

.....

My Youths, she cry'd, my Lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd Bed,
Till I have wov'n, as solemn Vows require,
This Web, a Shrowd for poor Ulysses' *Sire.*
His Limbs, when Fate the Hero's Soul demands,
Shall claim this Labour of his Daughter's Hands:
Least all the Dames of Greece *my Name despise,*
While the great King without a Cov'ring lies.
Thus she. Nor did my Friends mistrust the Guile.
All Day she sped the long laborious Toil:
But when the burning Lamps supply'd the Sun,
Each Night unravell'd what the Day begun.
Three live-long Summers did the Fraud prevail,
The Fourth, her Maidens told th' amazing Tale.
These Eyes beheld, as close I took my Stand,
The backward Labours of her faithless Hand:
Till watch'd at length, and press'd on every Side,
Her Task she ended, and commenc'd a Bride.[1]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Georgics*, 1. 293–4:

She sings to drive the tedious Hours away,
And shoots the flying Shuttle through the Loom.

DRYDEN.

71. 9: *Conjunx*] *Conjux*

[1] Owing to the death of Queen Anne on 1 Aug.

[2] An allusion to Lady Winchilsea?

[a] successfully,] successively, *Fol.*

[3] I.e. needlework (cf. *OED*).

[b] Hearts!] Hearts. *Fol.*

[a] Bible] Bible Scripture *Fol. Corrected in Errata* (*No. 607*)

[1] See No. 264 (vol. ii) for this obsolete word.

[2] *OED* gives various uses of 'child-bed' as attributive adjective, though not this one.

[1] *Odyssey*, 2. 91–110. The lines here are not from any known translation, and may be assumed to be Tickell's. His version of the *Iliad* was published on 8 June 1715 (Richard Eustace Tickell, *Thomas Tickell* [1931], p. 41).

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The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 607
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1714[2]

[TICKELL]

Dicite Iö Pæan, et Iö his dicite Pæan:
Decidit in casses præda petita meos.

Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING in your Paper of *Monday* last published my Report on the Case of Mrs. *Fanny Fickle*, wherein I have taken Notice, that Love comes after Marriage; I hope your Readers are satisfied of this Truth, that as Love generally produces Matrimony, so it often happens that Matrimony produces Love.

'It perhaps requires more Virtues to make a good Husband or

Wife, than what go to the finishing any the most shining Character whatsoever.

'Discretion seems absolutely necessary; and accordingly we find that the best Husbands have been most famous for their Wisdom. *Homer,* who hath drawn a perfect Pattern of a prudent Man, to make it the more compleat, hath celebrated him for the just Returns of Fidelity and Truth to his *Penelope*; insomuch that he refused the Caresses of a Goddess for her Sake, and, to use the Expression of the best of Pagan Authors, *vetulam suam prætulit Immortalitati*, his old Woman was dearer to him than Immortality.[1]

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'Virtue is the next necessary Qualification for this domestick Character, as it naturally produces Constancy and mutual Esteem. Thus *Brutus* and *Porcia* were more remarkable for Virtue and Affection than any others of the Age in which they lived.

'Good-nature is a third necessary Ingredient in the Marriage State, without which it would inevitably sower upon a thousand Occasions. When Greatness of Mind is joined with this amiable Quality, it attracts the Admiration and Esteem of all who behold it. Thus *Cæsar,* not more remarkable for his Fortune and Valour than for his Humanity, stole into the Hearts of the *Roman* People, when, breaking through the Custom, he pronounced an Oration at the Funeral of his first and best beloved Wife.[2]

'Good-nature is insufficient, unless it be steady and uniform, and accompanied with an Evenness of Temper, which is, above all things, to be preserved in this Friendship contracted for Life. A Man must be easie within himself, before he can be so to his other Self: *Socrates,* and *Marcus Aurelius*, are Instances of Men who, by the Strength of Philosophy, having entirely composed their Minds and subdued their Passions, are celebrated for good Husbands, notwithstanding the first was yoked with *Xantippe,* and the other

with *Faustina.* If the wedded Pair would but habituate themselves for the first Year to bear with one another's Faults, the Difficulty would be pretty well conquered. This mutual Sweetness of Temper and Complacency, was finely recommended in the Nuptial Ceremonies among the Heathens, who, when they sacrificed to *Juno* at that Solemnity, always tore out the Gall from the Entrails of the Victim, and cast it behind the Altar.[1]

'I shall conclude this Letter with a Passage out of Dr. *Plott*'s *Natural History of Staffordshire*, not only as it will serve to fill up your present Paper; but if I find my self in the Humour, may give Rise to another; I having by me an old Register, belonging to the Place here undermentioned.'[2]

Sir *Philip de Somervile*, held the Manors of *Whichenovre, Scirescot, Ridware, Netherton,* and *Cowlee,* all in *Com. Stafford,* of the Earls of *Lancaster,* by this memorable Service. The said Sir *Philip* shall find,

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maintain, and sustain, one *Bacon-Flitch,* hanging in his Hall at *Whichenovre,* ready arrayed all times of the Year, but in *Lent*, to be given to every Man or Woman married, after the Day and the Year of their Marriage be past, in Form following.

Whensoever that any one such before named will come to enquire for the Bacon, in their own Person, they shall come to the Bayliff, or to the Porter of the Lordship of *Whichenovre,* and shall say to them in the Manner as ensueth.

'Bayliff, or Porter, I doo you to know, that I am come for my self, to demand one *Bacon-Flyke,* hanging in the Hall of the Lord of *Whichenovre,* after the Form thereunto belonging.'

After which Relation, the Bayliff or Porter shall assign a Day to him, upon Promise by his Faith to return, and with him to bring Twain of his Neighbours. And in the mean Time, the said Bayliff shall take with him Twain of the Freeholders of the Lordship of *Whichenovre,* and they three shall go to the Mannor of *Rudlow,* belonging to *Robert Knightleye*, and there shall summon the afore-said *Knightleye*, or his Bayliff, commanding him to be ready at *Whichenovre* the Day appointed, at Prime of Day, with his Carriage,[3]

that is to say, a Horse and a Saddle, a Sack and a Pryke,[1] for to convey the said Bacon and Corn a Journey out of the County of *Stafford*, at his Costages. And then the said Bayliff shall, with the said Freeholders, summon all the Tenants of the said Manor, to be ready at the Day appointed, at *Whichenovre,* for to do and perform the Services which they owe to the Bacon. And at the Day assigned, all such as owe Services to the Bacon, shall be ready at the Gate of the Manor of *Whichenovre,* from the Sun-rising to Noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the Bacon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his Fellows, Chapelets; and to all those which shall be there, to do their Services due to the Bacon. And they shall lead the said Demandant with Trumps and Tabours, and other manner of Minstrels, to the Hall-Door, where he shall find the Lord of *Whichenovre,* or his Steward, ready to deliver the Bacon in this manner.

He shall enquire of him, which demandeth the Bacon, if he have

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brought twain of his Neighbours with him: Which must answer, *They be here ready.* And then the Steward shall cause these two Neighbours to swear, if the said Demandant be a wedded Man, or have been a Man wedded; and if since his Marriage one Year and a Day be past; and if he be a Free-man, or a Villain. And if his said Neighbours make Oath, that he hath for him all these three Points rehearsed; then shall the Bacon be taken down, and brought to the Hall Door, and shall there be laid upon one half Quarter of Wheat, and upon one other of Rye. And he that demandeth the Bacon shall kneel upon his Knee, and shall hold his Right Hand upon a Book, which Book shall be laid upon the Bacon and the Corn, and shall make Oath in this manner.

'Here ye, Sir *Philip* de *Somervile,* Lord of *Whichenovre,* mayntener and gyver of this Baconne: That I *A.* sithe I Wedded *B.* my Wife, and sythe I hadd hyr in my kepying, and at my Wylle, by a Year and a Day after our Marriage, I wold not have chaunged for none other; farer ne fowler; richer, ne pourer; ne for none other descended of greater Lynage; slepyng ne waking, at noo tyme. And yf the seyd *B.* were sole and I sole I would take her to be my Wyfe before all the Wymen of the Worlde, of what condiciones soever they be: good or evylle, as help me God ond his Seyntes, and this flesh and all Fleshes.'

And his Neighbours shall make Oath, that they trust verily he

hath said truly. And if it be found by his Neighbours before-named that he be a Freeman, there shall be delivered to him half a Quarter of Wheat and a Cheese; and if he be a Villain, he shall have half a Quarter of Rye without Cheese. And then shall *Knightleye* the Lord of *Rudlow* be called for, to carry all these things tofore rehearsed; and the said Corn shall be laid on one Horse and the Bacon above it: and he to whom the Bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his Horse, and shall take the Cheese before him, if he have a Horse. And if he have none, the Lord of *Whichenovre* shall cause him to have one Horse and Saddle, to such time as he be passed his Lordship: and so shall they depart the Manor of *Whichenovre* with the Corn and the Bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with Trumpets, Tabouretts, and other manner of Minstrelsie. And all the Free Tenants of *Whichenovre* shall Conduct him to be passed the Lordship

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of *Whichenovre.* And then shall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the Carriage and Journey without the County of *Stafford,* at the Costs of his Lord of *Whichenovre.*

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Ovid, *Ars amatoria*, 2. 1–2:

With Io Paeans charm the joyful Air,
The wisht for Prey is fallen in my Snare.

[1] The Latin phrase seems to originate in Bacon's essay, 'Of Marriage and Single Life' (*Essays,* ed. Wright, 1892, p. 27). The 'best of pagan authors' is apparently Cicero, who (*De legibus*, 2. 1. 3) wrote, 'Siquidem etiam ille sapientissimus vir, Ithacam ut videret, immortalitatem scribitur repudiasse' (and indeed, as you remember, that exceedingly wise man is said to have refused immortality that he might see Ithaca once more—Loeb Library trans.). Cf. also Cicero, *De Oratore,* 1. 44. In Plutarch's 'Bruta Ratione Uti' (*Moralia*, 98 5F) Circe says to Odysseus, 'Quasi vero non peius iam ante tibi consulueris, qui immortali et senectutis immuni vita, quam apud me licebat degere, dimissa, ad mulierem mortalem, adde etiam vetulam, per infinita quae te manent mala contendis?' (Xylander's version, Frankfurt, 1603, p. 74. Why, haven't you treated yourself in a still stranger fashion, abandoning an immortal and ageless life with me to hasten back, through unnumbered troubles, to a mortal woman, one who I say is, moreover, already an old woman?)

[2] Plutarch, *Life of Caesar*, 5. 2.

[1] Plutarch, 'Conjugalia Praecepta' (*Moralia,* 141F). This sentence survives among Addison's 'Papers of Hints' for the eighth volume of the *Spectator* in the Tickell MSS. (see Hodgart, p. 383).

[2] Robert Plot, *Natural History of Stafford-shire* (Oxford, 1686), pp. 440–3. The extract reproduced here is from chap. x ('Of Antiquities'). *The Spectator* modernizes the text generally and omits a word or two here and there, but makes no substantial changes. Sir Philip de Somervile is described as '10 of *Edw.* 3.'

76. 27: thereunto] threunto

[3] In the old sense of 'a vehicle or means of conveyance of any kind' (*OED*, 'Carriage' 23).

[1] A goad for oxen.

77. 20: been a Man wedded;] ~ *8vo*; been a wedded Man; *12mo*

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 608
MONDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1714[2]

[TICKELL]

... *Perjuria ridet Amantum.*

Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ACCORDING to my Promise, I herewith transmit to you a List of several Persons, who from time to time demanded the *Flitch of Bacon,* of Sir *Philip de Somervile* and his Descendents; as it is preserved in an ancient Manuscript, under the Title of, *The Register of Whichenovre-Hall, and of the Bacon Flitch there maintained.*

'In the Beginning of this Record is recited the Law or Institution in Form, as it is already printed in your last Paper: To which are added Two By-Laws, as a Comment upon the General Law, the Substance whereof is, That the Wife shall take the same Oath as the Husband, *mutatis mutandis*; and that the Judges shall, as they

think meet, interrogate or cross-examine the Witnesses. After this proceeds the Register in Manner following.

'Aubry de Falstaff, *Son of Sir* John Falstaff, *Kt. with Dame* Maude *his Wife, were the first that demanded the Bacon, he having bribed twain of his Father's Companions to swear falsely in his Behoof, whereby he gained the Flitch: But he and his said Wife falling immediately into a Dispute how the said Bacon should be dressed, it was by Order of the Judges taken from him, and hung up again in the Hall.*

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'Alison, *the Wife of* Stephen Freckle, *brought her said Husband along with her, and set forth the good Conditions and Behaviour of her Consort, adding withall, that she doubted not but he was ready to attest the like of her, his Wife; whereupon he, the said* Stephen, *shaking his Head, she turned short upon him, and gave him a Box on the Ear.*

'Philip de Waverland, *having laid his Hand upon the Book, when the Clause,* Were I sole and she sole, *was rehearsed, found a secret Compunction rising in his Mind, and stole it off again.*

'Richard de Loveless, *who was a Courtier, and a very well bred Man, being observed to hesitate at the Words,* after our Marriage, *was thereupon required to explain himself. He replied, by talking very largely of his exact Complaisance while he was a Lover; and alledg'd, that he had not in the least disobliged his Wife for a Tear and a Day* before *Marriage, which he hoped was the same Thing.*

'Rejected.

'Joceline Jolly, *Esq; making it appear by unquestionable Testimony, That he and his Wife had preserved full and entire Affection for the Space of the first Month, commonly called the* Honey-Moon;[1] *he had, in Consideration thereof, one Rasher bestowed upon him.*

'After this, says the Record, many Years passed over before any Demandant appeared at *Whichenovre-Hall*; insomuch that one would have thought that the whole Country were turned *Jews,* so little was their Affection to the Flitch of Bacon.

'The next Couple enrolled had like to have carried it, if one of the Witnesses had not deposed, That dining on a *Sunday* with the Demandant, whose Wife had sate below the Squire's Lady at Church, she the said Wife dropped some Expressions, as if she thought her

Husband deserved to be knighted; to which he returned a passionate *Pish!* The Judges taking the Premises into Consideration, declared the aforesaid Behaviour to imply an unwarrantable Ambition in the Wife, and Anger in the Husband.

'It is recorded as a sufficient Disqualification of a certain Wife, that speaking of her Husband she said, *God forgive him!*

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'It is likewise remarkable, that a Couple were rejected upon the Deposition of one of their Neighbours, that the Lady had once told her Husband, that *it was her Duty to obey*; to which he replied, *Oh! my Dear, you are never in the Wrong.*

'The violent Passion of one Lady for her Lap-dog; the turning away of the old House-Maid by another; a Tavern-Bill torn by the Wife, and a Taylor's by the Husband; a Quarrel about the Kissing-Crust;[1] spoiling of Dinners, and coming in late of Nights; are so many several Articles which occasioned the Reprobation of some Scores of Demandants, whose Names are recorded in the aforesaid Register.

'Without enumerating other particular Persons, I shall content my self with observing, that the Sentence pronounced against one *Gervase Poacher* is, that *he might have had Bacon to his Eggs, if he bad not heretofore scolded his Wife when they were over-boiled.* And the Deposition against *Dorothy Do-little* runs in these Words; *That she had so far usurped the Dominion of the Coal-fire, (the Stirring whereof her Husband claimed to himself) that by her good Will she never would suffer the Poker out of her Hand.*

'I find but Two Couples, in this First Century, that were successful: The First, was a Sea-Captain and his Wife, who, since the Day of their Marriage, had not seen one another till the Day of the Claim. The Second, was an honest Pair in the Neighbourhood: The Husband was a Man of plain good Sense, and a peaceable Temper; the Woman was dumb.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Ovid, *Ars amatoria*, 1. 633: ... Laughs at the perjuries of lovers.

In the Folio sheets the motto appears as *Ridet Perjuria Amantum.* This number is assigned to Tickell in the Tickell MS.; it may possibly represent a working over of materials left by Addison.

79. 6: *his said*] *hiss aid*

79. 26: Honey-Moon;] ~ *8vo*; Honey-Money; *12mo*

[1] This is the reading of the Folio and 8vo texts; the 12mo reads Honey-Money. G. Gregory Smith adopts the reading of the 12mo and adds: 'So in the early texts; changed, unnecessarily, by later editors, to Honeymoon.' The *OED* does not record *Honey-Money,* although it gives the obsolete *Honey-month,* the last example of which is from *Tatler* 192 (by Steele).

[1] 'The soft part of the crust of a loaf where it has touched another in baking; "also the under-crust in a pudding or pie" (Farmer *Slang*)' (*OED*). Cf. William King, *Art of Cookery* (1708), lines 194–5:

These brought him kissing-crusts, and those
Brought him small-beer before he rose.

80. 15: of] of / of

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 609

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1714[1]

... *Farrago libelli.*

Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for some Time desired to appear in your Paper, and have therefore chosen a Day to steal into the SPECTATOR, when I take it for granted you will not have many spare Minutes for Speculations of your own.[2] As I was the other Day walking with an honest Country-Gentleman, he very often was expressing his Astonishment to see the Town so mightily crowded with Doctors of Divinity: Upon which I told him, He was very much mistaken if he took all those Gentlemen he saw in Scarfs to be Persons of that Dignity;[3] for, that a young Divine, after his first Degree in the University, usually comes hither only to show himself; and on that Occasion is apt to think he is but half equipp'd with a Gown and Cassock for his publick Appearance, if he hath not the additional Ornament of a Scarf of the first Magnitude to intitle him to the Appellation of Doctor from his Landlady and the Boy at *Child*'s. Now since I know that this Piece of Garniture is looked upon as a Mark of Vanity or Affectation, as it is made use of among some of the little spruce Adventurers of the Town, I should be glad if you would give it a Place among those Extravagancies you have justly exposed in several of your Papers; being very well assured that the main Body of the Clergy, both in the Country and the Universities, who are almost to a Man untainted with it, would be very

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well pleased to see this venerable Foppery well exposed. When my Patron did me the Honour to take me into his Family, (for I must own my self of this Order) he was pleased to say he took me as a Friend and Companion; and whether he looked upon the Scarf, like the Lace and Shoulder-knot of a Footman, as a Badge of Servitude and Dependance, I do not know, but he was so kind as to leave my wearing of it to my own Discretion; and not having any just Title to it from my Degrees, I am content to be without the

Ornament. The Privileges of our Nobility to keep a certain Number of Chaplains are undisputed, though perhaps not one in ten of those reverend Gentlemen have any Relation to the noble Families their Scarfs belong to; the Right generally of creating all Chaplains, except the Domestick, where there is one, being nothing more than the Perquisite of a Steward's Place, who, if he happens to out-live any considerable Number of his noble Masters, shall probably, at one and the same Time, have fifty Chaplains, all in their proper Accoutrements, of his own Creation; though perhaps there hath been neither Grace nor Prayer said in the Family since the Introduction of the first Coronet.

I am, &c.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WISH you would write a Philosophical Paper about Natural Antipathies, with a Word or two concerning the Strength of Imagination.[1] I can give you a List, upon the first Notice, of a Rational *China* Cup, of an Egg that walks upon two Legs, and a Quart-Pot that sings like a Nightingale. There is in my Neighbourhood a very pretty prattling Shoulder of Veal, that squawls out at the Sight of a Knife. Then as for Natural Antipathies, I know a General Officer, who was never conquered but by a smother'd Rabbit; and a Wife, that domineers over her Husband by the Help of a Breast of Mutton. A Story that relates to my self on this Subject may be thought not unentertaining, especially when I assure you that it is literally true. I had long made Love to a Lady, in the Possession of whom I am now the happiest of Mankind, whose Hand I should have gained with much Difficulty without the Assistance of a Cat. You must know then, that my most

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dangerous Rival had so strong an Aversion to this Species, that he infallibly swooned away at the Sight of that harmless Creature. My Friend Mrs. *Lucy,* her Maid, having a greater Respect for me and my Purse than she had for my Rival, always took Care to pin the Tail of a Cat under the Gown of her Mistress, whenever she knew of his coming; which had such an Effect, that every Time he entered the Room, he looked more like one of the Figures in Mrs. *Salmon*'s Wax-work,[2] than a desirable Lover. In short, he grew

sick of her Company; which the young Lady taking Notice of, (who no more knew why than he did) she sent me a Challenge to meet her in *Lincoln's-Inn* Chappel,[1] which I joyfully accepted, and have (amongst other Pleasures) the Satisfaction of being praised by her for my Stratagem. I am, *&c.*

From the

Tom. Nimble.'

Hoop.[2]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Virgins of *Great Britain* are very much obliged to you for putting them upon such tedious Drudgeries in Needlework, as were fit only for the *Hilpa*'s and the *Nilpa*'s that lived before the Flood.[3] Here's a Stir indeed with your Histories in Embroidery, your Groves with Shades of Silk and Streams of Mohair![4] I would have you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred Lovers before the best Houswife in *England* can stitch out a Battel, and do not fear but to provide Boys and Girls much faster than your Disciples can embroider them. I love Birds and Beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy them when they are really made. What do you think of Gilt Leather for Furniture? There's your pretty Hanging for a Chamber; and what is more, our own Country is the only Place in *Europe* where Work of that Kind is tolerably done. Without minding your musty Lessons, I am this Minute going to *Paul*'s Church-Yard, to bespeak a Skreen and a Set of Hangings; and am resolved to encourage the Manufacture of my Country.

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Yours,

CLEORA.'[5]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Juvenal, *Satires*, 1. 86: The hodge-podge of the book.

No author is given for this number in the Tickell MS. The three letters of which it is composed are probably genuine contributions, and combined by Tickell to form a number.

[2] It was on this day that George I was crowned in Westminster Abbey.

[3] The scarf was the mark of a nobleman's chaplain. See No. 21 (vol. i).

[1] See No. 538 (vol. iv).

[2] See No. 28 (vol. i). 'At the same place, near Temple-Bar, there is still an *Exhibition* of *Wax-work*, by a person of the same name at this day, Feb. 20, 1789' (Nichols).

[1] Completed, according to Hatton (p. 316), in 1626, and noted for its stained-glass windows, described by Hatton, pp. 317–21.

[2] I have found no other reference to this. A coffee-house?

[3] No. 584 (vol. iv).

[4] No. 606.

[5] At the end of an unpublished *Spectator* MS. among the Tickell papers is a reference to this letter: 'N. B. Cleora, whose smart letter I publish'd the 20th instant, needs no answer to it, if she reads this poem thrô.' The poem is Eusden's *Letter to Mr. Addison on the King's Accession,* referred to at the end of No. 618.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 610
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

Sic, cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.

Seneca.

I HAVE often wondered that the *Jews* should contrive such a worthless Greatness for the Deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up in external Pomp and Pageantry, and represent him to their Imagination, as making Havock amongst his Creatures, and acted[2] with the poor Ambition of a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander.* How much more illustrious doth he appear in his real Character, when considered as the Author of universal Benevolence among Men, as refining our Passions, exalting our Nature, giving us vast Ideas of Immortality, and teaching us a Contempt of that little showy Grandeur wherein the *Jews* made the Glory of their *Messiah* to consist?

Nothing (says *Longinus*) *can be Great, the Contempt of which is Great.*[3] The Possession of Wealth and Riches cannot give a Man a Title to Greatness, because it is looked upon as a Greatness of Mind, to

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contemn these Gifts of Fortune, and to be above the Desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think, that there are greater Men who lie concealed among the Species, than those who come out, and draw upon themselves the Eyes and Admiration of Mankind. *Virgil* would never have been heard of, had not his Domestick Misfortunes driven him out of his Obscurity, and brought him to *Rome*.[1]

If we suppose that there are Spirits or Angels who look into the Ways of Men, as it is highly probable there are, both from Reason and Revelation; how different are the Notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to give us in their Catalogue of such Worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that which any of our own Species would draw up?

We are dazled with the Splendour of Titles, the Ostentation of Learning, the Noise of Victories: They, on the contrary, see the Philosopher in the Cottage, who possesses his Soul in Patience and Thankfulness, under the Pressures of what little Minds call Poverty and Distress. They do not look for Great Men at the Head of Armies, or among the Pomps of a Court, but often find them out in Shades and Solitudes, in the private Walks and By-paths of Life. The Evening's Walk of a wise Man is more illustrious in their Sight, than the March of a General at the Head of a hundred thousand Men. A Contemplation on God's Works; a voluntary Act of Justice to our own Detriment; a generous Concern for the Good of Mankind; Tears that are shed in Silence for the Misery of others; a private Desire or Resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned Exercise of Humility, or any other Virtue; are such Actions as are glorious in their Sight, and denominate Men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with Pity, with Contempt, or with Indignation; while those who are most obscure among their own Species, are regarded with Love, with Approbation, and Esteem.

The Moral of the present Speculation amounts to this, That we should not be led away by the Censures and Applauses of Men, but consider the Figure that every Person will make at that Time when Wisdom shall be justified of her Children,[2] and nothing pass for Great or Illustrious, which is not an Ornament and Perfection to

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humane Nature.

The Story of *Gyges* the rich *Lydian* Monarch is a memorable Instance to our present Purpose. The Oracle being asked by *Gyges,* Who was the happiest Man, replied *Aglaüs. Gyges,* who expected to have heard himself named on this Occasion, was much surprized, and very curious to know who this *Aglaüs* should be. After much Enquiry he was found to be an obscure Countryman, who employed all his Time in cultivating a Garden, and a few Acres of Land about his House.

Cowley's agreeable Relation of this Story shall close this Day's Speculation.[1]

Thus Aglaüs (*a Man unknown to Men,*
But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a Name,
Aglaüs, *now consign'd t'eternal Fame.*
For Gyges, *the rich King, wicked and great,*
Presum'd at wise Apollo'*s* Delphick *Seat,*
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's Eye,
See'st thou a Man that happier is than I?
The God, who scorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaüs *happier is. But* Gyges *cry'd,*
In a proud Rage, Who can that Aglaüs *be?*
We've heard as yet of no such King as he.
And true it was, through the whole Earth around,
No King of such a Name was to be found.
Is some old Hero *of that Name alive,*
Who his high Race does from the Gods derive?
Is it some mighty Gen'ral, that has done
Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honours won?
Is it some Man of endless Wealth? said he:
None, none of these; who can this Aglaüs *be?*
After long Search, and vain Enquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian *Vale at last,*
(Th' Arcadian *Life has always shady been)*
Near Sopho'*s Town (which be but once had seen)*
This Aglaüs, *who Monarch's Envy drew,*
Whose Happiness the Gods stood Witness too,

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This mighty Aglaüs *was lab'ring found*
With his own Hands, in his own little Ground.

So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish Gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private Stage,
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age;
After long Toils and Voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my toss'd Vessel gain;
Of beav'nly Rest, this Earnest to me lend,
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

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NOTES

84. *date.*: *Friday*,] FRYDAY,

[1] *Motto.* Seneca, *Thyestes*, 398–403:

Here let my Life, with as much Silence slide,
As time that measures it, does glide,
Nor let the Breath of Infamy or Fame,
From Town to Town eccho about my Name;
Nor let my homely Death embroider'd be,
With Scutcheon, or with Elogy.
An old Plebeian, let me die,
Alas! all then are such as well as I.

Most of the material for the present number exists among Addison's notes in the Tickell papers (printed by Hodgart, pp. 384–5). Parts have been rearranged and the opening paragraph (as well as the quotation from Cowley) added by Tickell.

[2] I.e. actuated. Cf. No. 287 (vol. iii).

[3] *On the Sublime,* 7. Cf. Boileau's version, chap. v:

> In Common Life, we cannot say any thing is Great, when the Contempt of that very thing has it self Greatness in it. 'Tis thus with Riches, Dignities, Honours, Empires, and all those other Good things in Appearance, which have only a Pompous Outside, and will never be thought truly Good by a Wise man, because 'tis on the Contrary, no small Advantage to be able to despise them.

[1] After the battle of Philippi in 42 B.C. Virgil was deprived of his farm.

[2] Matt. xi. 19.

[1] 'The Country Life (Lib. iv. Plantarum)', in *Essays*, ed. Waller (Cambridge, 1906), pp. 419–20. Tickell omits the first 22 lines.

86. 36: Witness too,] Witness to [*In Cowley the reading is* Witness too,]

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 611
MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1714[1]

Perfide! sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hircanæque admôrunt ubera tigres.

Virg.

I AM willing to postpone every thing, to do any the least Service for the Deserving and Unfortunate. Accordingly I have caused the following Letter to be inserted in my Paper the Moment that it came to my Hands, without altering one Tittle in an Account which the Lady relates so handsomely her self.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Flatter my self, you will not only pity, but, if possible, redress a Misfortune my self and several others of my Sex lie under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to justify my own imprudent Conduct, or expect You should. No! I am sensible how severely, in some of your former Papers, you have reproved Persons guilty of the like Mismanagements. I was scarce Sixteen, and, I may say without Vanity, Handsome, when courted by a false perjured Man; who, upon Promise of Marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of Women. After he had deluded[2] me from

my Parents, who were People of very good Fashion, in less than three Months he left me. My Parents would not see, nor[a] hear from me; and had it not been for a Servant, who had lived in our Family, I must certainly have perished for want of Bread. However, it pleased Providence, in a very short time, to alter my miserable Condition. A Gentleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My

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Parents were reconciled; and I might be as happy in the change of my Condition, as I was before miserable, but for some things, that you shall know, which are insupportable to me; and I am sure you have so much Honour and Compassion as to let those Persons know, in some of your Papers, how much they are in the wrong. I have been married near five Years, and do not know that in all that time I ever went abroad without my Husband's Leave and Approbation. I am obliged, through the Importunities of several of my Relations, to go abroad oftner than suits my Temper. Then it is, I labour under insupportable Agonies. That Man, or rather Monster, haunts every Place I go to. Base Villain! By reason I will not admit his nauseous wicked Visits and Appointments, he strives all the ways he can to ruin me. He left me destitute of Friend or Money, nor ever thought me worth inquiring after, till he unfortunately happened to see me in a Front Box sparkling with Jewels. Then his Passion returned. Then the Hypocrite pretended to be a Penitent. Then he practised all those Arts that helped before to undo me. I am not to be deceived a second time by him. I hate and abhor his odious Passion; and, as he plainly perceives it, either out of Spight or Diversion, he makes it his Business to expose me. I never fail seeing him in all publick Company, where he is always most industriously spightful. He hath, in short, told all his Acquaintance of our unhappy Affair; they tell theirs; so that it is no Secret among his Companions, which are numerous. They, to whom he tells it, think they have a Title to be very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of good Manners return it, then I am pester'd with Freedoms that are no ways agreeable to my self or Company. If I turn my Eyes from them, or seem displeased, they sower upon it, and whisper the next Person; he his next; till I have at last the Eyes of the whole Company upon me. Nay, they report abominable Falshoods, under that mistaken Notion, *She that will grant Favours to one Man, will to a hundred.* I beg you will let those, who are guilty, know, how ungenerous this way of proceeding is. I am sure he will

know himself the Person aimed at, and perhaps put a stop to the Insolence of others. Cursed is the Fate of unhappy Women! that Men may boast and glory in those things that we must think of with Shame and Horror! You have the Art of making such odious Customs appear detestable. For my Sake, and I am sure, for the Sake of several others, who dare not own it, but, like me, lie under

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the same Misfortunes, make it as infamous for a Man to boast of Favours, or expose our Sex, as it is to take the Lie or a Box on the Ear, and not resent it.

Your constant Reader,

and Admirer,

LESBIA.'

P. S. 'I am the more Impatient, under this Misfortune, having received fresh Provocation, last *Wednesday*, in the Abbey.'[1]

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate *LESBIA*, that an Insult upon a Woman in her Circumstances, is as infamous in a Man, as a tame Behaviour when the Lie or a Buffet is given; which Truth, I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following Observation.

It is[a] a Mark of Cowardise passively to forbear resenting an Affront, the Resenting of which would lead a Man into Danger: it is no less a Sign of Cowardise to affront a Creature, that hath not Power to avenge it self. Whatever Name therefore this ungenerous Man may bestow on the helpless Lady he hath injured, I shall not scruple to give him in return for it, the Appellation of *Coward.*

A Man, that can so far descend from his Dignity, as to strike a Lady, can never recover his Reputation with either Sex, because no Provocation is thought strong enough to justifie such Treatment from the Powerful towards the Weak. In the Circumstances, in which poor *LESBIA* is situated, she can appeal to no Man whatsoever to avenge an Insult, more grievous than a Blow. If she could open her Mouth, the base Man knows, that a Husband, a Brother, a generous Friend would die to see her righted.

A generous Mind, however enraged against an Enemy, feels its Resentments sink and vanish away, when the Object of its Wrath

falls into its Power. An estranged Friend, filled with Jealousie and Discontent towards a Bosom Acquaintance, is apt to overflow with Tenderness and Remorse, when a Creature, that was once dear to

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him, undergoes any Misfortune. What Name then shall we give to his Ingratitude, (who forgetting the Favours he sollicited with Eagerness, and received with Rapture) can insult the Miseries that he himself caused, and make sport with the Pain to which he owes his greatest Pleasure? There is but one Being in the Creation, whose Province it is to practise upon the Imbecilities of frail Creatures, and triumph in the Woes which his own Artifices brought about; and we well know, those who follow his Example, will receive his Reward.

Leaving my fair Correspondent to the Direction of her own Wisdom and Modesty; and her Enemy, and his mean Accomplices, to the Compunction of their own Hearts; I shall conclude this Paper with a memorable Instance of Revenge, taken by a *Spanish* Lady upon a guilty Lover, which may serve to show what violent Effects are wrought by the most tender Passion, when sower'd into Hatred; and may deter the Young and Unwary from unlawful Love. The Story, however Romantick it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a Truth.

Not many Years ago an *English* Gentleman, who in a Rencounter by Night in the Streets of *Madrid* had the Misfortune to kill his Man, fled into a Church-Porch for Sanctuary. Leaning against the Door, he was surprized to find it open, and a glimmering Light in the Church. He had the Courage to advance towards the Light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a Woman in White who ascended from a Grave, with a bloody Knife in her Hand. The Phantome marched up to him, and asked him, what he did there. He told her the Truth without reserve, believing that he had met a Ghost: Upon which, she spoke to him in the following Manner. 'Stranger, thou art in my Power: I am a Murderer, as thou art. Know then, that I am a Nun of a noble Family. A base perjured Man undid me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatched; but not content with the Murder, I have bribed the Sexton to let me enter his Grave, and have now plucked out his false Heart from his Body; and thus I use a Traitor's Heart.' At these Words she tore it in pieces, and trampled it under her Feet.[1]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid*, 4. 366–7:

False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
Not sprung from Noble Blood, nor Goddess-born,
But hewn from hardned Entrails of a Rock;
And rough *Hyrcanian* Tygers gave thee suck.

DRYDEN.

There is no mention of this number among the Tickell MSS. It may be a genuine letter, with ensuing comments by Tickell.

87. 16: Tittle] ~ *8vo*; Title *12mo*

[2] Apparently used here in the obsolete sense of 'to disappoint or deprive of by fraud or deceit' (*OED*, 1b).

[a] see, nor] see me, nor *Fol.*

88. 30: tells] tell

[b] cheap and regardless] *12mo*; cheap regardless *Fol., 8vo*

[1] I.e. at the Coronation of George I.

[a] It is] If it is *Fol.*

89. 35: Resentments] Resentmens

90. 22: Rencounter] Recounter

24: a Church-Porch] a-/ Church-Porch

[1] The story of the English gentleman in Madrid may be a true one. It has not been traced.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 612

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

Murranum hic atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem
Nomina, per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipitem scopulo, atque ingentis turbine saxi
Excutit, effunditque solo.

Virg.

IT is highly laudable to pay Respect to Men who are descended from worthy Ancestors, not only out of Gratitude to those who have done Good to Mankind, but as it is an Encouragement to others to follow their Example. But this is an Honour to be received, not demanded, by the Descendents of great Men; and they who are apt to remind us of their Ancestors, only put us upon making Comparisons to their own Disadvantage. There is some Pretence for boasting of Wit, Beauty, Strength, or Wealth, because the Communication of them may give Pleasure or Profit to others; but we can have no Merit, nor ought we to claim any Respect, because our Fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

The following Letter ridicules the Folly I have mentioned in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable Light.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WERE the Genealogy of every Family preserved, there would probably be no Man valued or despised on Account of his

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Birth. There is scarce a Beggar in the Streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great Man; nor any one of the highest Title, who would not discover several base and indigent Persons among his Ancestors. It would be a pleasant Entertainment to see one Pedigree of Men appear together, under the same Characters they bore when they acted their respective Parts among the Living. Suppose therefore a Gentleman, full of his illustrious Family, should, in the same manner as *Virgil* makes *Æneas* look over his Descendants, see the whole Line of his Progenitors pass in Review before his Eyes.[2] With how many varying Passions,

would he behold Shepherds and Soldiers, States-men and Artificers, Princes and Beggars, walk in the Procession of five thousand Years! How[a] would his Heart sink or flutter at the several Sports of Fortune in a Scene so diversified with Rags and Purple, Handicraft Tools and Sceptres, Ensigns of Dignity and Emblems of Disgrace; and how would his Fears and Apprehensions, his Transports and Mortifications, succeed one another, as the Line of his Genealogy appear'd bright or obscure?

'In most of the Pedigrees hung up in old Mansion Houses, you are sure to find the first in the Catalogue a great Statesman, or a Soldier with an honourable Commission. The honest Artificer that begot him, and all his frugal Ancestors before him, are torn off from the Top of the Register; and you are not left to imagine, that the noble Founder of the Family ever had a Father. Were we to trace many boasted Lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a Mob of Tradesmen, or a Crowd of Rusticks, without hope of seeing them emerge again: not unlike the old *Appian* way, which, after having run many Miles in Length, loses it self in a Bog.

'I lately made a Visit to an old Country Gentleman, who is very far gone in this sort of *Family-Madness.* I found him in his Study perusing an old Register of his Family, which he had just then discovered, as it was branched out in the Form of a Tree, upon a Skin of Parchment. Having the honour to have some of his Blood in my Veins, he permitted me to cast my Eye over the Boughs of this venerable Plant; and asked my Advice in the Reforming of some of the superfluous Branches.

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'We passed slightly over three or four of our immediate Fore-fathers, whom we knew by Tradition, but were soon stopped by an Alderman of *London*, who, I perceived, made my Kinsman's Heart go pit-a-pat. His Confusion increased when he found the Alderman's Father to be a Grasier; but he recovered his Fright upon seeing *Justice of the Quorum* at the end of his Titles. Things went on pretty well, as we threw our Eyes occasionally over the Tree, when unfortunately he perceived a Merchant-Tailor perched on a Bough, who was said greatly to have increased the Estate; he was just a going to cut him off, if he had not seen *Gent.* after the Name of his Son; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the Manors his honest Father had purchased. A Weaver, who was burnt for his Religion in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, was pruned away without

Mercy; as was likewise a Yeoman, who died of a Fall from his own Cart. But great was our Triumph in one of the Blood who was beheaded for High-Treason; which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our Ancestors who was hanged for stealing Sheep. The Expectations of my good Cousin were wonderfully raised by a Match into the Family of a Knight, but unfortunately for us this Branch proved barren: On the other hand *Margery* the Milk-maid being twined round a Bough, it flourished out into so many Shoots, and bent with so much Fruit, that the old Gentleman was quite out of Countenance.[1] To comfort me, under this Disgrace, he singled out a Branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which, he told me, he valued more than any in the Tree, and bad me be of good Comfort. This enormous Bough was a Graft out of a *Welch* Heiress, with so many *Ap's* upon it that it might have made a little Grove by it self. From the Trunk of the Pedigree, which was chiefly composed of Labourers and Shepherds, arose a huge Sprout of Farmers; this was branched out into Yeomen, and ended in a Sheriff of the County, who was Knighted for his good Service to the Crown, in bringing up an Address. Several of the Names, that seemed to disparage the Family, being looked upon as Mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, no small Number appearing without any Titles, my Cousin, to supply the Defects of the Manuscript, added *Esq;* at the End of each of them.[2]

'This Tree so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was, within a few

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Days, transplanted into a large Sheet of Vellum and placed in the great Hall, where it attracts the Veneration of his Tenants, every *Sunday* Morning, while they wait till his Worship is ready to go to Church; wondering that a Man, who had so many Fathers before him, should not be made a Knight,[a] or at least a Justice of the Peace.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid*, 12. 529–32:

Murranus, boasting of his Blood, that springs
From a long Royal Race of *Latian* Kings,
Is by the *Trojan* from his Chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unweildy Stone.

DRYDEN.

[2] *Aeneid*, 6. 756–885.

92. 2: thousand] thou-/thousand

[a] How] Now *Fol.*

[1] Cf. Will Maple's genealogical tree in No. 203 (vol. ii).

[2] In No. 150 (by Budgell, vol. ii) 'my Banker ... writes me *Mr.* or *Esq.* accordingly as he sees me dress'd.'

93. 24: within a few] ∼ *8vo*; within few 12mo

[a] Knight,] Lord *Fol.*

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 613
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1714[1]

... Studiis florentem ignobilis otî.

Virg.

IT is reckoned a Piece of Ill-breeding for one Man to engross the whole Talk to himself. For this Reason, since I keep three Visiting-Days in the Week, I am content now and then to let my Friends put in a Word. There are several Advantages hereby accruing both to my Readers and my self. As first, Young and modest Writers have an Opportunity of getting into Print: Again, The Town enjoys the Pleasure of Variety; and Posterity will see the Humour of the present Age, by the help of these little Lights into private and domestick Life. The Benefits I receive from thence, are such as these: I gain more Time for future Speculations; pick up Hints which I improve for the publick Good; give Advice; redress Grievances; and, by leaving commodious Spaces between the several Letters that I print, furnish out a *Spectator* with little Labour and great Ostentation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS mightily pleased with your Speculation of *Friday*.[2] Your Sentiments are Noble, and the whole worked up in such a manner, as cannot but strike upon every Reader. But give me leave to make this Remark: That while you write so Pathetically on Content-ment, and a retired Life, you sooth the Passion of Melancholy, and depress the Mind from Actions truly Glorious. Titles and Honours are the Reward of Virtue: We therefore ought to be affected with

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them. And tho' light Minds are too much puffed up with exteriour Pomp, yet I cannot see why it is not as truly Philosophical, to admire the glowing Ruby, or the sparkling Green of an Emerald, as the fainter and less permanent Beauties of a Rose or a Myrtle.[3] If there are Men of extraordinary Capacities who lye concealed from the World, I should impute it to them as a Blot in their Character, did not I believe it owing to the Meanness of their Fortune rather than of their Spirit. *Cowley,* who tells the Story of

Aglaus with so much Pleasure, was no Stranger to Courts, nor insensible of Praise.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?[1]

was the Result of a laudable Ambition. It was not till after frequent Disappointments, that he termed himself the Melancholy *Cowley*,[2] and he praised Solitude, when he despaired of shining in a Court.[3] The Soul of Man is an active Principle. He therefore, who with-draws himself from the Scene before he has played his Part, ought to be hissed off the Stage, and cannot be deemed Virtuous, because he refuses to answer his End. I must own I am fired with an honest Ambition to imitate every illustrious Example. The Battels of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies* have more than once made me wish my self a Soldier. And when I have seen those Actions so Nobly celebrated by our Poets, I have secretly aspired to be one of that distinguished Class. But in vain I wish, in vain I pant with the Desire of Action. I am chained down in Obscurity, and the only Pleasure I can take, is in seeing so many brighter Genius's join their friendly Lights, to add to the Splendor of the Throne. Farewel then dear *Spec*, and believe me to be with great Emulation, and no Envy,

Your professed Admirer,

Will. Hopeless.'

SIR,

Middle-Temple, Octob. 26. 1714.

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'THO' you have formerly made *Eloquence* the Subject of one or more of your Papers,[4] I do not remember that you ever considered it as possessed by a Set of People, who are so far from making *Quintilian*'s Rules their Practice, that, I dare say for them, they never heard of such an Author, and yet are no less Masters of it than *Tully* or *Demosthenes* amongst the Ancients, or whom you please amongst the Moderns. The Persons I am speaking of are our common Beggars about this Town;[5] and that what I say is true, I appeal to any Man who has a Heart one Degree softer than a Stone. As for my part, who don't pretend to more Humanity than my Neighbours, I have oftentimes gone from my Chambers with Mony in my Pocket, and returned to them not only Pennyless, but

destitute of a Farthing, without bestowing of it any other way than on these seeming Objects of Pity. In short, I have seen more Eloquence in a *Look* from one of these despicable Creatures, than in the *Eye* of the fairest *She* I ever saw, yet no one a greater Admirer of that Sex than my self. What I have to desire of you is, to lay down some Directions in order to guard against these powerful Orators, or else I know nothing to the contrary but I must my self be forced to leave the Profession of the Law, and endeavour to get the Qualifications necessary to that more profitable one of Begging. But in which soever of these two Capacities I shine, I shall always desire to be your constant Reader, and ever will be

Your most humble Servant,

J.B.'

SIR,

'UPON Reading a *Spectator* last Week, where Mrs. *Fanny Fickle* submitted the Choice of a Lover for Life to your decisive Determination,[1] and imagining I might claim the Favour of your Advice in an Affair of the like, but much more difficult Nature, I called for Pen and Ink, in order to draw the Characters of Seven Humble Servants, whom I have equally incourag'd for some time: But alas! while I was Reflecting on the agreeable Subject, and contriving an Advantageous Description of the dear Person I was most inclined to Favour, I happened to look into my Glass. The sight of

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the Small-Pox, out of which I am just recovered, Tormented me at once with the Loss of my captivating Arts and my Captives:[a] The Confusion I was in, on this unhappy, unseasonable Discovery, is inexpressible. Believe me, Sir, I was so taken up with the Thoughts of your fair Correspondent's Case, and so intent on my own Design, that I fancied my self as Triumphant in my Conquests as ever.

'Now, Sir, finding I was incapacitated to Amuse my self on that pleasing Subject, I resolved to apply my self to you, or your Casuistical Agent,[2] for Advice in my present Circumstances. I am sensible the Tincture of my Skin, and the Regularity of my Features, which the Malice of my late Illness has altered, are irrecoverable; yet don't despair, but that Loss by your Assistance may in some Measure be reparable, if you'll please to propose a way for the Recovery of one only of my Fugitives.

'One of them is in a more particular Manner beholden to me than the rest; he for some private Reasons being desirous to be a Lover Incognito, always Addressed me with *Billet-Doux*, which I was so careful of in my Sickness, that I secured the Key of my Love-Magazine under my Head, and hearing a Noise of opening a Lock in my Chamber, indanger'd my Life by getting out of Bed to prevent, if it had been attempted, the Discovery of that Amour.

'I have formerly made use of all those Artifices, which our Sex daily practises over yours, to draw, as it were undesignedly, the Eyes of a whole Congregation to my Pew; I have taken a Pride in the Number of Admirers at my Afternoon Levée; but am now quite another Creature. I think, could I regain the attractive Influence, I once had, if I had a Legion of Suitors, I should never be Ambitious of Entertaining more than one. I have almost contracted an Antipathy to the trifling Discourses of Impertinent Lovers, though I must needs own, I have thought it very odd of late, to hear Gentlemen, instead of their usual Complacencies, fall into Disputes before me of Politicks, or else weary me with the tedious Repetition of how thankful I ought to be, and satisfied with my Recovery out of so dangerous a Distemper: This, though I am very sensible of the Blessing, yet I cannot but dislike, because such Advice from them rather seems to Insult than Comfort me, and reminds me too much of what I was, which Melancholy Consideration I cannot yet per-

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fectly surmount, but hope your Sentiments on this Head will make it supportable.

'To shew you what a Value I have for your Dictates, these are to certifie the Persons concerned, that unless one of them returns to his Colours, (if I may so call them now) before the Winter is over, I'll voluntarily confine my self to a Retirement, where I'll punish them all with my Needle. I'll be revenged on them by deciphering[1] them on a Carpet, humbly begging Admittance, my self scornfully refusing it: If you disapprove of this, as savouring too much of Malice, be pleased to acquaint me with a Draught you like better, and it shall be faithfully performed

By the Unfortunate,

Monimia.'[2]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Georgics*, 4. 564: Affecting studies of inglorious peace.

There is no ascription for this paper among the Tickell MSS. The three letters are probably genuine contributions, with an introductory paragraph by Tickell.

[2] No. 610.

[3] Cf. Pope's First Moral Essay (to Cobham), lines 147–8.

94. 29: Meanness] Meaness

[1] Cowley, 'The Motto', lines 1–2 (*Poems*, ed. Waller, p. 15).

[2] 'The Complaint', stanzas 1 and 6 (ibid., pp. 436, 438).

[3] Essay 2, 'Of Solitude' (*Essays,* ed. Waller, pp. 392–7).

[4] Cf. Nos. 407 (vol. iii) and 541 (vol. iv).

[5] See especially Nos. 232 (vol. ii) and 430 (vol. iv).

[1] No. 605.

[a] and my Captives:] and Captives: *Fol.*

[2] No. 591.

[1] Here used in the obsolete sense 'to delineate, portray'. The last quotation in *OED* in this sense is dated 1753.

[2] The name of the heroine in Otway's *Orphan.* For the name of Monimia's lover see No. 619 (below, p. 117).

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 614
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

Si mihi non animo fixum, immotumque sederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare jugali,
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertæsum thalami, tædæque fuisset:
Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpæ.

Virg.

The following Account hath been transmitted to me by the Love-Casuist.[2]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING, in some former Papers,[3] taken Care of the two States of Virginity and Marriage, and being willing that all People should be served in their Turn; I this Day drew out my Drawer of Widows, where I met with several Cases, to each whereof I have returned satisfactory Answers by the Post. The Cases are as follow:

'*Q*. Whether *Amoret* be bound by a Promise of Marriage to *Philander*, made during her Husband's Life?[4]

'*Q*. Whether *Sempronia*,[5] having faithfully given a Promise to two several Persons during the last Sickness of her Husband, is not thereby left at Liberty to chuse which of them she pleases, or to reject them both for the Sake of a new Lover?

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'*Cleora* asks me, Whether she be obliged to continue single, according to a Vow made to her Husband at the Time of his presenting her with a Diamond Neck-lace; she being informed by a very pretty young Fellow of a good Conscience, that such Vows are in their Nature sinful?[6]

'Another enquires, Whether she hath not the Right of Widowhood, to dispose of her self to a Gentleman of great Merit, who

presses very hard; her Husband being irrecoverably gone in a Consumption?

'An unreasonable Creature hath the Confidence to ask, Whether it be proper for her to marry a Man who is younger than her eldest Son?

'A scrupulous well-spoken Matron, who gives me a great many good Words, only doubts, Whether she is not obliged in Conscience to shut up her two marriageable Daughters, till such time as she hath comfortably disposed of her self?

'*Sophronia*, who seems by her Phrase and Spelling to be a Person of Condition, sets forth, That whereas she hath a great Estate, and is but a Woman, she desires to be informed, whether she would not do prudently to marry *Camillus,* a very idle tall young Fellow, who hath no Fortune of his own, and consequently hath nothing else to do but to manage hers?'[1]

Before I speak of Widows, I cannot but observe one thing, which I do not know how to account for; A Widow is always more sought after, than an old Maid of the same Age. It is common enough among ordinary People, for a stale Virgin to set up a Shop in a Place where she is not known; where the large Thumb-Ring,[2] supposed to be given her by her Husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy Neighbour, who takes a Liking to the jolly Widow, that would have over-looked the venerable Spinster.

The Truth of it is, if we look into this Set of Women, we find, according to the[a] different Characters or Circumstances wherein they are left, that Widows may be divided into those who raise

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Love, and those who raise Compassion.

But not to ramble from this Subject, there are two Things in which consists chiefly the Glory of a Widow; the Love of her deceased Husband, and the Care of her Children: To which may be added a third, arising out of the former. Such a prudent Conduct as may do Honour to both.

A Widow, possessed of all these three Qualities, makes not only a virtuous, but a sublime Character.

There is something so great and so generous in this State of Life, when it is accompanied with all its Virtues, that it is the Subject

of one of the finest among our modern Tragedies in the Person of *Andromache*;[1] and hath met with an universal and deserved Applause, when introduced upon our *English* Stage by Mr. *Philips.*

The most memorable Widow in History is Queen *Artemisia,* who not only erected the famous *Mausoleum,* but drank up the Ashes of her dead Lord; thereby enclosing them in a nobler Monument than that which she had built, though deservedly esteemed one of the Wonders of Architecture.[2]

This last Lady seems to have had a better Title to a second Husband than any I have read of, since not one Dust of her First was remaining. Our modern Heroines might think a Husband a very bitter Draught, and would have good Reason to complain, if they might not accept of a second Partner, till they had taken such a troublesome Method of losing the Memory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious Examples out of ancient Story, a remarkable Instance of the Delicacy of our Ancestors in Relation to the State of Widowhood, as I find it recorded in *Cowell*'s Interpreter.[3] *At* East *and* West Enborne, *in the County of* Berks, *if a customary Tenant die, the Widow shall have what the Law calls her* Free Bench[4] *in all his Copy-hold Lands,* dum sola & casta fuerit; *that is,* while she lives single and chaste; *but if she commit Incontinency, she forfeits her Estate: Yet, if she will come into the Court riding backward upon a Black Ram, with his Tail in her Hand, and say the Words following, the*

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Steward is bound by the Custom to re-admit her to her Free Bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;

And, for my Crincum Crancum,[1]
Have lost my Bincum Bancum,
And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore, I pray you Mr. Steward, let me have my Land again.

The like Custom there is in the Manor of *Torre* in *Devonshire,* and other Parts of the *West.*

It is not impossible but I may in a little Time present you with a Register of *Berkshire* Ladies and other Western Dames, who rode publickly upon this Occasion; and I hope the Town will be entertained with a Cavalcade of Widows.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, 4. 15–19:

—Were I not resolv'd against the Yoke
Of hapless Marriage; never to be curs'd
With second Love, so fatal was my first;
To this one Error I might yield again.

DRYDEN.

98. *m.*: *tædæque*] *tedæque*

[2] No. 591.

[3] Nos. 602, 605, 607, 608.

[4] These names happen to be used in a love correspondence in No. 401 (vol. iii), but they are, of course, conventional.

[5] For earlier uses of this name see Nos. 45 (vol. i) and 437 (vol. iv).

[6] Cleora was 'a widow of Ephesus' in No. 233 (vol. ii). The name also occurs in Nos. 377, 392 (vol. iii), and 609.

[1] For Sophronia, cf. Nos. 33 (vol. i), 606; Camillus, No. 263 (vol. ii).

[2] Defined in *OED* simply as 'a ring formerly worn on the thumb. Often engraved with a seal, or inscribed with a posy'.

[a] the] their *Fol.*

[1] See Nos. 290, 335, 338, 341 (vol. iii).

[2] See Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*, 3. 31. 75. According to Bayle, the monument to her husband Mausolus at Halicarnassus was one of the seven wonders of the world. 'It is said that she diluted her Husband's Bones and Ashes in Water, and swallowed them, that she might serve him for a living Tomb.'

100. 18: *At*] *As*

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[3] The 1701 edition is called *The Interpreter of Words and Terms, used either in the common or statute laws of this realm, and in tenures and jocular customs.* There was also an edition in 1708, entitled *A Lam Dictionary, or, The Interpreter.* ... In these the passage quoted is to be found under the article 'Free Bench', with the jocular poem and the reference to Torre in Devonshire. John Cowell's *Interpreter* was first published at Cambridge in 1607 and went through several editions in the seventeenth century. 'Free Bench' or 'Frank Bank' is explained in the early editions, but it is not until 1684 that the jocular poem begins to be quoted. (It is also to be found in Thomas Blount's *Law-Dictionary* of 1670 and in his *Fragmenta antiquitatis* of 1679.)

[4] Cowell's *Law Dictionary* (1708) gives the following definition:

> Free-bench, Frank-bank, *Francus bancus,* that is, *sedes libera*, signifies that Estate in Copy-hold Lands, that the Wife being espoused a Virgin hath, after the decease of her Husband, for her Dower.

[1] 'A word applied playfully to any thing full of twists and turns, or intricately or fancifully elaborated' (*OED*). The earliest example in *OED* is the jocular verse quoted here, from Blount's *Law Dictionary* (1670). In Tutchin's *Observator* of 26 May 1703 a cloak given by the French king to the Elector of Bavaria is described as 'Furbeloed, as the Womens Petticoats and Scarfs are at *London,* with *Crincumcrancums* upon 'em'. In Poor Robin's *Almanack* for 1713 (no pagination) we read, 'If ... thou lye with a Wh—and she pepper thee with the Crinkums ... .'

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 615
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1714[2]

[TICKELL]

... Qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet:
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire.

IT must be owned that Fear is a very powerful Passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest of Virtues to subdue it. It being

implanted in us for our Preservation, it is no Wonder that it sticks close to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as Life, and all its Enjoyments, would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual Dread of losing them; it is the Business of Religion and Philosophy to free us from all unnecessary Anxieties, and direct our Fear to its proper Object.

If we consider the Painfulness of this Passion, and the violent Effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is, to give way to it, upon slight Occasions. Some have frightened themselves into Madness, others have given up their Lives to these Apprehensions. The Story of a Man who grew grey in the Space of one Night's Anxiety is very famous;

O! Nox, quam longa es, quæ facis una Senem.[1]

These Apprehensions, if they proceed from a Consciousness of

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Guilt, are the sad Warnings of Reason; and may excite our Pity, but admit of no Remedy. When the Hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the Impious, the Heart of mortal Man cannot withstand him. We have this Passion sublimely represented in the Punishment of the *Egyptians,* tormented with the Plague of Darkness, in the *Apocryphal* Book of *Wisdom*, ascribed to *Solomon*: [2]

'For when unrighteous Men thought to oppress the holy Nation; they being shut up in their Houses, the Prisoners of Darkness, and fettered with the Bonds of a long Night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret Sins, they were scattered under a dark Veil of Forgetfulness, being horribly astonished and troubled with strange Apparitions—For Wickedness, condemned by her own Witness, is very timorous, and being oppressed with Conscience, always forecasteth grievous things. For Fear is nothing else but a betraying of the Succours which Reason offereth—For the whole World shined with clear Light, and none were hindered in their Labour: Over them only was spread a heavy Night, an Image of that Darkness which should afterwards receive them; but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the Darkness.'

To Fear, so justly grounded, no Remedy can be proposed; but a Man (who hath no great Guilt hanging upon his Mind, who

walks in the plain Path of Justice and Integrity, and yet either by natural Complection, or confirmed Prejudices, or Neglect of serious Reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly Passion) would do well to consider, That there is nothing which deserves his Fear, but that beneficent Being who is his Friend, his Protector, his Father. Were this one Thought strongly fixed in the Mind, what Calamity would be dreadful? What Load can Infamy lay upon us, when we are sure of the Approbation of him, who will repay the Disgrace of a Moment with the Glory of Eternity? What Sharpness is there in Pain and Diseases, when they only hasten us on to the Pleasures that will never fade? What Sting is in Death, when we are assured that it is only the Beginning of Life? A Man who lives so, as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself, if he delivers himself up to any incidental Anxiety.

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The Intrepidity of a just good Man, is so nobly set forth by *Horace,* that it cannot be too often repeated.

The Man resolv'd and steady to his Trust,
Inflexible to Ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude Rabbles Insolence despise,
Their senseless Clamours, and tumultuous Cries;
The Tyrant's Fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern Brow, and the harsh Voice defies,
And with superior Greatness smiles.

Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria'*s black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,*
The stubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the Red Arm of Angry Jove,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.

Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty Crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling World.[1]

The Vanity of Fear may be yet farther illustrated, if we reflect,

First, What we fear may not come to pass. No human Scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little Circumstance intervening may spoil it. He, who directs the Heart of Man at his Pleasure, and understands the Thoughts long before,[1] may by ten thousand Accidents, or an immediate Change in the Inclinations of Men, disconcert the most subtle Project, and turn it to the Benefit of his own Servants.

In the next Place we should consider, though the Evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it appeared to be. As there is no prosperous State of Life without its Calamities, so there is no Adversity without its Benefits. Ask the Great and Powerful, if they do not feel the Pangs of Envy and Ambition. Enquire of the Poor and Needy, if they have not tasted the Sweets of Quiet and Contentment. Even under the Pains of

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Body; the Infidelity of Friends; or the Misconstructions put upon our laudable Actions, our Minds (when for some Time accustomed to these Pressures) are sensible of secret Flowings of Comfort, the present Reward of a pious Resignation. The Evils of this Life appear like Rocks and Precipices, rugged and barren at a Distance; but at our nearer Approach, we find little fruitful Spots, and refreshing Springs, mixed with the Harshness and Deformities of Nature.

In the last Place, we may comfort our selves with this Consideration; that, as the Thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear: Our Lives may not extend to that dreadful Point which we have in View. He who knows all our Failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our Strength,[2] is often pleased in his tender Severity, to separate the Soul from its Body and Miseries together.

If we look forward to him for Help, we shall never be in Danger of falling down those Precipices which our Imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a Line, if we keep our Eye fixed upon one Point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly Glance on either Side will infallibly destroy us.

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, 4. 9. 47–52:

Who well can use the Gifts of Heav'n,
That have the generous Skill to bear,
The hated weight of Poverty;
Who more than Death doth Baseness fear,
Who nobly to defend
Their Country or their Friend,
Embrace their Fate and gladly dye.

[1] Martial, *Epigrams*, 4. 7. 4: A tedious night indeed, that makes a young man old! The question of hair turning grey overnight is discussed in the *British Apollo* of 28 Apr. 1710. See also above, iv. 423.

[2] *Wisdom of Solomon*, 17. 2–3, 11–12, 20–21.

[1] Horace, *Odes*, 3. 3. The translation is apparently Addison's. It was first published, without his name, in the sixth part of Tonson's *Poetical Miscellanies* (1709), pp. 262–70; and later in the reissue of the *Miscellanies* in 1716. It appears, anonymously, in *The Odes and Satires of Horace ... by the most eminent bands* (Printed for A. Bell and others), 1715. The first nine lines are quoted in Addison's *Dialogues on Medals,* part ii, and assigned to 'Mr. *Creech*' (Guthkelch, ii. 307); but it does not seem to be in any of the editions of Creech. Since Tickell reprints it in the *Works* of 1721 (i. 144) it may be considered to be by Addison.

[1] Cf. Ps. cxxxix. 2.

[2] 1 Cor. x. 13.

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The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 616

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

Qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.

Martial.

CICERO hath observed, that a Jest is never uttered with a better Grace, than when it is accompanied with a serious Countenance.[2] When a pleasant Thought plays in the Features, before it discovers it self in Words, it raises too great an Expectation, and loses the Advantage of giving Surprize. Wit and Humour are no less poorly recommended by a Levity of Phrase, and that kind of Language which may be distinguished by the Name of *Cant*.[3] Ridicule is never more strong, than when it is concealed in Gravity. True Humour lies in the Thought, and arises from the Representation of Images in odd Circumstances, and uncommon Lights. A pleasant Thought strikes us by the Force of its natural Beauty; and the Mirth of it is generally rather palled, than heightened by that ridiculous Phraseology, which is so much in fashion among the Pretenders to Humour and Pleasantry. This[a] Tribe of Men are like our Mountebanks; they make a Man a Wit, by putting him in a fantastick Habit.

Our little Burlesque Authors, who are the Delight of ordinary Readers, generally abound in these pert Phrases, which have in them more Vivacity than Wit.

I lately saw an Instance of this kind of Writing, which gave me

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so lively an Idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a Copy of the Letter from the Gentleman who shewed it to me. It is written by a Country Wit, upon the Occasion of the Rejoycings on the Day of the King's Coronation.[4]

Past two a Clock and

a frosty Morning.[b], [5]

Dear Jack,

'I HAVE just left the Right Worshipful[6] and his Myrmidons, about a Sneaker[7] of Five Gallons. The whole Magistracy was

pretty well disguised[1] before I gave 'em the Slip. Our Friend the Alderman was half Seas over[2] before the Bonfire was out. We had with us the Attorney, and two or three other bright Fellows. The Doctor plays least in Sight.

'At Nine a Clock in the Evening we set Fire to the Whore of *Babylon*.[3] The Devil acted his Part to a Miracle. He has made his Fortune by it. We equip'd the young Dog with a Tester[4] apiece. Honest old *Brown* of *England* was very drunk, and show'd his Loyalty to the Tune of a hundred Rockets. The Mob drank the King's Health, on their Marrow-bones, in Mother *Day*'s Double.[5] They whip'd[6] us half a dozen Hogsheads. Poor *Tom. Tyler* had like to have been demolished with the End of a Sky-Rocket, that fell upon the Bridge of his Nose as he was drinking the King's Health, and spoiled his Tip. The Mob were very loyal till about Midnight, when they grew a little mutinous for more Liquor. They had like to have dumfounded the Justice; but his Clerk came in to his Assistance, and took them all down in Black and White.

'When I had been huzza'd out of my Seven Senses, I made a Visit to the Women, who were guzzling very comfortably. Mrs. Mayoress clip'd the King's *English.* Clack was the Word.

'I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the Posse had his Hat cock'd with a Distich: The Senators sent us down a Cargo of

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Ribbon and Metre for the Occasion.

'Sir *Richard*, to show his Zeal for the Protestant Religion, is at the Expence of a Tar-Barrel and a Ball.[7] I peep'd into the Knight's great Hall, and saw a very pretty Bevy of Spinsters. My dear Relict was amongst them, and ambled in a Country-Dance as notably as the best of 'em.

'May all His Majesty's liege Subjects love him as well as his good People of this his ancient Borough. Adieu.'

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NOTES

105. *date.*: *Friday,*] FRYDAY,

[1] *Motto.* Martial, *Epigrams*, 1. 9. 2: A fop, Cotta, is but a puny fellow.

105. *date*: *Misdated* September 5 *in 8vo.*

[2] *De Oratore,* 2. 71. 289.

[3] See No. 147 (vol. ii).

[a] This] But this *Fol.*

[4] I.e. 20 Oct. 'The Day concluded with Bonefires, Illuminations, Ringing of Bells, and other Demonstrations of a general Joy and Satisfaction' (*Political State,* Oct. 1714, viii. 360).

[b] *Past ... Morning* .] *Two in the Morning is* | *the Word, old Boy.* Fol.

[5] The watchman's cry.

[6] A title applied to mayors, and the sheriffs, aldermen, and recorder of London (*OED*).

[7] A small bowl. A term in common use from about 1710 to 1740 (*OED*).

[1] Archaic slang for 'intoxicated'.

[2] *OED* gives only one quotation earlier for this humorous slang for 'half-drunk'.

[3] In the Protestant demonstrations at this time 'the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender' were the usual targets. In the rejoicings described in this letter the Church of Rome and the Devil have prominent parts.

[4] The colloquial term for six-pence.

[5] Not identified.

[6] A slang term, 'to drink quickly, toss off' (*OED*).

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[7] Some editors have seen this as a reference to Steele's violent Protestant ebullitions. But he was not knighted until April 1715, so that 'Sir Richard' would not particularly suggest Steele.

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The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 617
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris, & lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis
Evion ingeminat; reparabilis adsonat Echo.

Persius.

THERE are two Extreams in the Stile of Humour, one of which consists in the Use of that little pert Phraseology which I took Notice of in my last Paper; the other in the Affectation of strained and pompous Expressions, fetched from the learned Languages. The first savours too much of the Town; the other of the College.

As nothing illustrates better than Example, I shall here present my Reader with a Letter of Pedantick Humour, which was written by a young Gentleman of the University to his Friend; on the same Occasion, and from the same Place as the lively Epistle published in my last *Spectator.*

Dear Chum,[2]

'IT is now the third Watch of the Night, the greatest Part of which I have spent round a capacious Bowl of *China* filled with the choicest Products of both the *Indies.* I was placed at a quadrangular Table diametrically opposite to the Mace-bearer. The Visage of that venerable Herald was, according to Custom, most

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gloriously illuminated on this joyful Occasion. The Mayor and Aldermen, those Pillars of our Constitution, began to totter; and if any one at the Board could have so far articulated, as to have

demanded intelligibly a Reinforcement of Liquor, the whole Assembly had been by this time extended under the Table.

'The Celebration of this Night's Solemnity was opened by the obstreperous Joy of Drummers, who, with their Parchment Thunder, gave a Signal for the Appearance of the Mob under their several Classes and Denominations. They were quickly joined by the melodious Clank of Marrow-bone and Clever,[1] whilst a Chorus of Bells, filled up the Consort. A Pyramid of Stack-Faggots cheared the Hearts of the Populace with the Promise of a Blaze: The Guns had no sooner uttered the Prologue, but the Heavens were brightened with artificial Meteors, and Stars of our own making; and all the *High-street* lighted up, from one End to another, with a Galaxy of Candles. We collected a Largess for the Multitude, who tippled Eleemosynary till they grew exceeding Vociferous. There was a Paste-board Pontiff with a little swarthy Dæmon at his Elbow, who, by his diabolical Whispers and Insinuations, tempted his Holiness into the Fire, and then left him to shift for himself. The Mobile[2] were very sarcastick with their Clubs, and gave the old Gentleman several Thumps upon his triple Head-piece. *Tom Tyler*'s Phiz is something damaged by the Fall of a Rocket, which hath almost spoiled the Gnomon[3] of his Countenance. The Mirth of the Commons grew so very outrageous, that it found Work for our Friend of the *Quorum*, who, by the help of his *Amanuensis,* took down all their Names and their Crimes, with a Design to produce his Manuscript at the next Quarter-Sessions, *&c. &c. &c.*'

I shall subjoin to the foregoing Piece of a Letter, the following Copy of Verses translated from an *Italian* Poet, who was the *Cleveland* of his Age, and had Multitudes of Admirers.[4] The Subject is an Accident that happened under the Reign of Pope *Leo,* when a Firework, that had been prepared upon the Castle of St. *Angelo*, begun to play before its Time, being kindled by a Flash of Lightning. The Author hath written his Poem in the same kind of Style, as that I have already exemplified in Prose. Every Line in it is a

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Riddle, and the Reader must be forced to consider it twice or

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thrice, before he will know that the *Cynick*'s Tenement is a *Tub*, and *Bacchus* his Cast-coat a *Hogshead,* &c.[1]

'Twas Night, and Heav'n, a Cyclops, *all the Day,*
An Argus *now did countless Eyes display;*
In ev'ry Window Rome *her Joy declares,*
All bright, and studded with terrestrial Stars.
A blazing Chain of Lights her Roofs entwines,
And round her Neck the mingled Lustre shines.
The Cynick's *rowling Tenement conspires*
With Bacchus *his Cast-coat to feed the Fires.*

The Pile, still big with undiscover'd Shows,
The Tuscan *Pile did last it's Freight disclose,*
Where the proud Tops of Rome's *new* Ætna *rise,*
Whence Gyants sally and invade the Skies.

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Whilst now the Multitude expect the Time,
And their tir'd Eyes the lofty Mountain climb,
A thousand Iron Mouths their Voices try,
And thunder out a dreadful Harmony;
In treble Notes the small Artill'ry plays,
The deep-mouth'd Cannon bellows in the Bass.
The lab'ring Pile now heaves; and having giv'n
Proof of it's Travail sighs in Flames to Heav'n.
The Clouds invelop'd Heav'n from Human Sight,
Quench'd every Star, and put out every Light;
Now Real Thunder grumbles in the Skies,
And in disdainful Murmurs Rome *defies;*
Nor doth its answer'd Challenge Rome *decline;*
But whilst both Parties in full Consort join,
While Heav'n and Earth in Rival Peals resound,
The doubtful Cracks the Hearer's Sense confound;
Whether the Claps of Thunder-bolts they hear,
Or else the Burst of Canon wounds their Ear;
Whether Clouds rage'd by struggling Metals rent,
Or struggling Clouds in Roman *Metals pent.*

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But O, my Muse, the whole Adventure tell,
As ev'ry Accident in order fell.

[a]*Tall Groves of Trees the* Hadrian *Tow'r surround,*
Fictitious Trees with Paper Garlands crown'd,
These know no Spring, but when their Bodies sprout
In Fire, and shoot their gilded Blossoms out;
When blazing Leaves appear above their Head,
And into branching Flames their Bodies spread.
Whilst Real Thunder splits the Firmament,
And Heav'n's whole Roof in one vast Cleft is rent,
The Three-fork'd Tongue amidst the Rupture lolls,
Then drops and on the Airy Turret falls.
The Trees now kindle, and the Garland burns,
And thousand Thunderbolts for one returns.

Brigades of burning Archers
upward fly,
Bright Spears and shining
Spear-men mount on high,
Flash in the Clouds and glitter in
the Sky.

A Seven fold Shield of Spheres doth Heav'n defend,
And back again the blunted Weapons send;
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,
Pour out their Souls, their sulph'rous Souls, and groan.

With Joy, great Sir, we view'd
this pompous Show,
While Heav'n, that sate
Spectator still till now,
It self turn'd Actor, proud to
Pleasure you.

And so 'tis fit, when Leo*'s Fires appear,*
That Heav'n it self should turn an Engineer;
That Heav'n it self should all its Wonders show,
And Orbs above consent with Orbs below.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Persius, *Satires*, 1. 99–102:

Their crooked Horns the *Mimallonian* Crew
With Blasts inspir'd; and *Bassaris,* who slew
The scornful Calf, with Sword advanc'd on high,
Made from his Neck his haughty Head to fly.
And *Maenas,* when with Ivy-bridles bound,
She led the *spotted Lynx*, then *Evion* rung around;
Evion from Woods and Floods repairing Eccho's sound.

DRYDEN.

(In Persius these are lines of bombast held up to ridicule.)

This number, like No. 616, to which it is a sequel, is assigned to Tickell in the Tickell MS. The translation of the passage from Strada, however, is apparently by Addison; it forms a part of Strada's 'Sessions of the Poets', the translation of which, in Addison's hand, is in the Tickell MSS.

107. *m.*: *superbo*] *superba*

ingeminat;] *ingeminat*

5: College.] Collge,

[2] 'A cant word for a chamber-companion and bed-fellow at college' (Nichols). The earliest example in *OED* in this sense is dated 1684.

[1] Frequently referred to at this time as instruments of 'rough music'.

108. 13: Multitude,] Mnltitnde,

16: Insinuations,] Insi-/uations,

108. 17: left] ∼ *12mo*; let *8vo*

[2] The new and shorter form 'mob' is used above in the first sentence of this paragraph.

[3] Used jocularly for the nose, and now obsolete (*OED*).

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[4] Eugenius, in Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy,* describes Cleveland's style as giving 'common thoughts in abstruse words'. 'We cannot read a verse of Cleveland's without making a face at it, as if every word were a pill to swallow: he gives us many times a hard nut to break our teeth, without a kernel for our pains' (Ker, i. 52).

[1] The verses are from Strada's *Prolusiones Academicae Academia secunda* (Leyden, 1627), p. 320. In *Guardian* 103 (9 July 1713) Addison refers to 'an account of a firework, described, if I am not mistaken, by Strada', and in *Guardian* 115 (23 July) he returns to Strada, whose 'prolusion on the style of the most famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verse, is one of the most entertaining, as well as the most just, pieces of criticism that I have ever read'.

Strada's prolusion, 'The Session of the Poets', which Addison translated, consists of several imitations of Latin poets—Lucan, Lucretius, Claudian, Ovid, Statius, and Virgil—recited by various members of the assembly. At the end Camillus, the 'poet laureate', is invited to recite; he announces that his verses describe a scene 'which happen'd yesterday when the Hadrian Pile being about to congratulate our Prince with its fire-works was on a sudden struck with a Thunder-bolt from Heav'n and so unexpectedly begun to Play ... '. Addison's translation of the verses follows below. It will be noted that Tickell has made but a few changes in printing them in the *Spectator.*

'Twas Night and Heav'n,
a Cyclops all the Day,An
Argos now did all his Eyes
display,When glaring Rome's
bright windows spoke her joy.
A blazing chain of Lights her roofs entwin'd,
And round her Neck y^{e} mingled flashes shin'd:
The Cynick's Moveable from High-ways came,
And Bacchus his Cast-coat increas't y^{e} flame.
The Pile, still big with undiscover'd shows,
The Tuscan Pile did last it's Freight expose;
Here the proud tops of Roman
Ætna rise,Whence Giants
sally and invade the skies,And
Magick here her utmost vertue
trie's;
Serpents when touch't the changing Quills became
Serpents they His't, & Serpents belch't out Flame,
Then on a suddain you might see again

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Nothing of Serpents but the Quills remain.
Whilst now the Multitude expect the time,
And theyr tir'd Eyes the lofty mountain climb,
A thousand Iron mouths theyr voices try
And Thunder out a Dreadfull Harmony;
The smoaking wide-mouth'd Canon Bellows out
And each small Gun mingle's it's sharper note,
The labring Pile now Heave's, & having giv'n
Proofs of its Travail, sigh's in Flames to Heav'n.
The Clouds had Clouded Heav'n from human sight
Enlightne'd now by no Appearing Light,
Now Real Thunder grumble's in y^{e} Skies
And in disdainfull murmurs Rome defie's,
Nor dos it's answer'd Challenge Rome decline;
But whilst both parties in full consort join,
Whilst Heav'n & Earth in rivai peals resound,
The doubtfull Cracks the Hearer's sence confound,
Whether the Claps of thunder-bolts they hear,
Or else the burst of Cannon strike's theyr ear;
Whether Clouds Rag'd by
strugling metals rent,Or
strugling Clouds in Roman
mettais pent:In short I'le tell you
how the Matter went.
On the high Tow'r where Trees spread out theyr boughs
A Paper Garland on theyr fore-head grows,
These know no Spring, but when theyr Bodys sprout
In Fire, and shoot theyr Gilded blossoms out,
When blazing Woods appear about theyr Head,
And into Branching Flames they bodys spread.
Whilst real Thunder split's the Firmament
And all it's Pavement into Clefts is rent
The three-forkt Tongue amidst y^{e} rupture loll's
This drop's and on the Airy Turret fall's,
The Trees now Kindle, and the Garland burn's,
And thousand Thunder-bolts for One return's:
Partys of burning Archers
upwards fly,Bright Spears &
shining Spear-men mount on

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high,Blaze in the Clouds, and
Glitter in the Sky.

Heav'n with a Seav'n-fold shield it self defend's,
And back again the blunted weapons send's.
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down
Pour out theyr Souls, theyr Sulphrous Souls, & Groan.

With joy, Great S[r], we view'd
this pompous Show,Whilst
Heav'n, that sate Spectatour
still till now,It self turn'd Actour,
proud to pleasure You.

And so tis fit, when Leo's Fires appear,
That Heav'n it self shou'd turn an Engineer,
That Heav'n it self shou'd all it's Triumphs show
And Orbs above Consent with Orbs below.

[a] *No paragraph in Fol.*

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 618
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1714[1]

[PHILIPS; TICKELL]

... Neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis: neque siquis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse Poetam.

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU having in your two last *Spectators* given the Town a couple of remarkable Letters, in very different Styles; I take this Opportunity to offer to you some Remarks upon the *Epistolary* way of writing in Verse. This is a *Species* of Poetry by it self; and has not so much as been hinted at in any of the Arts of Poetry, that have ever fallen into my Hands: Neither has it in any Age, or any Nation, been so much cultivated, as the other several Kinds of Poesie. A Man of *Genius* may, if he pleases, write Letters in Verse upon all manner of Subjects, that are capable of being embellished with Wit and Language, and may render them new and agreeable by giving the proper Turn to them. But in speaking, at present, of *Epistolary Poetry,* I would be understood to mean only such Writings in this Kind, as have been in Use amongst the Ancients, and have been copied from them by some Moderns. These may be reduced into two *Classes*: In the one I shall range Love-Letters, Letters of Friendship, and Letters upon mournful Occasions: In the other I shall place such Epistles in Verse, as may properly be called Familiar, Critical, and Moral; to which may be added Letters of

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Mirth and Humour. *Ovid* for the first, and *Horace* for the latter, are the best Originals we have left.

'He that is ambitious of succeeding in the *Ovidian* way, should first examine his Heart well, and feel whether his Passions (especially those of the gentler Kind) play easie, since it is not his Wit, but the Delicacy and Tenderness of his Sentiments, that will affect his

Readers.[1] His Versification likewise should be soft, and all his Numbers flowing and querulous.

'The Qualifications requisite for writing Epistles, after the Model given us by *Horace,* are of a quite different Nature. He that would excel in this kind must have a good Fund of strong Masculine Sense: To this there must be joined a thorough Knowledge of Mankind, together with an Insight into the Business, and the prevailing Humours of the Age. Our Author must have his Mind well seasoned with the finest Precepts of Morality, and be filled with nice Reflections upon the bright and the dark sides of human Life: He must be a Master of refined Raillery, and understand the Delicacies, as well as the Absurdities of Conversation. He must have a lively Turn of Wit, with an easie and concise manner of Expression; Every thing he says, must be in a free and disengaged manner. He must be guilty of nothing that betrays the Air of a Recluse, but appear a Man of the World throughout. His Illustrations, his Comparisons, and the greatest part of his Images must be drawn from common Life. Strokes of Satyr and Criticism, as well as Panegyrick, judiciously thrown in (and as it were by the by) give a wonderful Life and Ornament to Compositions of this kind. But let our Poet, while he writes Epistles, though never so familiar, still remember that he writes in Verse, and must for that reason have a more than ordinary care not to fall into Prose, and a vulgar Diction, excepting where the Nature and Humour of the Thing does necessarily require it. In this Point *Horace* hath been thought by some Criticks to be sometimes careless, as well as too negligent of his Versification; of which he seems to have been sensible himself.[2]

'All I have to add is, that both these Manners of Writing may be made as entertaining, in their way, as any other Species of Poetry,

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if undertaken by Persons duly qualified; and the latter sort may be managed so as to become in a peculiar manner Instructive.

I am, &c.'

I shall add an Observation or two to the Remarks of my ingenious Correspondent, and, in the First place, take Notice, that Subjects of the most sublime Nature, are often treated in the Epistolary way

with Advantage, as in the famous Episde of *Horace* to *Augustus.*[1] The Poet surprizes us with his Pomp, and seems rather betrayed into his Subject,[a] than to have aimed at it by Design: He appears like the Visit of a King *Incognito,* with a mixture of Familiarity, and Grandeur. In Works of this kind, when the Dignity of the Subject hurries the Poet into Descriptions and Sentiments, seemingly unpremeditated, by a sort of Inspiration: It is usual for him to Re-collect himself, and fall back gracefully into the natural Stile of a Letter.

I might here mention an Epistolary Poem, just Published by Mr. *Eusden* on the King's Accession to the Throne:[2] Wherein, amongst many other noble and beautiful Strokes of Poetry, his Reader may see this Rule very happily observed.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Satires*, 1. 4. 40–42:

'Tis not enough to fetter Words in Rhime,
And make a tedious and a jingling Chime;
'Tis not enough in numerous Feet t'enclose,
Familiar plain Discourse and almost Prose,
To make a Poet—.

This number is assigned in the Tickell MS. to Ambrose Philips, 'Author of the Pastorals'. The two concluding paragraphs are probably by Tickell.

112. 20: for the first,] ∼ *8vo*; for first, *12mo*

[1] Cf. Addison's notes on Ovid (Guthkelch, i. 145): '*Ovid* is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his Poem. They have generally abundance of Nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious.'

[2] Dryden, in the *Discourse concerning Satire* (1693), defends Horace on this point against the criticism of Casaubon (*Essays,* ed. Ker, ii. 77 ff.).

[1] *Epistles*, 2. 1.

[a] into his Subject,] into it his Subject, *Fol.*

[2] Eusden's poem is advertised in No. 606 (13 Oct.):

> This Day is Publish'd, A Letter to Mr. Addison, on the King's Accession to the Throne. By Mr. Eusden. Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespeare Head overagainst Catherine-street in the Strand.

It is also advertised as 'this day' published in the *Gazette* (12 Oct.), the *Daily Courant* (15 Oct.), and the *Post-Boy* (16 Oct.). Among the Tickell MSS. there is a draft for an unpublished *Spectator* contrasting satire and panegyric, the latter half of which is devoted to praise of Eusden's poem.

> That ingenious author has there shown us with success, how hard a thing it is to paint a hero; what a dext'rous nicety is requir'd justly [discreetly *deleted*] to praise the eminent virtues of great Men, & yet to avoid the

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nauseous dawbings of flattery. But it may be answer'd, that the happy choice of his subject secur'd him from falling into this vice, since there never could be so much commendation given to the Persons he mentions, but the world would still allow them to deserve infinitely more. I must own, I was not a little pleas'd to find in every line, that the author himself seems pleas'd with the theme he had chosen: he shows his joys are not Poetical, but real: Panegyrick indeed looks lovely, when it flows from a heart full of sincerity, & a Poet never charms us so sensibly, as when adorn'd with the truth of an historian.

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 619

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

... dura
Exerce imperia, et ramos compesce fluentes .

Virg.

I HAVE often thought, that if the several Letters, which are Written to me under the Character of SPECTATOR, and which I have not made use of, were published in a Volume, they would not be an unentertaining Collection.[2] The Variety of the Subjects, Stiles, Sentiments, and Informations, which are transmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle Reader, insensibly along, through a great many Pages. I know some Authors, who would pick up a *Secret History* out of such Materials, and make a Bookseller an Alderman by the Copy.[3] I shall therefore carefully[a] preserve the Original Papers in a Room set apart for that Purpose, to the end that they may be of Service to Posterity; but shall at present content my self, with owning the Receipt of several Letters, lately come to my Hands, the Authors whereof are impatient for an Answer.

Charissa, whose Letter is dated from *Cornhill,* desires to be eased in some Scruples relating to the Skill of Astrologers;[4] *referred to the Dumb Man*[5] *for an Answer.*

J.C. who proposes a Love-Case,[6] as he calls it, to the Love-

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Casuist,[1] is hereby desired to speak of it to the Minister of the Parish; it being a Case of Conscience.

The poor young Lady, whose Letter is dated *October* 26, who complains of a harsh Guardian, and an unkind Brother, can only have my good Wishes, unless she pleases to be more particular.

The Petition of a certain Gentleman, whose Name I have forgot, famous for renewing the Curls of decayed Perriwigs, is refered to *the Censor of small Wares.*[2]

The Remonstrance of *T.C.* against the Profanation of the Sabbath by Barbers, Shoe-cleaners, *&c.* had better be offered to *the Society of Reformers.*[3]

A learned and laborious Treatise upon the Art of Fencing, *returned to the Author.*

To the Gentleman of *Oxford,* who desires me to insert a Copy of *Latin* Verses, which were denied a Place in the University Book. Answer. *Nonumque prematur in annum.*[4]

To my learned Correspondent who writes against Master's Gowns, and Poke Sleeves,[5] with a Word in Defence of large Scarves. Answer. *I resolve not to raise Animosities amongst the Clergy.*

To the Lady, who writes with Rage against one of her own Sex, upon the Account of Party-Warmth. Answer. *Is not the Lady she writes against reckoned Handsome?*

I desire[a] *Tom Truelove,* (who sends me a Sonnet upon his Mistress, with a Desire to print it immediately,) to consider,[b] that it is long since I was in Love.

I shall answer a very profound Letter from my old Friend the Upholsterer, who is still inquisitive whether the King of *Sweden* be living or dead, by whispering him in the Ear, *That I believe he is alive.*[6]

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Let Mr. *Dapperwit* consider, what is that long Story of the Cuckoldom to me?[1]

At the earnest Desire of *Monimia*'s Lover, who declares himself very penitent, he is recorded in my Paper by the Name of *The faithful* Castalio.[2]

The Petition of *Charles Cocksure,* which the Petitioner stiles *very reasonable—Rejected.*

The Memorial of *Philander,* which he desires may be dispatched out of hand, *Postponed.*

I desire *S. R.* not to repeat the Expression *under the Sun* so often in his next Letter.

The Letter of *P. S.* who desires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the Flames. *Not to be printed entire.*

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Georgics*, 2. 369–70:

Let crooked Steel invade
The lawless Troops, which Discipline disclaim,
And their superfluous Growth with Rigour tame,

DRYDEN.

[2] In 1725 Richard Lillie, with Steele's permission, published 'near three hundred letters, wrote by as many different writers', which had been sent in to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator.* Others remain in the Tickell collection and among the archives at Blenheim Palace, and a great many doubtless have been destroyed. This number of the *Spectator,* in which Tickell briefly comments on or answers some of these correspondents, shows indeed 'the variety of the subjects, stiles, sentiments, and informations' in the flood of letters sent in.

[3] 'An allusion to John Barber, who had been a bookseller, was at this time an alderman, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London' (Nichols).

[a] shall therefore carefully] shall carefully *Fol.*

[4] Charissa's letter, preserved among the Tickell MSS., is dated 'from Cornhill Oct. 19. 1714' and asks Mr. Spectator's opinion of astrology, chiromancy, and physiognomy. A female acquaintance, after studying the 'lines & crosses' in Charissa's hand, has volunteered advice as to her rival suitors, Faber and Aprilis.

[5] Duncan Campbell. See No. 31 (vol. i).

[6] This letter too, dated 'London No. 1: 1714', is contained in the Tickell MSS., though half has been torn off. The 'love-case' concerns Lysidor and Euphelia, in love with each other and both without fortune. Each now has the opportunity to marry for money. 'What shall They do? Their Fate seems to be at its Crisis. Should They refuse these Offers either of 'em is Undone: On y^{e} other Hand, all their Happiness is plac'd in each Other. They can be grateful and by a prudent Conduct make the Others happy, but can never love & therefore must be miserable Themselves.'

[1] No. 591.

[2] Addison had suggested this functionary in No. 16.

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[3] Cf. No. 8.

116. 15: Book.] ∼ *8vo*; Books. *12mo*

[4] Horace's advice, 'Keep it by you till the ninth year', in *Ars poetica* 388.

[5] Cf. John Kersey's revision of Edward Philips's *New World of Words* (1706), quoted in *OED*: 'Pokes were also a sort of long-sleev'd Gowns, which Fashion grew so affected and extravagant, that the wearing of them was forbidden.'

[a] desire] would have *Fol.*

[b] to consider] consider *Fol.*

[6] For the Upholsterer see No. 50. The fate of the King of Sweden (Charles XII) is discussed in No. 43.

[1] For Dapperwit see No. 482 (vol. iv).

[2] See No. 613. The letter from her lover, signed 'The Faithfull Castalio', is preserved among the Tickell papers. In somewhat involved and high-flown language it attempts to explain why Castalio had endeavoured to shake off 'an Amour, that was very fatal to the quiet of my Mind, and likely to be very fruitless in the Event'. It concludes, however, by asking Mr. Spectator's assistance 'in effecting a Reconciliation, which will compleatly answer your Character and my greatest Hopes of Happiness'.

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 620
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1714[3]

[TICKELL]

Hic Vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.

Virg.

HAVING lately presented my Reader with a Copy of Verses, full of the False Sublime,[4] I shall here communicate to him an excellent Specimen of the True. Tho' it hath not been yet published, the judicious Reader will readily discern it to be the

Work of a Master:[1] And if he hath read that noble Poem on *The Prospect of Peace,* he will not be at a Loss to guess at the Author.[2]

The ROYAL PROGRESS.[a3]

WHEN BRUNSWICK[4] *first appear'd, each honest Heart*,[b]
Intent on Verse, disdain'd the Rules of Art;
For Him the Songsters, in unmeasur'd Odes,
Debas'd Alcides, *and dethron'd the Gods,*[5]
In Golden Chains the Kings of India *led,*
Or rent the Turban from the Sultan's *Head.*
One, in old Fables, and the Pagan *Strain,*
With Nymphs *and* Tritons, *wafts him o'er the Main;*
Another draws fierce Lucifer *in Arms,*
And fills th' Infernal Region with Alarms;
A Third awakes some Druid *to foretel*
Each future Triumph from his dreary Cell:

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Exploded Fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the Mind nauseates what she can't believe.

My Muse th' expected Hero[c] *shall pursue*
From Clime to Clime, and keep him still in View:

.....

His shining March describe in faithful Lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;
Their Charms, if Charms they have, the Truth supplies,
And from the Theme unlabour'd Beauties rise.

By longing Nations for the Throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the Rights of Human-kind;

With secret Grief his God-like Soul repines,[1]
And Britain*'s Crown with joyless Lustre shines,*
While Prayers and Tears his destin'd Progress stay,
And Crowds of Mourners choak their Sovereign's Way.

Not so he march'd, when hostile Squadrons[a] *stood*
In Scenes of Death, and fir'd his generous Blood;
When his hot Courser paw'd th' Hungarian *Plain,*

And adverse Legions stood the Shock in vain.[2]

His Frontiers past, the Belgian *Bounds he views,*
And cross the level Fields his March pursues.
Here pleas'd the Land of Freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the Thirst of boundless Sway.
O'er the thin Soil, with silent Joy he spies
Transplanted Woods, and borrow'd Verdure rise;
Where every Meadow won with Toil and Blood,
From haughty Tyrants, and the raging Flood,
With Fruits and Flowers the careful Hind supplies,
And cloathes the Marshes in a rich Disguise.
Such Wealth for frugal Hands doth Heaven decree,
And such thy Gifts, Celestial Liberty!

Through stately Towns, and many a fertile Plain,
The Pomp advances to the neighb'ring Main.
Whole Nations crowd around with joyful Cries,
And view the Hero with insatiate Eyes.

.....

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In Haga*'s Towers he waits, till Eastern Gales*
Propitious rise to swell the British *Sails.*[1]
Hither the Fame of England*'s Monarch brings*
The Vows and Friendships of the neighb'ring Kings;
Mature in Wisdom, His extensive Mind
Takes in the blended Int'rests of Mankind,
The World's great Patriot. Calm thy anxious Breast,
Secure in Him, O Europe *take thy Rest;*
Henceforth thy Kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By Rocks or Streams, the Mounds which Heav'n design'd;
The Alps *their new-made Monarch shall restrain,*
Nor shall thy Hills, Pirene, *rise in vain.*[2]

But see! to Britain*'s Isle the Squadrons stand,*
And leave the sinking Towers, and lessening Land.
The Royal Bark bounds o'er the floating Plain,
Breaks thro' the Billows, and divides the Main.
O'er the vast Deep, Great Monarch, dart thine Eyes,
A watry Prospect bounded by the Skies:
Ten thousand Vessels from Ten thousand Shores
Bring Gums and Gold, and either India*'s Stores*:
Behold the Tributes hastening to thy Throne,
And see the wide Horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; tho' now the chearful Crew
Hail Albion*'s Cliffs, just whitening to the View.*
Before the Wind with swelling Sails they ride,
Till Thames *receives them in his opening Tide.*
The Monarch hears the thundering Peals around,
From trembling Woods and ecchoing Hills rebound;
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening Train,
The Roarings of the hoarse-resounding Main.

As in the Flood he sails, from either Side
He views his Kingdom in its rural Pride;

A various Scene the wide-spread Landskip yields,
O'er rich Enclosures and luxuriant Fields:
A lowing Herd each fertile Pasture fills,

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And distant Flocks stray o'er a thousand Hills.
Fair Greenwich *bid in Woods, with new Delight,*
(Shade above Shade) now rises to the Sight.
His Woods ordain'd to visit every Shore,
And guard the Island which they grac'd before.

The Sun now rowling down the Western Way,
A Blaze of Fires renews the fading Day;
Unnumber'd Barks the Regal Barge infold,
Brightening the Twilight with its beamy Gold;
Less thick the finny Shoals, a countless Fry,
Before the Whale or kingly Dolphin fly.
In one vast Shout he seeks the crowded Strand,
And in a Peal of Thunder gains the Land.

Welcome, great Stranger, to our longing Eyes,
Oh! King desir'd, adopted Albion *cries.*
For Thee the East breath'd out a prosp'rous Breeze,
Bright were the Suns, and gently swell'd the Seas.
Thy Presence did each doubtful Heart compose,
And Factions wonder'd that they once were Foes;
That joyful Day they lost each hostile Name,
The same their Aspect, and their Voice the same.

So two fair Twins, whose Features were design'd
At one soft Moment in the Mother's Mind,
Show each the other, with reflected Grace,
And the same Beauties bloom in either Face;
The puzzled Strangers which is which enquire,
Delusion grateful to the smiling Sire.

*From that fair *Hill, where hoary Sages boast*
To name the Stars, and count the heavenly Host,
Mr. Flamstead*s-House.*[a 1]

By the next Dawn doth great Augusta *rise,*
Proud Town! the noblest Scene beneath the Skies.
O'er Thames *her thousand Spires their Lustre shed,*
And a vast Navy hides his ample Bed,
A floating Forest. From the distant Strand

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A Line of golden Carrs strikes o'er the Land:
Britannia'*s Peers in Pomp and rich Array,*
Before their King, triumphant, lead the Way.
Far as the Eye can reach, the gawdy Train,
A bright Procession, shines along the Plain.

So haply through the Heav'n's wide pathless Ways
A Comet draws a long-extended Blaze;
From East to West burns through[a] *th' ethereal Frame,*
And Half Heav'n's Convex glitters with the Flame.

Now to the Regal Towers securely brought,
He plans Britannia'*s Glories in his Thought;*
Resumes the delegated Pow'r he gave,
Rewards the Faithful, and restores the Brave.
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining Throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her Song?
Thee, Halifax. *To thy capacious Mind,*
O Man approv'd, is Britain'*s Wealth consign'd.*
Her Coin (*while* Nassau *fought*) *debas'd and rude,*
By Thee in Beauty and in Truth renew'd,
An arduous Work! Again thy Charge we see,
And thy own Care once more returns to Thee.
O! form'd in every Scene to awe and please,
Mix Wit with Pomp, and Dignity with Ease:
Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on Arts thy self did once adorn:
For this thy Name succeeding Times shall praise,
And envy less thy Garter, than thy Bays.[1]

The Muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening Beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted Themes,

Record our Monarch in a nobler Strain,
And sing the opening Wonders of his Reign;
Bright CAROLINA'*s heavenly Beauties trace,*
Her valiant CONSORT, *and his blooming Race.*
A Train of Kings their fruitful Love supplies,
A glorious Scene to Albion'*s ravish'd Eyes;*
Who sees by BRUNSWICK'*s Hand her Sceptre sway'd,*

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And through his Line from Age to Age convey'd.[1]

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid*, 6. 791:

> The Man behold
> Promis'd oft and long foretold.

This number is taken up with the first printing of Tickell's own poem, 'The Royal Progress'. 'Addison may have given his little senator laws about *Spectator* policy; and let us hope that it was he and not Tickell who wrote the editorial blurb for Tickell's poem' (Hodgart, p. 379).

[4] See No. 617.

[1] This is the first printing of the poem. It was reprinted in Motte's *Miscellaneous Collection of Poems* in 1721 (R. Eustace Tickell, p. 190). Addison may have sent a copy (in manuscript) to Jean de Robethon on 4 Sept. (*Letters,* ed. Graham, pp. 294–5).

[2] *The Prospect of Peace* had been published late in 1712 (dated 1713); it is praised by Addison in No. 523 (vol. iv).

[a] *Title added in 8vo and 12mo*

[3] George I set out from Germany on the last day of August (O.S.), travelling through Holland, and embarked for England on 16 Sept. on the *Peregrine,* reaching Greenwich on the 18th. The royal entry was made on Monday, 20 Sept.,

> with such Pomp and Magnificence, as can hardly be paralell'd in any other Nation. The Coaches of the Nobility and others, either not coming soon enough, or the Officers of Arms being puzzled how to rank them in their due Order, it was Twelve a-clock before his MAJESTY, accompanied by his ROYAL HIGHNESS the Prince, and the Duke of *Northumberland,* Captain of the Life-Guard in Waiting, set out from *Greenwich,* his Majesty's Coach being preceded by above Two Hundred of those of the Nobility and Gentry all with Six Horses ... (*Political State,* Sept. 1714, p. 253).

At St. Margaret's Hill in Southwark the King was met by the Lord Mayor (Sir Samuel Stanier), Aldermen, Recorder, Sheriffs, and Officers of the City of London, and thence proceeded to St. James's.

[4] George was elector of Brunswick-Lüneberg, popularly known as Hanover, its capital.

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[b] *Poem printed in italic in 8vo, 12mo; in roman in Fol.*

[5] The ridicule of poets who employ classical mythology to praise contemporary heroes recalls Addison's strictures in No. 523 against the use of Apollo, Mars, or Bellona ('downright Puerility, and unpardonable in a Poet that is past Sixteen'). Tickell's aim, 'to paint him, nor presume to praise', is in the vein of Addison's *Campaign.*

[c] *My ... Hero*] My artless Muse the Hero Fol.

[1] 'The News of being raised to so Powerful a Throne, and of having such vast Dominions added to his own, could not but be pleasing to His Majesty; ... but yet he received it with that Serenity of Countenance and Composure of Mind, which are peculiar to Heroes' (*Political State*, Sept. 1714, p. 207).

[a] *Squadrons*] Legions *Fol.*

[2] George, as elector of Hanover, had fought in Hungary in the service of the Emperor. He took an honourable part in Sobieski's rescue of Vienna (1683), in 1685 distinguishing himself at the capture of Neuhäusel in Hungary, and in the battle of Neerwinden (29 July 1693), only] escaping with his life through the devotion of General von Hammerstein (*DNB*).

[1] The King had arrived at The Hague on 5 Sept. (O.S.), where he conferred with a deputation from England and received visits from representatives of France, Spain, and Portugal.

[2] One of the conditions of the Peace Treaty of Utrecht was that Philip V of Spain abjure his reversionary claim to the throne of France, so that the Pyrenees in effect would again divide the two kingdoms.

120. 21: *Behold*] ehold

[a] [*]*Mr.* Flamstead'*s-House*.] [*]Flamstead'*s-House*. Fol.

[1] John Flamsteed (1646–1719), who had been appointed Astronomer Royal with the opening of the Observatory in Greenwich Park in 1675, moved in 1676 into the house on the hill which had come to be known as Flamsteed House. At this time he was nearly seventy years of age and involved in controversy over what he regarded as unwarranted publication of his astronomical observations.

[a] *burns through*] he burns *Fol.*

122. 22: *Man*] Mau

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[1] Lord Halifax had been named by George as one of the Council of Regents. The lines refer to his services in connexion with the coinage in 1695. Volume II of the *Spectator* had been dedicated to him.

[1] Wilhelmina Carola, Princess of Anspach, is described in the *Political State of Great Britain* (Sept. 1714, p. 214) as 'affable and engaging beyond all Expression', with a 'laudable Thirst after knowledge'. Her consort, the future George II, was at this time in his 31st year; their 'blooming race' in 1714 consisted of Frederick (born 1707), Anne, the Princess Royal (born 1709), Amelia (born 1711), and Caroline (born 1713). The Princess arrived at Margate 11 Oct. (O.S.), where she was met by her husband and proceeded to St. James's Palace, accompanied by the two young princesses, Anne and Amelia (*Political State*, Oct. 1714, p. 343).

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 621
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1714[2]

[TICKELL]

... *postquam se lumine puro*
Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur & Astra
Fixa Polis, vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria ...

Lucan.

THE following Letter having in it some Observations out of the common Road, I shall make it the Entertainment of this Day.

pg 124

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE common Topicks against the Pride of Man, which are laboured by florid and declamatory Writers, are taken from the Baseness of his Original, the Imperfections of his Nature, or the short Duration of those Goods in which he makes his Boast.[1] Though it be true that we can have nothing in us that ought to raise our Vanity, yet a Consciousness of our own Merit may be sometimes laudable. The Folly therefore lies here; We are apt to pride our selves in worthless, or perhaps shameful things; and, on the other Hand, count that disgraceful which is our truest Glory.

'Hence it is, that the Lovers of Praise take wrong Measures to attain it. Would a vain Man consult his own Heart, he would find, that if others knew his Weaknesses as well as he himself doth, he could not have the Impudence to expect the publick Esteem. Pride

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therefore flows from want of Reflection, and Ignorance of our selves. Knowledge and Humility come upon us together.

'The proper way to make an Estimate of our selves, is to consider seriously what it is we value or despise in others. A Man who boasts of the Goods of Fortune, a gay Dress, or a new Title, is generally the Mark of Ridicule. We ought therefore not to admire in our selves, what we are so ready to laugh at in other Men.[a]

'Much less can we with Reason pride our selves in those things, which at some time of our Life we shall certainly despise. And yet, if we will give our selves the Trouble of looking backward and forward on the several Changes, which we have already undergone and hereafter must try, we shall find that the greater Degrees of our Knowledge and Wisdom, serve only to show us our own Imperfections.

'As we rise from Childhood to Youth, we look with Contempt on

the Toys and Trifles which our Hearts have hitherto been[a] set upon[1]. When we advance to Manhood, we are held wise in proportion to our Shame and Regret for the Rashness and Extravagance of Youth. Old Age fills us with mortifying Reflections upon a Life misspent in the Pursuit of anxious Wealth or uncertain Honour. Agreeable to this Gradation of Thought in this Life, it may be reasonably supposed, that in a future State, the Wisdom, the Experience, and the Maxims of old Age, will be looked upon by a separate Spirit in much the same Light, as an ancient Man now sees the little Follies and Toyings of Infants. The Pomps, the Honours, the Policies, and Arts of mortal Men, will be thought as trifling as Hobby-horses, Mock-battles, or any other Sports that now employ all the Cunning, and Strength, and Ambition of rational Beings from four Years old to nine or ten.

'If the Notion of a gradual Rise in Beings, from the meanest to the Most High, be not a vain Imagination, it is not improbable that an Angel looks down upon a Man, as a Man doth upon a Creature which approaches the nearest to the rational Nature.[2] By the same Rule (if I may indulge my Fancy in this Particular) a superior Brute looks with a kind of Pride on one of an inferior Species. If they

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could reflect, we might imagine from the Gestures of some of them, that they think themselves the Sovereigns of the World, and that all Things were made for them.[3] Such a Thought would not be more absurd in Brute Creatures, than one which Men are apt to entertain, namely, That[b] all the Stars in the Firmament were created only to please their Eyes, and amuse their Imaginations. Mr. *Dryden* in his Fable of the *Cock and the Fox*, makes a Speech for his Hero the Cock, which is a pretty Instance for this Purpose.[4]

Then turning, said to Partlet, *See, my Dear,*
How lavish Nature hath adorn'd the Year;
How the pale Primrose and the Violet spring,
And Birds essay their Throats, disus'd to sing;
All these are ours, and I with Pleasure see
Man strutting on two Legs, and aping me.

'What I would observe from the Whole is this, That we ought to value our selves upon those Things only which superior Beings think valuable, since that is the only way for us not[a] to sink in our own Esteem hereafter.'[b]

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Lucan, *Pharsalia*, 9. 11–14 (altered):

With wonder fill'd,
The Stars and moving Planets he beheld,
Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray,
Survey'd our dusty, faint, imperfect Day,
And under what a Cloud of Night we lay.

The parallels to Pope's *Essay on Man* are so striking in this essay that it is tempting to consider this number as a contribution by him. 'My letter to Mr. Addison on a Future State', Pope told Spence, 'was designed as an imitation of the style of the Spectators; and there are several cant phrases of the Spectator in it' (*Anecdotes,* ed. S. W. Singer, 2nd ed., 1858, p. 126). 'As "Scale of beings," and some others which he mentioned', Spence adds. Elwin and Courthope (vi. 404) cite Pope's letter to Addison of 14 Dec. 1713, but recognize that it does not meet the requirements.

Against this possibility is the fact that the notes for this number exist among the Tickell papers, in a manuscript headed 'Extract of Five Irish Mails from Oct. 26 to Oct. 31' received 6 Nov. 1714. 'This is a short draft in Tickell's hand, with the last six words of the text, "sink in our own Esteem hereafter," in Addison's hand. It was written up into *Spectator* 621 of 17 Nov. 1714, which ends with the same six words' (Hodgart, p. 375).

It is impossible therefore to say with any certainty who the original author was. In any case the material seems to have been gone over and arranged for publication by both Addison and Tickell.

[1] In *Guardian* 153 (which has many similarities with this number of the *Spectator*) Addison had insisted that human nature has no claim to pride, since man is a sinful, an ignorant, and a miserable being.

> There is not, indeed, any single view of human nature, under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the schoolmen call self-annihilation.

124. 12: Heart] Heert

[a] in other Men.] in others. *Fol.*

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[a] have hitherto been] have been *Fol.*

[1] Cf. Pope's *Essay on Man*, ii. 275–82; and No. 626 (by Henry Grove).

125. 16: that] ∼ *12mo*; than *8vo*

[2] Cf. *Guardian* 153:

> If there be anything which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours, on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

125. 23: Thought] Thoughr

[3] Cf. *Essay on Man*, i. 131–40.

[b] entertain, namely, That] entertain, That *Fol.*

[4] Dryden, 'The Cock and the Fox, or, the Tale of the Nun's Priest, from Chaucer's lines 455–60 (line 457: 'and blue violet spring').

[a] for us not] not for us *Fol.*

[b] *The following two paragraphs in Fol. were omitted in 8vo and 12mo*:

'I shall add to the foregoing Hints a noble Paragraph out of Dr. *Burnet*'s *Theory of the Earth*, which shall conclude this long Letter.[*]

'*Those sure must be little narrow Souls, that can mah themselves a Portion and a Sufficiency out of what they enjoy here; that think of no more, that desire no more. For what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary; and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns: We spend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes, we throw our selves into the Bed of Folly amongst Dreams and broken Thoughts, and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the Time as arrant Brutes as those that sleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than these? and ought not his Ambition*

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and Expectations to be Greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World, 'tis at least a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are eternally happy.

I am, &c.'

* This passage—except for the first sentence—had been quoted in No. 143, hence presumably the reason for its deletion in 8vo and 12mo.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 622
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

... *Fallentis Semita Vitæ.*

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN a former Speculation you have observed, that true Greatness doth not consist in that Pomp and Noise wherein the Generality of Mankind are apt to place it.[2] You have there taken Notice, that

Virtue in Obscurity often appears more illustrious in the Eye of superior Beings, than all that passes for Grandeur and Magnificence among Men.

'When we look back upon the History of those who have born the Parts of Kings, Statesmen, or Commanders, they appear to us stripped of those out-side Ornaments that dazzled their Contemporaries; and we regard their Persons as great or little, in proportion to the Eminence of their Virtues or Vices. The wise Sayings, generous Sentiments, or disinterested Conduct of a Philosopher under mean Circumstances of Life, set him higher in our Esteem than the mighty Potentates of the Earth, when we view them both through the long Prospect of many Ages. Were the Memoirs of an obscure Man, who lived up to the Dignity of his Nature, and according to the Rules of Virtue, to be laid before us, we should find nothing in such a Character which might not set him on a Level with Men of the highest Stations. The following Extract out

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of the private Papers of an honest Country-Gentleman, will set this Matter in a clear Light. Your Reader will perhaps conceive a greater Idea of him from these Actions done in Secret, and without a Witness, than of those which have drawn upon them the Admiration of Multitudes.

MEMOIRS.[a]

'"In my 22dYear I found a violent Affection for my Cousin *Charles*'s Wife growing upon me, wherein I was in danger of succeeding, if I had not upon that Account begun my Travels into foreign Countries.

'"A little after my Return into *England*, at a private Meeting with my Uncle *Francis*, I refused the Offer of his Estate, and prevailed upon him not to disinherit his Son *Ned.*

'"*Mem.* Never to tell this to *Ned*, lest he should think hardly of his deceased Father; though he continues to speak ill of me for this very Reason.

'"Prevented a scandalous Law-Suit betwixt my Nephew *Harry* and his Mother, by allowing her under-hand, out of my own Pocket, so much Money yearly as the Dispute was about.

'"Procured a Benefice for a young Divine, who is Sister's Son to the good Man who was my Tutor, and hath been dead twenty Years.

'"Gave Ten Pounds to poor Mrs.——, my Friend *H*——'s Widow.

'"*Mem.* To retrench one Dish at my Table, till I have fetched it up again.

'"*Mem.* To repair my House and finish my Gardens, in order to employ poor People after Harvest-time.

'"Ordered *John* to let out Goodman *D*——'s Sheep that were pounded, by Night; but not to let his Fellow-Servants know it.

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'"Prevailed upon *M. T.* Esq; not to take the Law of the Farmer's Son for shooting a Partridge, and to give him his Gun again.

'"Paid the Apothecary for curing an old Woman that confessed herself a Witch.

'"Gave away my favourite Dog for biting a Beggar.

'"Made the Minister of the Parish and a *Whig* Justice of one Mind, by putting them upon explaining their Notions to one another.

'"*Mem.* To turn off *Peter* for shooting a Doe while she was eating Acorns out of his Hand.

'"When my Neighbour *John,* who hath often injured me, comes to make his Request to Morrow:

'"*Mem.* I have forgiven him.

'"Laid up my Chariot and sold my Horses, to relieve the Poor in a Scarcity of Corn.

'"In the same Year remitted to my Tenants a Fifth Part of their Rents.

'"As I was airing to Day, I fell into a Thought that warmed my Heart, and shall, I hope, be the better for it as long as I live.

'"*Mem.* To charge my Son in private to erect no Monument for me; but not to put this in my last Will."'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles*, 1. 18. 103:

Or close retirement, and a life by stealth.

CREECH.

(The motto of No. 264, vol. ii.)

[2] No. 610.

127–8. *Inverted commas supplied.*

[a] *Title added in 8vo, 12mo*

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The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 623

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violem aut tua jura resolvam.
Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.

Virg.

I AM obliged to my Friend, the *Love-Casuist*,[2] for the following curious Piece of Antiquity, which I shall communicate to the Publick in his own Words.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU may remember, that I lately transmitted to you an Account of an ancient Custom, in the Manors of *East* and *West Enborne,* in the County of *Berks* and elsewhere.[3] *If a customary Tenant die, the Widow shall have what the Law calls her* Free Bench *in all his Copy-hold Lands,* dum sola & casta fuerit; *that is,* while she lives single and chaste; *but if she commit Incontinency, she forfeits her Estate: Yet, if she will come into the Court riding a black Ram, with his Tail in her Hand, and say the Words following, the Steward is bound by the Custom, to re-admit her to her Free Bench.*

Here I am,

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Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And, for my Crincum Crancum,
Have lost my Bincum Bancum;

And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore I pray you Mr. Steward, let me have
my Land again.

'After having informed you that my Lord *Coke* observes, that this is the most frail and slippery Tenure of any in *England*,[1] I shall tell you, since[a] the writing of that Letter, I have, according to my Promise, been at great Pains in searching out the Records of the *Black Ram*; and have at last met with the Proceedings of the Court-Baron,[2] held in that behalf, for the Space of a whole Day. The Record saith that a strict Inquisition having been made into the Right of the Tenants, to their several Estates, by a crafty old Steward, he found that many of the Lands of the Manor, were, by default of the several Widows, forfeited to the Lord, and accordingly would have entered on the Premises: Upon which the good Women demanded the *Benefit of the Ram.* The Steward, after having perused their several Pleas, adjourned the Court to *Barnaby bright*, that they might have Day enough before them.[3]

'The Court being set, and filled with a great Concourse of People, who came from all Parts to see the Solemnity, the first who entered was the Widow *Frontly*, who had made her Appearance in the last Year's Cavalcade. The Register observes, that finding it an easie Pad-Ram,[4] and foreseeing she might have further Occasion for it, she purchased it of the Steward.

'Mrs. *Sarah Dainty*, Relict of Master *John Dainty*, (who was the greatest Prude of the Parish) came next in the Procession. She at first made some Difficulty of taking the Tail in her Hand; and was observed, in pronouncing the Form of Penance, to soften the two most emphatical Words into *Clincum Clancum*: But the Steward took Care to make her speak plain *English*, before he would *let her have her Land again.*

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'The third Widow that was *brought to this worldly Shame,* being mounted upon a vicious Ram, had the Misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which she hoped to be excused from going thro' the rest of the Ceremony: But the Steward being well versed in the Law, observed very wisely upon this Occasion, that the breaking of the Rope does not hinder the Execution of the Criminal.

'The Fourth Lady upon Record was the Widow *Ogle,* a famous Coquette, who had kept half a Score young Fellows off and on for the space of two Years; but having been more kind to her Carter *John,* she was introduced with the Huzza's of all her Lovers about her.

'Mrs. *Sable,* appearing in her Weeds, which were very new and fresh, and of the same Colour with her whimsical *Palfrey,* made a very decent Figure in the Solemnity.

'Another, who had been Summon'd to make her Appearance, was excused by the Steward, as well knowing in his Heart, that the good Squire himself had qualified her for the Ram.

'Mrs. *Quick,* having nothing to object against the Indictment, pleaded her Belly. But it was remembred that she made the same Excuse the Year before. Upon which the Steward observed, that she might so contrive it, as never to do the Service of the Manor.

'The Widow *Fidget,* being cited into Court, insisted that she had done no more since the Death of her Husband, than what she used to do in his Life-time; and withal desired Mr. Steward to consider his own Wife's Case, if he should chance to die before her.

'The next in Order was a Dowager of a very corpulent Make, who would have been excused as not finding any Ram that was able to carry her; upon which the Steward commuted her Punishment, and ordered her to make her Entry upon a black Ox.

'The Widow *Maskwell,* a Woman who had long lived with a most unblemished Character, having turned off her old Chamber-maid in a Pet, was by that Revengeful Creature brought in upon the black Ram, Nine times the same Day.

'Several Widows of the Neighbourhood, being brought upon

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their Tryal, they showed that they did not hold of the Manor, and were discharged accordingly.

'A pretty young Creature, who closed the Procession, came ambling in, with so bewitching an Air, that the Steward was observed to cast a Sheep's Eye upon her, and married her within a Month after the Death of his Wife.

N.B. 'Mrs. *Touchwood* appeared, according to Summons, but had

nothing laid 'to her Charge; having lived irreproachably since the Decease of her Husband, who left her a Widow in the Sixty-ninth Year of her Age.

I am, SIR, &c.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid*, 4. 24–29 (altered):

But first let yawning Earth a Passage rend;
And let me, through the dark Abyss descend;

First let avenging Jove, with
Flames from high,Drive down
this Body, to the nether
Sky,Condemn with Ghosts in
endless Night to lye,

Before I break the plighted Faith
I gave,No; he who had my Vows,
shall ever have;For whom I lov'd
on Earth, I worship in the Grave.

DRYDEN.

[2] Nos. 591, 602, 605, 614.

[3] No. 614.

[1] Needless to say, Coke is not among the various authorities cited on the subject of free-bench.

[a] since] that since *Fol.*

[2] Defined in Cowell's *Law Dictionary* (1708):

> Court Baron, *Curia Baronis*, Is a Court that every Lord of a mannor (which in ancient Times were call'd *Barons*) hath within his own Precincts ... .

[3] St. Barnabas' Day (11 June) was the longest day in the calendar under the Old Style.

[4] A ram for riding.

130. 25: Master] ∼ *8vo*; Mr. *12mo*

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 624
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,
Quisquis luxuria ...

Hor.

MANKIND is divided into two Parts, the Busie and the Idle. The Busie World may be divided into the Virtuous and the Vicious: The Vicious again into the Covetous, the Ambitious and the Sensual. The Idle Part of Mankind are in a State inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the Pursuit of Happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such Means, as shall be proposed to them for that End. The Idle, who are neither wise for this World, nor the next, are emphatically called by Dr. *Tillotson, Fools at large*.[2] They propose to themselves no End, but run adrift with every Wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the Pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless Tribe with a long Harangue; but will leave them with this short Saying of *Plato,* that *Labour is preferable to Idleness, as Brightness to Rust.*[3]

The Pursuits of the active Part of Mankind, are either in the Paths of Religion and Virtue; or, on the other Hand in the Roads to Wealth, Honours or Pleasure. I shall therefore compare the Pursuits of Avarice, Ambition and Sensual Delight, with their opposite Virtues; and shall consider which of these Principles

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engages Men in a Course of the greatest Labour, Suffering and Assiduity. Most Men, in their cool Reasonings, are willing to allow that a Course of Virtue will in the End be rewarded the most amply; but represent the Way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that Men struggle through as many Troubles to be miserable, as they do to be happy; my Readers may perhaps be persuaded to be Good, when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First for Avarice. The Miser is more Industrious than the Saint; The Pains of getting, the Fears of losing, and the Inability of enjoying his Wealth, have been the mark of Satyr in all Ages. Were his Repentance upon his Neglect of a good Bargain, his Sorrow for being over-reached, his Hope of improving a Sum, and his Fear of falling into Want, directed to their proper Objects; they would make so many different *Christian* Graces and Virtues. He may apply to himself a great Part of St. *Paul*'s Catalogue of Sufferings, *In journeying often; in Perils of Waters, in Perils of Robbers, in Perils among false Brethren. In Weariness and Painfulness, in Watchings often, in Hunger and Thirst, in Fastings often.*—[1] At how much less Expence might he *lay up to himself Treasures in Heaven*;[2] or if I may, in this place, be allowed to add the saying of a great Philosopher, he may *provide such Possessions, as fear neither Arms, nor Men, nor* Jove *himself.*[3]

In the second Place, if we look upon the Toils of Ambition, in the same Light, as we have considered those of Avarice, we shall readily own that far less trouble is requisite to gain lasting Glory, than the Power and Reputation of a few Years; or in other Words we may with more Ease deserve Honour, than obtain it. The Ambitious Man should remember Cardinal *Wolsey*'s Complaint. 'Had I served God, with the same Application, wherewith I served my King, he would not have forsaken me in my old Age.'[4] The Cardinal here softens his Ambition by the specious Pretence of *serving his King*: Whereas his Words, in the proper Construction,

imply that if instead of being acted[1] by Ambition, he had been acted by Religion, he should have now felt the Comforts of it, when the whole World turned its back upon him.

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Thirdly, Let us compare the Pains of the Sensual, with those of the Virtuous, and see which are heavier in the Balance. It may seem strange, at the first View, that the Men of Pleasure should be advised to change their Course, because they lead a painful Life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of Delight; under so many Disquiets, and the Sport of such various Passions, let them answer, as[a] they can, if the Pains, they undergo, do not outweigh their Enjoyments. The Infidelities on the one Part between the two Sexes,[b] and the Caprices on the other, the Debasement of Reason, the Pangs of Expectation, the Disappointments in Possession, the Stings of Remorse, the Vanities, and Vexations attending even the most refined Delights that make up this Business of Life, render it so silly and uncomfortable: That no Man is thought wise till he hath got over it, or happy, but in Proportion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The Sum of all is this, Man is made an active Being. Whether he walks in the Paths of Virtue or Vice, he is sure to meet with many Difficulties to prove[2] his Patience, and excite his Industry. The same, if not greater Labour, is required in the Service of Vice and Folly, as of Virtue and Wisdom: And he hath this easie Choice left him, whether with the Strength he is Master of, he will purchase Happiness or Repentance.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Satires*, 2. 3. 77–79:

Sit still and hear, those whom proud thoughts do swell,
Those that look pale by loving Coin too well;
Whom Luxury corrupts.

CREECH.

The first two lines formed the motto of *Tatler* 123.

The notes for this essay, with corrections in Addison's hand, are preserved among the Tickell MSS. (Hodgart, pp. 385–6). Like many other numbers (from No. 601 on) published in Oct.–Dec. 1714 they seem to represent materials jotted down by Addison and revised by Tickell.

[2] An allusion to a passage in Tillotson's Sermon i, 'The Wisdom of Being Religious' (*Works,* ed. 1728, i. 27):

> There is a day a coming when all these witty fools shall be unhappily undeceived, and not being able to enjoy their delusion any longer shall call themselves fools for ever.

[3] This seems to be a misreading of Plato, *Republic,* 609A. Hughes, in No. 316, calls indolence 'this Rust of the Mind'.

[1] 2 Cor. xi. 26–27.

[2] Matt. vi. 20.

[3] Cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 15. 871–2.

[4] Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry* VIII, 111. ii. 455–7.

[1] I.e. actuated.

[a] as] if *Fol.*

[b] between the two Sexes,] *added in 8vo, 12mo*

[2] Here, as frequently, in the archaic sense of 'test'.

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 625
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1714[3]

[TICKELL]

... *amores*
A tenero meditatur Ungui.

Hor.

THE *Love-Casuist* hath referred to me the following Letter of Queries, with his Answers to each Question, for my Appro-

pg 135

bation.[1] I have accordingly considered the several Matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratifie his Answers, and require the gentle Querist to conform her self thereunto.

SIR,

'I WAS Thirteen the Ninth of *November* last, and must now begin to think of settling my self in the World, and so I would humbly beg your Advice, what I must do with Mr. *Fondle,* who makes his Addresses to me. He is a very pretty Man, and hath the blackest Eyes and whitest Teeth you ever saw. Though he is but a younger Brother, he dresses like a Man of Quality, and no Body comes into a Room like him. I know he hath refused great Offers, and if he cannot Marry me, he will never have any Body else. But my Father hath forbid him the House, because he sent me a Copy of Verses; for he is one of the greatest Wits in Town. My elder Sister, who, with her good Will, would call me *Miss* as long as I live, must be married before me, they say.[2] She tells them, that Mr. *Fondle* makes a Fool of me, and will spoil the Child, as she calls me, like a con-

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fident Thing as she is. In short, I am resolved to marry Mr. *Fondle,* if it be but to spite her. But because I would do nothing that is imprudent, I beg of you to give me your Answers to some Questions I will write down, and desire you to get them printed in the SPECTATOR, and I do not doubt but you will give such Advice as, I am sure, I shall follow.

'When Mr. *Fondle* looks upon me for half an Hour together, and calls me *Angel,* is he not in Love?'

Answer, *No.*

'May not I be certain he will be a kind Husband, that has promised me half my Portion in Pin-mony,[3] and to keep me a Coach and Six in the Bargain?'

No.

'Whether I, who have been acquainted with him this whole Year almost, am not a better Judge of his Merit, than my Father and Mother, who never heard him talk, but at Table?'

No.

'Whether I am not old enough to chuse for my self?'

No.

'Whether it would not have been rude in me to refuse a Lock of his Hair?'

No.

'Should not I be a very barbarous Creature, if I did not pity a Man that is always sighing for my Sake?'

No.

'Whether you would not advise me to run away with the poor Man?'

No.

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'Whether you do not think, that if I won't have him, he won't drown himself?'

No.

'What shall I say to him the next time he asks me if I will marry him?'

No.

The following Letter requires neither Introduction, nor Answer.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WONDER that, in the present Situation of Affairs, you can take Pleasure in writing any thing but News; for, in a Word, who minds any thing else? The Pleasure of increasing in Knowledge, and learning something new every Hour of Life, is the noblest Entertainment of a Rational Creature. I have a very good Ear for a Secret, and am naturally of a communicative Temper; by which Means I am capable of doing you great Services in this way. In order to make my self useful, I am early in the Antichamber, where I thrust my Head into the thick of the Press, and catch the News, at the

opening of the Door, while it is warm. Sometimes I stand by the Beef-Eaters,[1] and take the Buz as it passes by me. At other times I lay my Ear close to the Wall, and suck in many a valuable Whisper, as it runs in a streight Line from Corner to Corner. When I am weary with standing, I repair to one of the neighbouring Coffee-houses, where I sit sometimes for a whole Day, and have the News, as it comes from Court, fresh and fresh.[2] In short Sir, I spare no pains to know how the World goes. A Piece of News loses its Flavour when it hath been an Hour in the Air. I love, if I may so speak, to have it fresh from the Tree; and to convey it to my Friends before it is faded. Accordingly my Expences in Coach-hire make no small Article; which you may believe, when I assure you, that I post away from Coffee-house to Coffee-house, and forestall the *Evening-Post*[3] by two Hours. There is a certain Gentleman, who hath given me the slip twice or thrice, and hath been before-hand with me at *Child*'s. But I have played him a Trick. I have purchased

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a Pair of the best Coach-horses I could buy for Money, and now let him out-strip me if he can. Once more, Mr. SPECTATOR, let me advise you to deal in News. You may depend upon my Assistance. But I must break off abruptly, for I have twenty Letters to write.

Yours, in haste,

Tho. Quid-nunc.'[4]

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, 3. 6. 23–24 (altered): 'Plans amours from childhood'.

[1] For the Love-Casuist see No. 591.

135. 8: blackest] blakest

[2] ' "Miss," in Queen Anne's day, if not used of girls under ten, was a term of reproach, all young unmarried women being described as "Mistress" or "Madam" ' (Austin Dobson, *Steele: Selections,* 1885, p. 461). Lillie (i. 223–4) prints 'A TABLE of Titles and Distinctions for the information of the women of Great-Britain':

'Let all country-gentlewomen, without regard to more or less fortune, be contented to be called and wrote to only by the stile of Mistress.

'Let Madam govern independently in the city, except that the wifes and daughters of all tradesmen indifferently, wheresoever abiding, be admitted on the first demand to list under the said denomination.

'Let no woman accept of the title of Lady, unless her name be added, to prove her right to it.

'From whence the calling women ladies, without adding the name, will become a banter and scandal.

'Let no woman after the known age of twenty-one presume to admit of her being called miss, unless she can fairly prove she is not out of her sampler.

'Let every common maid-servant be plain Jane, Doll, or Sue, and let the betterborn, or higher placed in servitude, be distinguish'd by Mrs. Patience, Mrs. Prue, or Mrs. Abigal.

'Titles flowing from real honour support themselves.'

17–18: confident] coufident

[3] Cf. No. 295 (vol. iii).

[1] Yeomen of the Guard; also Warders of the Tower.

[2] For this reduplication cf. *OED*. The phrase is also used in No. 452 (iv. 92).

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[3] There was a newspaper with this title published in 1706 (*CBEL,* ii. 710), but the allusion here is more likely to the evening mail. 'For the Conveniency of those who live far from the *Post-Office,* there are particular *Post-houses* appointed to take in the Letters till 9 of the Clock at Night, to be sent from thence in due time to the General Post-Office' (Miege, 1707, p. 249).

137. 20: Letters] Leters

[4] 'One who is constantly asking, "What now? What's the news?'; hence, an inquisitive person; a gossip, a newsmonger' (*OED*). The earliest example in *OED* is from *Tatler* 10: 'The Insignificancy of my Manners to the rest of the World makes the Laughers call me a *Quid nunc,* a Phrase I shall never enquire what they mean by.'

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The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 626
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1714[1]

[GROVE]

... *Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.*

Ov. Met. *l*. I.

I HAVE seen a little Work of a learned Man, consisting of extemporary Speculations, which owed their Birth to the most trifling Occurrences of Life. His usual Method was, to write down any sudden Start of Thought which arose in his Mind upon the Sight of an odd Gesticulation in a Man, any whimsical Mimickry of Reason in a Beast, or whatever appeared remarkable in any Object of the visible Creation. He was able to moralize upon a Snuff-box, would flourish eloquently upon a Tucker or a Pair of Ruffles, and draw practical Inferences from a full-bottomed Perriwig.[2] This I thought fit to mention, by way of Excuse, for my ingenious Correspondent, who hath introduced the following Letter by an Image which, I will beg Leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in so serious and noble a Speculation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN I have seen young Puss playing her wanton Gambols, and with a thousand antick Shapes express her own Gaiety at the same time that she moved mine, while the old Grannum hath sat by with a most exemplary Gravity, unmoved at all that past; it hath made me reflect what should be the Occasion of Humours so opposite in two Creatures, between whom there was no visible

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Difference but that of Age; and I have been able to resolve it into nothing else but *the Force of Novelty*.[a]

[b]'In every Species of Creatures, those that have been least Time in the World, appear best pleased with their Condition; for, besides that to a new Comer the World hath a Freshness on it that strikes the Sense after a most agreeable Manner, *Being* it self, unattended with any great Variety of Enjoyments, excites a Sensation of Pleasure. But as Age advances, every thing seems to wither, the Senses are disgusted with their old Entertainments, and Existence

turns flat and insipid. We may see this exemplified in Mankind: The Child, let him be free from Pain, and gratified in his Change of Toys, is diverted with the smallest Trifle.[1] Nothing disturbs the Mirth of the Boy but a little Punishment or Confinement. The Youth must have more violent Pleasures to employ his Time; the Man loves the Hurry of an active Life, devoted to the Pursuits of Wealth or Ambition; and lastly, old Age, having lost its Capacity for these Avocations, becomes its own insupportable Burthen. This Variety may in part be accounted for by the Vivacity and Decay of the Faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, That the longer we have been in Possession of Being, the less sensible is the Gust we have of it, and the more it requires of adventitious Amusements to relieve us from the Satiety and Weariness it brings along with it.

[a]'And as Novelty is of a very powerful, so of a most extensive Influence. Moralists have long since observed it to be the Source of Admiration, which lessens in proportion to our Familiarity with Objects, and upon a thorough Acquaintance is utterly extinguished.[2] But I think it hath not been so commonly remarked, that all the other Passions depend considerably on the same Circumstance. What is it but Novelty that awakens Desire, enhances Delight, kindles Anger, provokes Envy, inspires Horror? To this Cause we must ascribe it, that Love languishes with Fruition, and Friendship it self is recommended by Intervals of Absence: Hence Monsters, by use, are beheld without loathing, and the most enchanting Beauty without Rapture.[3] That Emotion of the Spirits in which Passion consists, is usually the Effect of Surprize, and as long as it continues, heightens the agreeable or disagreeable Qualities of its

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Object; but as this Emotion ceases (and it ceases with the Novelty) things appear in another Light, and affect[b] us even less than might be expected from their proper Energy, for having moved us too much before.

'It may not be a useless Enquiry, how far the Love of Novelty is the unavoidable Growth of Nature, and in what Respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present State. To me it seems impossible, that a reasonable Creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any

Acquisitions whatever, without endeavouring farther; for after its highest Improvements, the Mind hath an Idea of an Infinity of things still behind worth knowing, to the Knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing up a Hill in the midst of a wide Plain, a Man hath his Prospect enlarged, and, together with that, the Bounds of his Desires. Upon this Account, I cannot think he detracts from the State of the Blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh Searches into Nature, and to Eternity advancing into the fathomless Depths of the Divine Perfections. In this Thought there is nothing but what doth Honour to these glorified Spirits; provided still it be remembered, that their Desire of More proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess; and the Pleasure of a new Enjoyment is not with them measured by its Novelty, (which is a thing meerly foreign and accidental) but by its real intrinsick Value. After an Acquaintance of many thousand Years with the Works of God, the Beauty and Magnificence of the Creation fills them with the same pleasing Wonder and profound Awe, which *Adam* felt himself seized with as he first opened his Eyes upon this glorious Scene. Truth captivates with unborrow'd Charms, and whatever hath once given Satisfaction will always do it: In all which they have manifestly the Advantage of us, who are so much governed by sickly and changeable Appetites, that we can with the greatest Coldness behold the stupendous Displays of Omnipotence, and be in Transports at the puny Essays of humane Skill; throw aside Speculations of the sublimest Nature and vastest Importance into some obscure Corner of the Mind, to make Room for new Notions of no Consequence at all; are even tired of Health, because not enlivened with alternate Pain, and prefer the first Reading of an indifferent Author, to the second or third Perusal of one whose

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Merit and Reputation are established.

'Our being thus formed serves many useful Purposes in the present State. It contributes not a little to the Advancement of Learning; for, as *Cicero* takes Notice, That which makes Men willing to undergo the Fatigues of Philosophical Disquisitions, is not so much the Greatness of Objects as their Novelty.[1] It is not enough that there is Field and Game for the Chace, and that the Understanding is prompted with a restless Thirst of Knowledge, effectually to rouse the Soul, sunk into a State of Sloth and Indolence;

it is also necessary that there be an uncommon Pleasure annex'd to the first Appearance of Truth in the Mind. This Pleasure being requisite for the Time it lasts, but transient, it hereby comes to pass that the Mind grows into an Indifference to its former Notions, and passes on after new Discoveries, in hope of repeating the Delight. It is with Knowledge as with Wealth, the Pleasure of which lies more in making endless Additions, than in taking a Review of our old Store. There are some Inconveniences that follow this Temper, if not guarded against, particularly this, that through a too great Eagerness of something new, we are many times impatient of staying long enough upon a Question that requires some time to resolve it, or, which is worse, perswade ourselves that we are Masters of the Subject before we are so, only to be at the Liberty of going upon a fresh Scent; in Mr. *Lock*'s Words, *We see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the Conclusion.*[1]

[a]'A farther Advantage of our Inclination for Novelty, as at present circumstantiated, is, that it annihilates all the boasted Distinctions among Mankind. Look not up with Envy to those above thee. Sounding Titles, stately Buildings, fine Gardens, gilded Chariots, rich Equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the Possessor: To him that is accustomed to them they are cheap and regardless[b] Things: They supply him not with brighter Images, or more sublime Satisfactions than the plain Man may have, whose small Estate will just enable him to support the Charge of a simple unencumber'd Life. He enters heedless into his Rooms of State, as you or I do under our poor Sheds. The noble Paintings and costly

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Furniture are lost on him; he sees them not: As how can it be otherwise, when, by Custom, a Fabrick infinitely more grand and finished, that of the Universe, stands unobserved by the Inhabitants, and the everlasting Lamps of Heaven are lighted up in vain, for any Notice that Mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent Nature, which not only placed her Children originally upon a Level, but still, by the Strength of this Principle, in a great measure preserves it, in spite of all the Care of Man, to introduce artificial Distinctions.

'To add no more, Is not this Fondness for Novelty, which makes us out of Conceit with all we already have, a convincing Proof of a future State? Either Man was made in vain, or this is not the only World he was made for: For there cannot be a greater Instance of Vanity, than that to which Man is liable, to be deluded from the Cradle to the Grave[1] with fleeting Shadows of Happiness. His Pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the Possession, and fresh Enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his Life with Satisfaction. When I see Persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of Force to chain down the present Thought; when I see them hurry from Country to Town, and then from the Town back again into the Country, continually shifting Postures, and placing Life in all the different Lights they can think of; *Surely,* say I to my self, *Life is vain, and the Man beyond Expression stupid or prejudic'd, who from the Vanity of Life cannot gather, He is designed for Immortality.*'[2]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 4. 284: With sweet novelty your taste I'll please.

EUSDEN.

138. 5: Gesticulation] Gesti-/fication

[2] Morley found an allusion here to the *Meditations* of Robert Boyle.

[a] *Italics added in 8vo and 12mo*

[b] *No paragraph in Fol.*

[1] Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, ii. 275–82.

[a] *No paragraph in Fol.*

[2] See Clarence D. Thorpe, 'Addison and some of his predecessors on "novelty" ', *PMLA,* lii (1937), 1114–29.

[3] Cf. *Essay on Man*, ii. 217–20.

139. 27: disagreeable] disagree-/ble

[b] affect] *12mo*; affects *Fol., 8vo*

140. 6: Desires.] Desirres.

7: detracts] detacts

36: not] not not

[1] This has not been located.

[1] This quotation is cited in *OED* solely on the authority of the *Spectator.* I have not traced it in Locke.

[a] *No paragraph in Fol.*

141. 21: They] The

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36: Distinctions.] Dictinctions.

[1] The earliest example of this phrase in *OED* is from *Tatler* 52, paragraph 4.

[2] Johnson thought this essay 'one of the finest pieces in the English language' (Boswell, iii. 33). Among the Tickell papers is a letter dated 4 Dec. 1714 addressed to Mr. Spectator commenting on this number and demonstrating that none of the professions can satisfy this desire for novelty.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 627
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1714[3]

[TICKELL]

Tantum inter densas umbrosa cammina fagos
Assidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita solus
Montibus et Sylvis studio jactabat inani.

Virg.

THE following Account, which came to my Hands some time ago, may be no disagreeable Entertainment to such of my Readers, as have tender Hearts and nothing to do.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

'A Friend of mine died of a Feaver last Week, which he caught by walking too late in a dewy Evening amongst his Reapers. I must inform you that his greatest Pleasure was in Husbandry and Gardening. He had some Humours which seemed inconsistent with that good Sense he was otherwise Master of. His Uneasiness in the Company of Women was very remarkable in a Man of such perfect Good-breeding; and his avoiding one particular Walk in his Garden, where he had used to pass the greatest Part of his Time, raised abundance of idle Conjectures in the Village where he lived. Upon looking over his Papers we found out the Reason, which he never intimated to his nearest Friends. He was, it seems, a passionate Lover in his Youth, of which a large Parcel of Letters he left behind him are a Witness. I send you a Copy of the last he ever wrote upon that Subject, by which you will find that he concealed the true Name of his Mistress under that of *Zelinda.*'

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a

A Long Month's Absence would be insupportable to me, if the Business I am employed in were not for the Service of my Zelinda, *and of such a Nature as to place her every Moment in my Mind. I have furnished the House exactly according to your Fancy, or, if you please, my own; for I have long since learned to like nothing but what you do. The Apartment designed for your Use is so exact a Copy of that which you live in, that I often think my self in your House when I step into it, but sigh when I find it without its proper Inhabitant. You will have the most delicious Prospect from your Closet-Window that* England *affords; I am sure I should think it so, if the Landskip that shows such Variety, did not at the same Time suggest to me the Greatness of the Space that lies between us.*

The Gardens are laid out very beautifully; I have dressed up every Hedge in Wood-bines, sprinkled Bowers and Arbours in every Corner, and made a little Paradise round me; yet I am still like the first Man in his Solitude, but half blest without a Partner in my Happiness. I have directed one Walk to be made for two Persons, where I promise ten thousand Satisfactions to my self in your Conversation. I already take my Evening's Turn in it, and have worn a Path upon the Edge of this little Alley, while I soothed my self with the Thought of your walking by my Side. I have held many imaginary Discourses with you in this Retirement; and when I have been weary, have sate down with you in the midst of a Row of Jessamine. The many Expressions

of Joy and Rapture I use in these silent Conversations, have made me for some Time the Talk of the Parish; but a neighbouring young Fellow, who makes Love to the Farmer's Daughter, hath found me out, and made my Case known to the whole Neighbourhood.

In planting of the Fruit-Trees I have not forgot the Peach you are so fond of. I have made a Walk of Elms along the River Side, and intend to sow all the Place about it with Cowslips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your Father's House in the Country.

Oh! Zelinda, *What a Scheme of Delight have I drawn up in my Imagination! What Day-dreams do I indulge my self in! When will the Six Weeks be at an End, that lie between me and my promised Happiness?*

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Company in a Crowd, than I have in my Solitude.

I am, &c.[a]

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And underneath the Beechen Shade, alone,
Thus to the Woods and Mountains made his moan,

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In No. 365 (vol. iii) Zelinda was the name of the lady courted unsuccessfully by the Yorkshire gentleman.

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The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 628
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are none of your Speculations which please me more than those upon Infinitude and Eternity.[2] You have already

considered that Part of Eternity which is past, and I wish you would give us your Thoughts upon that which is to come.

'Your Readers will perhaps receive greater Pleasure from this View of Eternity than the former, since we have every one of us a Concern in that which is to come, whereas a Speculation on that which is past is rather curious than useful.

'Besides, we can easily conceive it possible for successive Duration never to have an End; tho' as you have justly observed, that Eternity which never had a Beginning is altogether incomprehensible: [1] That is, we can conceive an Eternal Duration which *may be,* though we cannot an Eternal Duration which *hath been;* or, if I may use the Philosophical Terms, we may apprehend a *Potential* though not an *Actual* Eternity.

'This Notion of a future Eternity, which is natural to the Mind of Man, is an unanswerable Argument that he is a Being designed

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for it; especially if we consider that he is capable of being Virtuous or Vicious here; that he hath Faculties improvable to all Eternity, and by a proper or wrong Employment of them may be happy or miserable throughout that infinite Duration. Our Idea indeed of this Eternity is not of an adequate or fixed Nature, but is perpetually growing and enlarging it self toward the Object, which is too big for human Comprehension. As we are now in the Beginnings of Existence, so shall we always appear to our selves as if we were for ever entring upon it. After a Million or two of Centuries, some considerable Things, already past, may slip out of our Memory; which, if it be not strengthened in a wonderful Manner, may possibly forget that ever there was a Sun or Planets. And yet, notwithstanding the long Race that we shall then have run, we shall still imagine our selves just starting from the Goal, and find no Proportion between that Space which we know had a Beginning, and what we are sure will never have an End.

'But I shall leave this Subject to your Management, and question not but you will throw it into such Lights as shall at once improve and entertain your Reader.

'I have enclos'd sent you a Translation of the Speech of *Cato* on this Occasion, which hath accidentally fallen into my Hands, and which for Conciseness, Purity, and Elegance of Phrase cannot be sufficiently admired.[2]

Act. V. Sc. I.

CATO *solus,* &c. *SIC, sic se habere rem necesse prorsus est,*
Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, Plato.
Quid enim dedisset, Quæ dedit frustra nihil,
Æternitatis insitam cupidinem
Natura? Quorsum hæc dulcis Expectatio;
Vitæque non explenda melioris sitis?
Quid vult sibi aliud iste redeundi in nihil
Horror, sub imis quemque agens precordiis?
Cur territa in se refugit anima, cur tremit
Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet?
Particula nempe est cuique nascenti indita
Divinior; quæ corpus incolens agit;

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Hominique succinit, tua est Æternitas.
Æternitas! O lubricum nimis aspici,
Mixtumque dulci Gaudium formidine.
Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?
Quæ Terra mox incognita? Quis orbis novus
Manet incollendus? Quanta erit mutatio?
Hæc intuenti spatia mihi quaquà patent
Immensa: Sed caliginosa nox premit;
Nec luce clarâ vult videri singula.
Figendus hìc pes; certa sunt hæc hactenus:

Si quod gubernet Numen Humanum genus,
(At, quod gubernet, esse clamant omnia)
Virtute non gaudere certé non potest:
Nec esse non Beata, quâ gaudet, potest.
Sed quâ Beata sede? Quove in tempore?
Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota est Cæsaris.
Quid dubius hæret animus usque adeo? Brevi
Hic nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en induor

[Ensi manum admovens,

In utramque partem facta; quæque vim inferant,
Et quæ propulsent! Dextera intentat necem;
Vitam sinistra: Vulnus hæc dabit manus;
Altera medelam vulneris: Hic ad exitum
Deducet, ictu simplici; hæc vetant mori.
Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
Ensesque strictes, interire nescia.
Extinguet ætas sidera diuturnior:
Ætate languens ipse Sol, obscurius
Emittet Orbi consenescenti jubar:
Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices
Ætatis, annis ipsa deficiet gravis:
At tibi Juventus, at tibi immortalitas,
Tibi parta Divum est vita. Periment mutuis
Elementa sese, et interibunt ictibus:
Tu permanebis sola semper integra,
Tu cuneta rerum quassa, cuneta naufraga,
Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere.
Compage ruptâ, corruent in se invicem,

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Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus;
Illæsa tu sedebis extra Fragmina.

***Act* V. *Scene* I.**

***CATO alone,* &c.**

IT must be so—*Plato,* thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This Longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on herself, and startles at Destruction?

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, Thought!

Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass![a]
The wide, th' unbounded Prospect, lies before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where!—This World was made for *Cæsar.*
I'm weary of Conjectures—This must end 'em.
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my Death and Life,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me:
This in a Moment brings me to an End;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.
The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,

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Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles*, 1. 2. 43: Still that rouls on and will for ever roul.

[2] Nos. 565, 571, 580 (vol. iv), and 590.

[1] No. 590 (v. 18–19).

[2] Addison's play; this is the entire first scene of Act V. The Latin translation has been attributed to Bishop Atterbury (*Biographia Britannica,* 2nd ed., 1778, ed. Kippis, i. 50) and one Jenison (*Gent. Mag.,* June 1782, lii. 289), but it is almost certainly by Henry Bland.

> This beautiful translation, which fame and Dr. Kippis have attributed to Bishop Atterbury (and which on that authority and on oral tradition in the University of Oxford, I had printed as his in the 'Select Collection of Poems,' vol. V, p. 6), I afterwards found reason (vol. VIII, p. 302) to ascribe to Dr. Henry Bland, head master of Eton school, Provost of the college there, and Dean of Durham (to whom it is also without hesitation ascribed by the last and best Biographer of Addison); and have since had the honour of being assured by Mr. Walpole 'that it was the work of Bland; and that he has more than once heard his father Sir Robert Walpole say, that it was he himself who gave that translation to Mr. Addison, who was extremely surprised at the fidelity and beauty of it' (Nichols).

This note of Nichols had also appeared in *Gent. Mag.,* July 1782, lii. 335–6. Dr. Henry Bland was admitted from Eton to King's College in 1695, was rector of Harpley (Norfolk) from 1715 until his death in 1746, and was appointed headmaster of Eton in 1719. At about the time of the publication of this translation he may have been headmaster of Doncaster School. He was installed Dean of Durham in 1727 and died on 24 May 1746. See Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, iii. 661–2. His name is among the subscribers to Lillie's *Letters* in 1725.

[a] *In Fol. these two lines were placed with the preceding paragraph and a new paragraph begun at the following line.*

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 629
MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

... Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latinâ.

Juv.

NEXT to the People who want a Place, there are none to be pitied more than those who are solicited for one. A plain

Answer, with a Denial in it, is looked upon as Pride, and a civil Answer as a Promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the Pretensions of People upon these Occasions. Every thing a Man hath suffered, whilst his Enemies were in play, was certainly brought about by the Malice of the opposite Party. A bad Cause would not have been lost, if such an one had not been upon the Bench; nor a profligate Youth disinherited, if he had not got drunk every Night by toasting an outed Ministry. I remember a Tory, who having been fined in a Court of Justice for a Prank that deserved the Pillory, desired upon the Merit of it to be made a Justice of Peace when his Friends came into Power; and shall never forget a Whig Criminal, who, upon being indicted for a Rape, told his Friends, *You see what a Man suffers for sticking to his Principles.*

The Truth of it is, the Sufferings of a Man in a Party are of a very doubtful Nature. When they are such as have promoted a good Cause, and fallen upon a Man undeservedly, they have a Right to

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be heard and recompensed beyond any other Pretensions. But when they rise out of Rashness or Indiscretion, and the Pursuit of such Measures, as have rather ruined, than promoted the Interest they aim at, (which hath always been the Case of many great Sufferers) they only serve to recommend them to the Children of Violence or Folly.

I have by me a Bundle of Memorials presented by several Cavaliers upon the Restauration of K. *Charles* II. which may serve, as so many[a] Instances, to our present Purpose.

Among several Persons and Pretensions recorded by my Author, he mentions one of a very great Estate, who, for having roasted an Ox whole, and distributed a Hogshead upon K. *Charles*'s Birth Day, desired to be provided for, as his Majesty in his great Wisdom shall think fit.

Another put in to be Prince *Henry*'s Governour, for having dared to drink his Health in the worst of Times.[1]

A Third petitioned for a Colonel's Commission, for having

cursed *Oliver Cromwell,* the Day before his Death, on a publick Bowling-Green.

But the most whimsical Petition I have met with is that of *B. B.* Esq; who desired the Honour of Knighthood, for having Cuckolded Sir *T. W.* a notorious *Roundhead.*

There is likewise the Petition of one, who, having let his Beard grow from the Martyrdom of K. *Charles* the First, till the Restauration of K. *Charles* the Second, desired, in Consideration thereof, to be made a Privy-Counsellor.

I must not omit a Memorial setting forth, that the Memorialist had, with great dispatch, carried a Letter from a certain Lord to a certain Lord, wherein, as it afterwards appeared, Measures were concerted for the Restauration, and without which he verily believes that happy Revolution had never been effected; who thereupon humbly prays to be made Post-Master-General.

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A certain Gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of Spirit, and uses the Words *Gallantry* and *Gentleman like* very often in his Petition, begs, that (in Consideration of his having worn his Hat for ten Years past in the Loyal Cavalier Cock, to his great Danger and Detriment) he may be made a Captain of the Guards.

I shall close my Account of this Collection of Memorials, with the Copy of one Petition at Length, which I recommend to my Reader as a very valuable Piece.

The Petition of E.H. Esq; humbly Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioners Father's Brother's Uncle, Colonel *W.H.* lost the Third Finger of his Left Hand at *Edge-hill* Fight.[1]

'That your Petitioner, notwithstanding the smallness of his Fortune, (he being a younger Brother) always kept Hospitality, and drank Confusion to the Roundheads in half a Score Bumpers every *Sunday* in the Year, as several honest Gentlemen (whose Names are under-written) are ready to testifie.

'That your Petitioner is remarkable in his Country for having dared to treat Sir *P.P.* a cursed Sequestrator,[2] and three Members of the Assembly of Divines,[3] with Brawn and Minced Pies[4] upon *New-Year*'s Day.

'That your said humble Petitioner hath been five times imprisoned in five several County-Goals, for having been a Ring-leader in five different Riots; into which his Zeal for the Royal Cause hurried him, when Men of greater Estates had not the Courage to rise.

That he, the said *E.H.* hath had six Duels and four and twenty Boxing-Matches in Defence of His Majesty's Title; and that he received such a Blow upon the Head at a Bonfire in *Stratford* upon *Avon,* as he hath been never the better for from that Day to this.

'That your Petitioner hath been so far from improving his Fortune, in the late damnable times, that he verily believes, and hath good Reason to imagine, that if he had been Master of an

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Estate, he had infallibly been plundered and sequestred.

'Your Petitioner, in Consideration of his said Merits and Sufferings, humbly requests that he may have the Place of Receiver of the Taxes, Collector of the Customs, Clerk of the Peace, Deputy Lieutenant, or whatsoever else he shall be thought qualified for.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, *&c.*'

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NOTES

[a] as so many] as to many *Fol.*

[1] Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, the third son of Charles I, was born in 1640 and died in Sept. 1660.

[1] *Motto.* Juvenal, *Satires*, 1. 170–1: I shall try to see that what I may write is against those whose ashes are covered by the Flaminian and Latin ways.

[1] For the battle of Edgehill (1642) cf. No. 299 (iii. 70).

[2] Here the reference would be to the depriving the clergy of benefices under the Commonwealth.

[3] The Westminster Assembly, appointed by the Long Parliament in 1643, to aid in settling the government and liturgy of the Church of England.

[4] The symbols of anti-puritan feasting after the overthrow of the Commonwealth. Cf. Butler's *Hudibras*, 1. i. 223–6:

Rather than fail, they will defie
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with *minc'd Pies,* and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, *Plumb-porridge.*

This humorous account of the petitions to Charles II from persons who had suffered in the Royalist cause during the Civil Wars is obviously pointed toward the contemporary situation after the accession of George I, when the Whig leaders, out of place since 1710, were being besieged with requests for favours from those who had been neglected during the past four years. Among the Tickell MSS. is a 'Letter to J. A——n Esq', protesting against the 'banter' of this number of the *Spectator*:

> How Barbarous—How cruel—& how unworthy of Mr Ad——n is it, to insult over men who are unfortunate enough allready in being neglected by those, who promis'd Them every thing at a time when they had nothing to give? What can any one think of a paper, coming from so considerable a man at Court, but that it is a declaration dictated by some great men, in order to free them from their *place Dunns* all at once?

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 630

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1714[1]

Favete linguis ... .

Hor.

HAVING no spare Time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is sent me by others, I have thought fit to publish the following Letters.

SIR,Oxford, Novemb. 22.

'IF you would be so kind to me, as to suspend that Satisfaction, which the Learned World must receive in reading one of your Speculations, by publishing this Endeavour, you will very much oblige and improve one, who has the Boldness to hope, that he may be admitted into the Number of your Correspondents.

'I have often wondered to hear Men of good Sense and good Nature profess a Dislike to Musick, when, at the same time, they do not scruple to own, that it has the most agreeable and improving Influences over their Minds: It seems to me an unhappy Contradiction, that those Persons should have an Indifference for an Art, which raises in them such a Variety of sublime Pleasures.

'However, though some few, by their own or the unreasonable Prejudices of others, may be led into a Distaste for those Musical Societies which are erected merely for Entertainment, yet sure I may venture to say, that no one can have the least Reason for Disaffection to that solemn kind of Melody which consists of the

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Praises of our Creator.

'You have, I presume, already prevented me in an Argument upon this Occasion, (which some Divines have successfully advanced upon a much greater) that Musical Sacrifice and Adoration has claimed a Place in the Laws and Customs of the most different Nations: As the *Grecians* and *Romans* of the Prophane, the *Jews* and *Christians* of the Sacred World did as unanimously agree in this, as they disagreed in all other Parts of their Œconomy.

'I know there are not wanting some who are of Opinion, that the pompous kind of Musick which is in Use in foreign Churches is the most excellent, as it most affects our Senses. But I am swayed by

my Judgment to the Modesty which is observed in the musical Part of our Devotions. Methinks there is something very laudable in the Custom of a *Voluntary* before the First Lesson; by this we are supposed to be prepared for the Admission of those Divine Truths, which we are shortly to receive. We are then to cast all worldly Regards from off our Hearts, all Tumults within are then becalmed, and there should be nothing near the Soul but Peace and Tranquility. So that in this short Office of Praise, the Man is raised above himself, and is almost lost already amidst the Joys of Futurity.

'I have heard some nice Observers frequently commend the Polity of our Church in this Particular, that it leads us on by such easie and regular Methods, that we are perfectly deceived into Piety. When the Spirits begin to languish (as they too often do) with a constant Series of Petitions, she takes care to allow them a pious Respite, and relieves them with the Raptures of an Anthem. Nor can we doubt that the sublimest Poetry, softened in the most moving Strains of Musick, can ever fail of humbling or exalting the Soul to any Pitch of Devotion. Who can hear the Terrors of the Lord of Hosts described in the most expressive Melody without being awed into a Veneration? or who can hear the kind and endearing Attributes of a merciful Father, and not be softened into Love towards him?

'As the rising and sinking of the Passions, the casting soft or noble Hints into the Soul, is the natural Privilege of Musick in general, so more particularly of that kind which is employed at the

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Altar. Those Impressions which it leaves upon the Spirits are more deep and lasting, as the Grounds from which it receives its Authority are founded more upon Reason. It diffuses a Calmness all around us, it makes us drop all those vain or immodest Thoughts which would be an hindrance to us in the Performance of that great Duty of Thanksgiving, which, as we are informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the most acceptable Return which can be made for those infinite Stores of Blessings which he daily condescends to pour down upon his Creatures.[1] When we make Use of this pathetical Method of addressing our selves to him, we can scarce contain from Raptures! The Heart is warmed with a Sublimity of Goodness! We are all Piety and all Love!

'How do the Blessed Spirits rejoice and wonder to behold unthinking Man prostrating his Soul to his dread Sovereign in such a Warmth of Piety as they themselves might not be ashamed of!

'I shall close these Reflections with a Passage taken out of the Third Book of *Milton*'s *Paradise Lost*, where those harmonious Beings are thus nobly described.'

Then Crown'd again their Gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet
Of Charming Symphony they introduce
The Sacred Song, and waken Raptures high;
No one exempt, no Voice but well could join
Melodious part, such Concord is in Heav'n.[1]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Town cannot be unacquainted, that in divers Parts of it there are vociferous Setts of Men who are called *Rattling Clubs*; but what shocks me most is, they have now the Front to invade the Church and institute these Societies there, as a Clan of them have in late times done, to such a degree of Insolence, as has given the Partition where they reside in a Church near one of the City Gates, the Denomination of the *Rattling Pew.* These gay Fellows, from humble Lay Professions, set up for Criticks without any Tincture of Letters or Reading, and have the Vanity to think they

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can lay hold of something from the Parson, which may be formed into Ridicule.

'It is needless to observe, that the Gentlemen who every *Sunday* have the hard Province of Instructing these Wretches in a way they are in no present Disposition to take, have a fixt Character for Learning and Eloquence, not to be tainted by the weak Efforts of this Contemptible Part of their Audiences. Whether the Pulpit is taken by these Gentlemen, or any Strangers their Friends, the way of the Club is this: If any Sentiments are delivered too Sublime for their Conceptions,[a] if any uncommon Topick is entered on, or one in use new modified with the finest Judgment and Dexterity, or any controverted Point be never so elegantly handled, in short,

whatever surpasses the narrow Limits of their Theology, or is not suited to their Taste, they are all immediately upon their Watch, fixing their Eyes upon each other, with as much Warmth as our Gladiators of *Hockley in the Hole*,[1] and waiting like them for a Hit; if one touches, all take Fire, and their Noddles instantly meet in the Centre of the Pew; then, as by beat of Drum, with exact Discipline, they rear up into a full length of Stature, and with odd Looks and Gesticulations confer together in so loud and clamorous a manner, continued to the close of the Discourse, and during the After-Psalm,[2] as is not to be Silenced but by the Bells. Nor does this suffice them, without aiming to propagate their Noise through all the Church, by Signals given to the adjoyning Seats, where others designed for this Fraternity are sometimes placed upon Tryal to receive them.

'The Folly as well as Rudeness of this Practice is in nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that follows in the Sermon is lost; for whenever our Sparks take Alarm, they blaze out and grow so Tumultuous, that no After-Explanation can avail, it being impossible for themselves or any near them to give an[a] Account thereof. If any thing really Novel is advanced, how averse soever it may be to their way of thinking, to say nothing of Duty, Men of less Levity than these would be led by a natural Curiosity to hear the whole.

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'Laughter, where things Sacred are transacted, is far less pardonable than Whining[3] at a Conventicle; the last has at least a Semblance of Grace, and where the Affectation is unseen may possibly imprint wholsome Lessons on the Sincere; but the first has no Excuse, breaking through all the Rules of Order and Decency, and manifesting a Remissness of Mind in those important Matters, which require the strictest Composure and Steadiness of Thought: a Proof of the greatest Folly in the World.

'I shall not here enter upon the Veneration due to the Sanctity of the Place, the Reverence owing the Minister, or the Respect that so great an Assembly as a whole Parish may justly claim. I shall only tell them, that, as the *Spanish* Cobler, to reclaim a profligate Son, bid him *have some regard to the Dignity of his Family*;[4] so[b] they,

as Gentlemen (for we Citizens assume to be such one Day in a Week, are bound for the future to Repent of, and Abstain from the gross Abuses here mentioned, whereof they have been Guilty in Contempt of Heaven and Earth, and contrary to the Laws in this Case made and provided.

I am, SIR,

Your very Humble Servant,

R. M.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, 3. 1. 2: Be silent.

This was used as the motto of *Tatler* 264.

No authorship is assigned for this number in the Tickell MS. The two letters are probably genuine contributions, with an introductory sentence by Tickell.

152. 4: *Novemb.* 22.] *Novemb* 22.

153. 11: Polity] Policy

[1] This may be, as Nichols suggests, a reference to the Proclamation, issued shortly before the publication of this paper, announcing a thanksgiving to be observed on 20 January 1715 for King George's accession. The proclamation is dated from St. James's on 6 Dec. (*Political State*, viii. 523).

[1] *Paradise Lost*, iii. 365–71 (369–70: Their sacred Song, and waken raptures high; / No voice exempt …).

[a] their Conceptions,] their shallow Conceptions, *Fol.*

[1] Cf. No. 436 (vol. iv).

[2] Here apparently the hymn following the sermon.

[a] an] any *Fol.*

[3] A stock charge against the Dissenters.

[4] See L'Estrange, *Fables*, ii. 133.

[b] so] for *Fol.*

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 631

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

Simplex Munditiis …

Hor.

I HAD occasion to go a few Miles out of Town some Days since in a Stage-Coach, where I had for my Fellow-Travellers a dirty Beau, and a pretty young Quaker Woman. Having no Inclination to Talk much at that time, I placed my self backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a Speculation out of my two Companions. Their different Figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my Attention. The Gentleman was dressed in a Suit, the Ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few Spaces that had escaped the Powder which was incorporated with the greatest part of his Coat: His Periwig, which cost no small Sum,[2] was after so slovenly a manner cast over his Shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the Year 1712; his Linnen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain *Spanish*[3] from the Chin to the lowest Button, and the Diamond upon his Finger (which naturally dreaded the Water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the Rubbish of the Mine where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the Elegance of Cleanliness. Not a Speck was to be found upon her. A clear, clean, oval Face, just edged about with little thin Plaits of the purest

Cambrick, received great Advantages from the Shade of her black Hood; as did the Whiteness of her Arms from that sober coloured

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Stuff in which she had Cloathed her self. The Plainness of her Dress was very well suited to the Simplicity of her Phrases; all which, put together, though they could not give me a great Opinion of her Religion, they did of her Innocence.

This Adventure occasioned my throwing together a few Hints upon *Cleanliness,* which I shall consider as one of the *Half-Virtues*, as *Aristotle* calls them,[1] and shall recommend it under the three following Heads. As it is a Mark of Politeness: As it produces Love: and as it bears Analogy to Purity of Mind.

First, It is a Mark of Politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one unadorned with this Virtue can go into Company without giving a manifest Offence. The easier or higher any one's Fortune is, this Duty rises proportionably. The different Nations of the World are as much distinguished by their Cleanliness, as by their Arts and Sciences. The more any Country is civilized, the more they consult this part of Politeness. We need but compare our Ideas of a Female *Hottentot* and an *English* Beauty, to be satisfied of the Truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next Place Cleanliness may be said to be the Foster-Mother of Love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that Passion in the Mind, but Cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent Face and Person, kept in perpetual Neatness, hath won many a Heart from a pretty Slattern. Age it self is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied: Like a Piece of Metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more Pleasure than on a new Vessel that is canker'd with Rust.

I might observe farther, that as Cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to our selves; that it is an excellent Preservative of Health; and that several Vices, destructive both to Mind and Body, are inconsistent with the Habit of it. But these Reflections I shall leave to the Leisure of my Readers, and shall observe in the Third Place, That it bears a great Analogy with Purity of Mind, and naturally inspires refined Sentiments and Passions.

We find from Experience, that through the Prevalence of Custom,

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the most vicious Actions lose their Horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who five in the Neighbourhood of good Examples, fly from the first Appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same Manner as to our Ideas. Our Senses, which are the Inlets to all the Images conveyed to the Mind, can only transmit the Impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied Thoughts are naturally suggested to the Mind, by those Objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the East, where the Warmth of the Climate makes Cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder Countries, it is made one Part of their Religion: The *Jewish* Law, (and the *Mahometan*, which in some Things copies after it) is filled with Bathings, Purifications, and other Rites of the like Nature.[1] Though there is the above-named convenient Reason to be assigned for these Ceremonies, the chief Intention undoubtedly was to typifie inward Purity and Cleanness of Heart by those outward Washings. We read several Injunctions of this Kind in the Book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this Truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the Desart, which otherwise could not have been habitable for so many Years.[2]

I shall conclude this Essay, with a Story which I have somewhere read in an Account of *Mahometan* Superstitions.[3]

A *Dervise* of great Sanctity one Morning had the Misfortune as he took up a Chrystal Cup, which was consecrated to the Prophet, to let it fall upon the Ground, and dash it in Pieces. His Son coming in, some time after, he stretched out his Hands to bless him, as his manner was every Morning; but the Youth going out, stumbled over the Threshhold and broke his Arm. As the old Man wondered at these Events, a Caravan passed by in its way from *Mecca.* The *Dervise* approached it to beg a Blessing; but as he stroaked one of the holy Camels, he received a Kick from the Beast, that sorely bruised him. His Sorrow and Amazement increased upon him, till he recollected that through Hurry and Inadvertency he had that Morning come abroad, without washing his Hands.

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NOTES

[1] Motto. Horace, *Odes*, 1. 5. 5: Neat without the help of Art. CREECH.

A note in Addison's hand, 'Cleanliness < > at home', survives among the Tickell MSS. (Hodgart, p. 382). The present number is either an essay by Addison or a reworking by Tickell of notes left him by Addison.

[2] Cf. *Tatler* 54, where a wig is reported as costing forty guineas.

[3] I.e. snuff. Cf. No. 275 (ii. 571).

[1] Aristotle, *Ethica Nicomachea,* 4. 9. 8 (1128b33). Plutarch, 'On Moral Virtue', speaking of temperance, says that the philosophers 'do not account self-control even a virtue in the absolute sense, but less than a virtue' (*Moralia,* 445c).

157. 10: Love:] Love;

158. 10: makes] ∼ *12mo*; make *8vo*

[1] See Chardin's *Voyages* (Amsterdam, 1711), vii. 105 ff.

[2] I have not located this among the commentators.

[3] Byron Porter Smith (*Islam in English Literature*, 1939) mentions this as an example of the moralistic tale in the Oriental style but says nothing of its source.

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The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 632
MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

... *Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*

Virg.

THE Love of Symmetry and Order, which is natural to the Mind of Man, betrays him sometimes into very whimsical Fancies. *This noble Principle,* says a *French* Author, *loves to amuse it self on the most trifling Occasions. You may see a profound Philosopher,* says he, *walk for an Hour together in his Chamber, and industriously treading, at every Step, upon every other Board in the Flooring*.[2] Every Reader will recollect several Instances of this Nature without my Assistance. I think it was *Gregorio Leti* who had published as many Books as he was Years old;[3] which was a Rule he had laid down and punctually observed to the Year of his Death. It was, perhaps, a Thought of the like Nature which determined *Homer* himself to divide each of his Poems into as many Books as there are Letters in the *Greek* Alphabet.[4] *Herodotus* has in the same manner adapted his Books to the Number of the *Muses,* for which Reason many a Learned Man hath wished there had been more than Nine of that Sisterhood.[5]

Several *Epic* Poets have religiously followed *Virgil* as to the Number of his Books; and even *Milton* is thought by many to have changed the Number of his Books from Ten to Twelve for no other Reason;[6] as *Cowley* tells us, it was His Design, had he finished his

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Davideis, to have also imitated the *Æneid in this* Particular.[7] I believe every one will agree with me, that a Perfection of this Nature hath

no Foundation in Reason; and, with due Respect to these great Names, may be looked upon as something whimsical.

I mention these great Examples in Defence of my Bookseller, who occasioned this Eighth Volume of *Spectators,* because, as he said, he thought Seven a very Odd Number. On the other Side, several grave Reasons were urged on this important Subject; as in particular, that Seven was the precise Number of the Wise Men, and that the most beautiful Constellation in the Heavens was composed of Seven Stars. This he allowed to be true; but still insisted, that Seven was an Odd Number; suggesting at the same time, that if he were provided with a sufficient Stock of leading Papers, he should find Friends ready enough to carry on the Work. Having by this means got his Vessel launched and set afloat, he hath committed the Steerage of it from time to time to such as he thought capable of conducting it.

The Close of this Volume, which the Town may now expect in a little time, may possibly ascribe each Sheet to its proper Author.

It were no hard Task to continue this Paper a considerable Time longer, by the Help of large Contributions sent from unknown Hands.

I cannot give the Town a better Opinion of the SPECTATOR's Correspondents, than by publishing the following Letter, with a very fine Copy of Verses upon a Subject perfectly new.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Dublin,* Nov. 30. 1714.

'YOU lately recommended to your Female Readers, the good old Custom of their Grandmothers, who used to lay out a great Part of their Time in Needle-Work: [1] I entirely agree with you in your Sentiments, and think it would not be of less Advantage to themselves, and their Posterity, than to the Reputation of many of their good Neighbours, if they past many of those Hours in this innocent Entertainment, which are lost at the Tea-Table. I would,

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however, humbly offer to your Consideration, the Case of the Poetical Ladies; who, though they may be willing to take any Advice given them by the SPECTATOR, yet can't so easily quit their Pen and Ink, as you may imagine. Pray allow them, at least now and then, to indulge themselves in other Amusements of Fancy, when they are tired with stooping to their Tapestry. There is a very particular kind of Work, which of late several Ladies here

in our Kingdom are very fond of, which seems very well adapted to a Poetical Genius: It is the making of *Grotto*'s. I know a Lady who has a very beautiful one, composed by her self, nor is there one Shell in it not stuck up by her own Hands. I here send you a Poem to the fair Architect, which I would not offer to herself, till I knew whether this Method of a Lady's passing her Time, were approv'd of by the *British* SPECTATOR, which, with the Poem, I submit to your Censure, who am,

Your Constant Reader

And Humble Servant,

A.B.'

To Mrs.——on her *Grotto*.[1]

A Grotto *so compleat, with such Design,*

What Hands, Calypso, *cou'd have form'd but Thine?*
Each chequer'd Pebble, and each shining Shell
So well proportion'd, and dispos'd so well,
Surprizing Lustre from thy Thought receive,
Assuming Beauties more than Nature gave.
To Her their various Shapes, and glossy Hue,
Their curious Symmetry they owe to you.
Not fam'd Amphion'*s Lute,*
whose powerful Call
Made willing Stones dance to
the Theban *Wall,*
In more harmonious Ranks
cou'd make them fall.[2]

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Not Ev'ning Cloud a brighter Arch can shew,
Nor richer Colours paint the heav'nly Bow.

Where can unpolish'd Nature boast a Piece,
In all her Mossie Cells, exact as This?
At the gay parti-colour'd Scene we start,
For Chance too regular, too rude for Art.

Charm'd with the sight, my ravish'd Breast is fir'd
With Hints like those which ancient Bards inspir'd;

All the feign'd Tales by Superstition told,
All the bright Train of fabled Nymphs of Old,
Th' enthusiastick Muse believes are true,
Thinks the Spot sacred, and its Genius You.
Lost in wild Rapture, wou'd she fain disclose,
How by degrees the pleasing Wonder rose:
Industrious in a faithful Verse to trace
The various Beauties of the lovely Place:
And while she keeps the glowing Work in view,
Thro' ev'ry Maze thy artful Hand pursue.

Oh were I equal to the bold Design,
Or cou'd I boast such happy Art as Thine!
That cou'd rude Shells in such sweet Order place,
Give common Objects such uncommon Grace,
Like them my well-chose Words in ev'ry Line,
As sweetly temper'd, shou'd as sweetly shine.
So just a Fancy shou'd my Numbers warm,
Like the gay Piece shou'd the Description charm.
Then with superior Strength my
Voice I'd raise,
The echoing Grotto *shou'd*
approve my Lays,
Pleas'd to reflect the well-sung
Founder's Praise.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid*, 6. 545: I will compleat the number and be gone.

Tickell is named as the author of this number in the Tickell MS., which also assigns 'The Poem on a Lady's Grotto' in this number to 'Mr. Ward of the University of Dublin' (see below).

[2] This has not been identified.

159. 8: *Gregorio*] *Gregerio*

[3] See Bayle, art. 'John Kirchman', Remark B, where examples of this type are given, though not Leti.

[4] See Bayle, art. 'Aristarchus, of Alexandria', Remark B: 'Note, that it's the Opinion of several, that *Aristarchus* was he who divided each of *Homer*'s great Poems into as many Books as there are Letters in the Alphabet, and gave to each Book the Name of a Letter.'

[5] The earliest extant letter of Addison's (12 Feb. 1694/5) refers to a projected translation of Herodotus (Graham, p. 1).

[6] There seems to be no evidence that Milton himself made the change from ten to twelve books in order to follow Virgil's example. The change (in the second edition) may have been made by the publisher.

[7] Preface to *Works* of 1656 (Spingarn, ii. 86).

[1] No. 606 (above, p. 72).

160. 30: *Dublin*,] *Dublin*

[1] The poem is by the Rev. James Ward, later Dean of Cloyne. He received the degree of M.A. this year (1714) at Trinity College, Dublin. The poem, 'To Mrs.——on her Grotto', is reprinted with several poems of Ward, in *Miscellaneous Poems, Original and Translated, by Several Hands: Published by Mr.* [*Matthew*] *Concanen* (1724), pp. 347–9. The only change made is the substitution of 'Clouds' for 'Cloud' in line 12. For Ward's paraphrase of the seventh chapter of Proverbs (also in this collection) see No. 410 (iii. 533–5).

[2] Amphion, son of Jupiter and Antiope, 'was very excellent at Musick, and learn'd of *Mercury* to play upon stringed Instruments, in which he grew so great a Proficient, as the Poets

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say, That he built the Walls of *Thebes* by the sound of his Harp, and that the Stones put themselves in order to make that Building' (Danet).

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The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 633
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1714[1]

[PEARCE]

Omnia profecto, cum se a cœlestibus rebus referet ad humanas excelsius magnificentiusque et dicet et sentiet.

Cicer.

THE following Discourse is printed, as it came to my Hands, without Variation.

Cambridge, Dec. 12.

'IT was a very common Enquiry among the Ancients why the Number of excellent Orators, under all the Encouragements the most flourishing States could give them, fell so far short of the Number of those who excelled in all other Sciences.[1] A Friend of mine used merrily to apply to this Case an Observation of *Herodotus*, who says, That the most useful Animals are the most fruitful in their Generation; whereas the Species of those Beasts that are fierce and mischievous to Mankind are but scarcely continued.[2] The Historian instances in a Hare, which always either breeds or brings forth; and a Lioness, which brings forth but once, and then loses all Power of Conception. But, leaving my Friend to his Mirth, I am of Opinion, that in these latter Ages we have greater Cause of Complaint than the Ancients had. And since that solemn Festival is approaching, which calls for all the Power of Oratory, and which affords as noble a Subject for the Pulpit as any Revelation has taught us, the Design of this Paper shall be to show, that our

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Moderns have greater Advantages towards true and solid Eloquence, than any which the celebrated Speakers of Antiquity enjoy'd.

a

'The first great and substantial Difference is, that their common Places, in which almost the whole Force of Amplification consists, were drawn from the Profit or Honesty of the Action, as they regarded only this present State of Duration. But Christianity, as it exalts Morality to a greater Perfection, as it brings the Consideration of another Life into the Question, as it proposes Rewards and Punishments of a higher Nature and a longer Continuance, is more adapted to affect the Minds of the Audience, naturally inclin'd to pursue what it imagines its greatest Interest and Concern. If *Pericles*, as Historians report, could shake the firmest Resolutions of his Hearers, and set the Passions of all *Greece* in a Ferment, when the present Welfare of his Country, or the Fear of hostile Invasions was the Subject, what may be expected from that Orator, who warns his Audience against those Evils which have no Remedy, when once undergone, either from Prudence or Time. As much greater as the Evils in a future State are than these at present, so much are the Motives to Persuasion under Christianity greater than

those which meer moral Considerations could supply us with. But what I now mention relates only to the Power of moving the Affections. There is another Part of Eloquence, which is indeed its Master-piece; I mean the Marvellous or Sublime. In this the Christian Orator has the Advantage beyond Contradiction. Our Ideas are so infinitely enlarged by Revelation, the Eye of Reason has so wide a Prospect into Eternity, the Notions of a Deity are so worthy and refin'd, and the Accounts we have of a State of Happiness or Misery so clear and evident, that the Contemplation of such Objects will give our Discourse a noble Vigour, an invincible Force, beyond the Power of any human Consideration. *Tully* requires in his Perfect Orator some Skill in the Nature of Heavenly Bodies, because, says he, his Mind will become more extensive and unconfin'd; and when he descends to treat of human Affairs, he will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent manner.[1] For the same Reason that excellent Master would have

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recommended the Study of those great and glorious Mysteries which Revelation has discovered to us; to which the noblest Parts of this System of the World are as much inferior, as the Creature is less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and most knowing among the Heathens had very poor and imperfect Notions of a future State. They had indeed some uncertain Hopes, either received by Tradition, or gathered by Reason, that the Existence of virtuous Men would not be determined by the Separation of Soul and Body: But they either disbelieved a future State of Punishment and Misery, or, upon the same Account that *Apelles* painted *Antigonus* with one Side only towards the Spectator, that the Loss of his Eye might not cast a Blemish upon the whole Piece;[2] so these represented the Condition of Man in its fairest View, and endeavoured to conceal what they thought was a Deformity to human Nature. I have often observed, that whenever the above-mention'd Orator in his Philosophical Discourses is led by his Argument to the Mention of Immortality, he seems like one awak'd out of Sleep, rous'd and alarm'd with the Dignity of the Subject, he stretches his Imagination to conceive something un-

common, and with the Greatness of his Thoughts, casts, as it were, a Glory round the Sentence: Uncertain and unsettled as he was, he seems fired with the Contemplation of it: And nothing but such a glorious Prospect could have forced so great a Lover of Truth, as he was, to declare his Resolution never to part with his Persuasion of Immortality, though it should be proved to be an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all that Christianity has brought to Light, how would he have lavished out all the Force of Eloquence in those noblest Contemplations which Humane Nature is capable of, the Resurrection and the Judgment that follows it? How had his Breast glow'd with Pleasure, when the whole Compass of Futurity lay open and exposed to his View? How would his Imagination have hurried him on in the Pursuit of the Mysteries of the Incarnation? How would he have enter'd, with the Force of Lightning,[a] into the Affections of his Hearers, and fixed their Attention, in spite of all the Opposition of corrupt Nature, upon those glorious Themes, which his Eloquence had painted in such lively and lasting Colours?

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[b]'This Advantage Christians have; and it was with no small Pleasure I lately met with a Fragment of *Longinus,* which is preserved, as a Testimony of that Critick's Judgment, at the Beginning of a Manuscript of the New Testament in the *Vatican* Library.[1] After that Author has number'd up the most celebrated Orators among the *Grecians,* he says, *Add to these* Paul *of* Tarsus, *the Patron of an Opinion not yet fully proved.* As a Heathen, he condemns the Christian Religion; and, as an impartial Critick, he judges in Favour of the Promoter and Preacher of it. To me it seems, that the latter Part of his Judgment adds great Weight to his Opinion of St. *Paul*'s Abilities, since, under all the Prejudice of Opinions directly opposite, he is constrained to acknowledge the Merit of that Apostle. And, no doubt, such as *Longinus* describes St. *Paul,* such he appeared to the Inhabitants of those Countries which he visited and blessed with those Doctrines he was divinely commissioned to preach. Sacred Story gives us, in one Circumstance, a convincing Proof of his Eloquence, when the Men of *Lystra* called him *Mercury, because he was the chief Speaker,* and would have paid Divine Worship to him, as to the God who invented and presided

over Eloquence.[1] This one Account of our Apostle sets his Character, considered as an Orator only, above all the celebrated Relations of the Skill and Influence of *Demosthenes* and his Contemporaries. Their Power in Speaking was admired, but still it was thought human: Their Eloquence warmed and ravished the Hearers, but still it was thought the Voice of Man, not the Voice of God. What Advantage then had St. *Paul* above those of *Greece* or *Rome?* I confess I can ascribe this Excellence to nothing but the Power of the Doctrines he delivered, which may have still the same Influence on the Hearers; which have still the Power, when preached by a skilful Orator, to make us break out in the same Expressions as the Disciples, who met our Saviour in their Way to *Emmaus,* made use of; *Did not our Hearts burn within us, when he talked to us by the Way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures*?[2] I may be thought bold in my Judgment by some; but I must affirm, That no one Orator has left us so visible Marks and Footsteps of his Eloquence as our Apostle. It may perhaps be wondered at, that in his Reasonings upon Idolatry at *Athens,* where Eloquence was born and flourished, he confines himself to strict Argument only;[3] but my Reader may remember what many

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Authors of the best Credit have assured us, That all Attempts upon the Affections and Strokes of Oratory were expresly forbidden, by the Laws of that Country, in Courts of Judicature.[4] His Want of Eloquence therefore here, was the Effect of his exact Conformity to the Laws: But his Discourse on the Resurrection to the *Corinthians*,[5] his Harangue before *Agrippa* upon his own Conversion and the Necessity of that of others,[6] are truly Great, and may serve as full Examples to those excellent Rules for the Sublime, which the best of Criticks has left us. The Sum of all this Discourse is, That our Clergy have no farther to look for an Example of the Perfection they may arrive at, than to St. *Paul*'s Harangues; that when he, under the Want of several Advantages of Nature (as he himself tells us)[7] was heard, admired, and made a Standard to succeeding Ages by the best Judge of a different Persuasion in Religion: I say,

our Clergy may learn, That, however instructive their Sermons are, they are capable of receiving a great Addition; which St. *Paul* has given them a noble Example of, and the Christian Religion has furnished them with certain Means of attaining to.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Cicero, *Orator*, 34. 119: When a Man descends from celestial to treat of human Affairs, he will both think and speak in a more exalted and magnificent manner.

This number is by Zachary Pearce (1690–1774), consecrated Bishop of Bangor in 1748 and Bishop of Rochester in 1755. His authorship is revealed in a letter by him dated 5 June 1764 and addressed to either Dr. Birch or Bishop Percy (Add. MS. 4316, ff. 179, 180). In 1714 Pearce was still an undergraduate at Cambridge.

[1] Cicero, *De Oratore,* 1. 2. 6–1. 4. 16.

[2] *History,* 3. 108.

[a] *No paragraph in Fol.*

[1] Cicero, *Orator,* 34. 119 (cf. the motto of this number).

[2] Pliny, *Natural History,* 35. 36. 90. Cf. Robert South, Sermon ii (on John xv. 15, preached at Christ Church, Oxon., 1664):

> *Love* is never so *blind*, as when it is to spy faults. It is like the Painter, who being to draw the Picture of a Friend having a Blemish in one Eye, would picture only the other side of his Face. It is a Noble, and a great thing to cover the Blemishes, and to excuse the Failings of a Friend ... (*Twelve Sermons*, 3rd ed., 1704, pp. 60–61).

[a] Lightning,] Thunder, *Fol.*

165. 17: had] hath

[b] *No paragraph in Fol.*

165. 21: Judgment,] Jndgment,

[1] See the first Fragment in Pearce's Longinus, 2nd ed., 1732, p. 260.

32: Countries] Conntries

[1] Acts xiv. 12.

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2 Luke xxiv. 32.

[3] Acts xvii. 16–34.

[4] This refers, somewhat inaccurately, to the rule which forbade pleaders before the Areopagus to talk beside the point. See Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, 1. 1. 1354a23; *Pollux,* 8. 117; Antiphon, *In Defence of the Choreutes,* 9; and Sextus Empiricus, *Adversus Mathematicos,* 2. 77: 'The Athenians in ancient times did not allow persons tried before the council of the Areopagus to present another to plea in their behalf, but each, whether his ability in speaking was great or small, without any distortions or tricks presented his own plea in his own behalf.' My colleague, Professor Benedict Einarson, has very kindly supplied me with these references.

[5] 1 Cor. xv.

[6] Acts xxvi. 2–23.

[7] 2 Cor. xii. 5–7.

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 634
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1714[1]

[TICKELL]

Ὸ ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἔγγιστα θεῶν.

Socrates apud Xen.

IT was the common Boast of the Heathen Philosophers, that by the Efficacy of their several Doctrines, they made Humane Nature resemble the Divine. How much mistaken soever they might be in the several Means they proposed for this End, it must be owned that the Design was great and glorious. The finest Works of Invention and Imagination are of very little Weight, when put in the Balance with what refines and exalts the rational Mind. *Longinus* excuses *Homer* very handsomely, when he says the Poet made his Gods like Men, that he might make his Men appear like the Gods: [2] But it must be allowed that several of the ancient Philosophers acted, as *Cicero* wishes *Homer* had done; they endeavoured rather to make Men like Gods, than Gods like Men.[3]

According to this general Maxim in Philosophy, some of them have endeavoured to place Men in such a State of Pleasure, or Indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the Happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other Hand, the most virtuous Sect of Philosophers have created a chimerical Wise Man, whom they made exempt from Passion and Pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him All-sufficient.[4]

This last Character, when divested of the Glare of Humane

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Philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more, than that a Good and Wise Man should so arm himself with Patience, as not to yield tamely to the Violence of Passion and Pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his Desires as to have few Wants; and that he should cherish so many Virtues in his Soul, as to have a perpetual Source of Pleasure in Himself.

The Christian Religion requires, that, after having framed the best Idea we are able of the Divine Nature, it should be our next Care to conform our selves to it, as far as our Imperfections will permit. I might mention several Passages in the Sacred Writings on this Head, to which I might add many Maxims and wise Sayings of Moral Authors among the *Greeks* and *Romans.*

I shall only instance a remarkable Passage, to this Purpose, out of *Julian*'s *Cæsars*.[1] That Emperor having represented all the *Roman* Emperors, with *Alexander* the Great, as passing in Review before the Gods, and striving for the Superiority, lets them all drop, excepting *Alexander, Julius Casar, Augustus Casar, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius,* and *Constantine.* Each of these great Heroes of Antiquity lays in his Claim for the upper Place; and, in Order to it, sets forth his Actions after the most advantageous Manner. But the Gods, instead of being dazled with the Lustre of their Actions, enquire, by *Mercury,* into the proper Motive and Governing Principle that influenced them throughout the whole Series of their Lives and Exploits. *Alexander* tells them, That his Aim was to conquer; *Julius Casar,* That his was to gain the highest Post in his Country; *Augustus,* To govern well; *Trajan*, That His was the same as that of *Alexander*, namely, To conquer. The Question, at length, was put to *Marcus Aurelius,* who replied, with great Modesty, That *it had always been his Care to imitate the Gods.* This Conduct seems to have gained him the most Votes and best Place in the whole Assembly. *Marcus Aurelius* being afterwards asked to explain himself, declares, That, by imitating the Gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the Use of his Understanding, and of all other Faculties; and, in particular, That it was always his Study to have as few Wants as possible in himself, and to do all the Good he could to others.

Among the many Methods by which Revealed Religion has advanced Morality, this is one, That it has given us a more just and perfect Idea of that Being whom every reasonable Creature

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ought to imitate. The Young Man, in a Heathen Comedy, might justify his Lewdness by the Example of *Jupiter*; as, indeed, there was scarce any Crime that might not be countenanced by those Notions of the Deity which prevailed among the common People in the Heathen World.[1] Revealed Religion sets forth a proper Object for Imitation, in that Being who is the Pattern, as well as the Source, of all Spiritual Perfection.

While we remain in this Life, we are subject to innumerable Temptations,
which, if listen'd to, will make us deviate from
Reason and Goodness, the only Things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next Life we meet with nothing to excite our Inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my Reader with this Maxim, *viz. Our Happiness in this World proceeds from the Suppression of our Desires, but in the next World from the Gratification of them*.[2]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Xenophon, *Memorabilia*, 1. 6. 10 (altered). He who has the fewest wants most resembles the gods.

[2] *On the Sublime,* 9. 7:

> For my part, when I read in *Homer* of the Wounds, the Factions, the Sufferings, the Tears, the Imprisonments of the Gods, and all those Accidents which incessantly befal 'em; it seems to me, that he does his utmost to make Gods of the Men, who were at the Siege of *Troy*; and on the contrary, of the Gods themselves to make Men … ' (Boileau's trans., chap. vii, pp. 26–27).

[3] Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*, 1. 26. 65.

[4] For the wise man of the Stoics see No. 243 (ii. 444).

[1] The Emperor Julian's satire, 'The Caesars', 333c.

[1] See Bayle, 'Jupiter', Remark D, where a passage from the *Ion* of Euripides is quoted on this point.

[2] Cf. the closing sentence of No. 574 (iv. 565, by Addison).

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator

The Spectator, Vol. 5

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NO. 635
MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1714[3]

[GROVE]

Sentio Te sedem Hominum ac Domum contemplari: quæ

si tibi parva (ut est) ita videtur, hæc cœlestia semper

Spectato; illa humana contemnito.

Cicero. Somn. Scip.

THE following Essay comes from the ingenious Author of the Letter upon *Novelty*, printed in a late *Spectator*: [4] The Notions

are drawn from the *Platonick* way of Thinking, but as they contribute to raise the Mind, and may inspire noble Sentiments of our own future Grandeur and Happiness, I think it well deserves to be presented to the Publick.

IF the Universe be the Creature of an intelligent Mind, this Mind could have no immediate Regard to himself in producing it. He needed not to make Trial of his Omnipotence, to be informed what Effects were within its Reach: The World as existing in his eternal Idea was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into Being; and in the immense Abyss of his Essence are contained far brighter Scenes than will be ever set forth to View; it being impossible that the great Author of Nature should bound his own Power by giving Existence to a System of Creatures so perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other Exertions of his Almighty Will.[1] Between Finite and Infinite there is an unmeasured Interval, not to be filled up in end-

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less Ages; for which Reason, the most excellent of all God's Works must be equally short of what his Power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same Ease.

a

This Thought, hath made some imagine, (what, it must be confest, is not impossible) that the unfathomed Space is ever teeming with new Births, the younger still inheriting a greater Perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall within my present View, I shall content my self with taking Notice, that the Consideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the Ideal Worlds in the Divine Understanding yield a Prospect incomparably more ample, various and delightful than any created World can do: And that therefore as it is not to be supposed that God should make a World merely of inanimate Matter, however diversified; or inhabited only by Creatures of no higher an Order than Brutes; so the End for which he designed his reasonable Offspring is the Contemplation of his Works, the Enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy; having, to this Purpose, endowed them with correspondent Faculties and Desires. He can have no greater Pleasure from a bare Review of his Works, than from the Survey of his own Ideas; but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the Satisfaction derived to Beings capable of it, and, for whose

Entertainment, he hath[a] erected this immense Theatre. Is not this more than an Intimation of our Immortality? Man, who when considered as on his Probation for a happy Existence hereafter is the most remarkable Instance of Divine Wisdom, if we cut him off from all Relation to Eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable Composition in the whole Creation. He hath Capacities to lodge a much greater Variety of Knowledge than he will be ever Master of, and an unsatisfied Curiosity to tread the secret Paths of Nature and Providence: But, with this, his Organs, in their present Structure, are rather fitted to serve the Necessities of a vile Body, than to minister to his Understanding; and from the little Spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering Guesses concerning the innumerable Worlds of Light that encompass him, which, tho' in themselves of a prodigious Bigness, do but just glimmer in the remote Spaces of the Heavens; and, when with a great deal of

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Time and Pains he hath laboured a little way up the steep Ascent of Truth, and beholds with Pity the groveling Multitude beneath, in a Moment his Foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the Grave.

b

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in Justice to the Creator of the World, that there is another State when Man shall be better situated for Contemplation, or rather have it in his Power to remove from Object to Object, and from World to World; and be accommodated with Senses, and other Helps, for making the quickest and most amazing Discoveries. How doth such a Genius as Sir *Isaac Newton*, from amidst the Darkness that involves human Understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another Species![1] The vast Machine we inhabit lies open to him, he seems not un-acquainted with the general Laws that govern it, and while with the Transport of a Philosopher he beholds and admires the glorious Work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational Homage to his Maker. But alas! how narrow is the Prospect even of such a Mind? and how obscure to the Compass that is taken in by the Ken of an Angel; or of a Soul but newly escaped from its Imprisonment in the Body! For my part, I freely indulge my Soul in the Confidence of its future Grandeur; it pleases me to think that I who know so small a portion of the Works of the Creator, and

with slow and painful Steps creep up and down on the Surface of this Globe, shall ere long shoot away with the Swiftness of Imagination, trace out the hidden Springs of Nature's Operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly Bodies in the Rapidity of their Carreer, be a Spectator of the long Chain of Events in the natural and moral Worlds, visit the several Apartments of the Creation, know how they are furnished and how inhabited, comprehend the Order and measure the Magnitudes, and Distances of those Orbs, which to us seem disposed without any regular Design, and set all in the same Circle, observe the Dependance of the Parts of each System, and (if our Minds are big enough to grasp the Theory,) of the several Systems upon one another, from whence results the Harmony of the Universe. In Eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous Ambition; for

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besides the secret Refreshment it diffuses through my Soul, it engages me in an endeavour to improve my Faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the Rank I now hold among reasonable Beings, and the hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted Station.

The other, and that the Ultimate end of Man is the Enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a Wish. Dim at best are the Conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his Creatures in Suspence, neither discovering, nor hiding himself; by which means, the Libertine hath a Handle to dispute his Existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their Hearts prefer every trifling Satisfaction to the Favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good Man for the Singularity of his Choice. Will there not a time come, when the Free-Thinker shall see his impious Schemes overturned, and be made a Convert to the Truths he hates; when deluded Mortals shall be convinced of the Folly of their Pursuits, and the few Wise who followed the Guidance of Heaven, and, scorning the Blandishments of Sense and the sordid Bribery of the World, aspired to a celestial Abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost wish in the Vision of the Creator? Here the Mind heaves a Thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient Glances of his Presence; when, in the Instant it thinks it self to have the fastest hold, the Object eludes its Expectations, and it falls back tir'd and baffled to the Ground. Doubtless there is some more perfect way of conversing with heavenly Beings. Are not Spirits capable of mutual Intelligence unless immersed in

Bodies, or by their Intervention? must superior Natures depend on inferior for the main Privilege of sociable Beings, that of conversing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done, had Matter never been created? I suppose, not have lived in eternal Solitude. As incorporeal Substances are of a nobler Order, so, be sure, their manner of Intercourse is answerably more expedite and intimate. This method of Communication, we call Intellectual Vision, as somewhat Analogous to the Sense of Seeing which is the Medium of our Acquaintance with this visible World. And in some such way can God make himself the Object of immediate Intuition[a] to the Blessed; and as he can, 'tis not improbable that he will, always condescending, in the Circumstances of doing it, to the

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Weakness and Proportion of finite Minds. His Works but faintly reflect the Image of his Perfections, 'tis a Second-hand Knowledge: To have a just Idea of him, it may be necessary that we see him as he is. But what is that? 'Tis something that never entered into the Heart of Man to conceive; yet, what we can easily conceive will be a Fountain of Unspeakable, of everlasting, Rapture. All created Glories will fade and die away in his Presence. Perhaps it will be my Happiness to compare the World with the fair Exemplar of it in the divine Mind; perhaps, to view the original Plan of those wise Designs that have been executing in a long Succession of Ages. Thus employed in finding out his Works, and contemplating their Author! how shall I fall prostrate and adoring, my Body swallowed up in the Immensity of Matter, my Mind in the Infinitude of his Perfections!

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Cicero, *De republica*, 6. 19. 20: I know you contemplate both Heaven and Earth, which if they seem small to you, as they really are, yet still contemplate the celestial, and despise the terrestrial.

The original manuscript of this number (without Tickell's introductory sentence) survives among the Tickell papers, in the form of a letter postmarked 17 Dec. and directed to Jacob Tonson. The last sheet, containing the final eight sentences of the essay, is missing. Although the manuscript contains a terminal mark to show where the printer has reached the end of the first page in the folio printing and was thus clearly used as printer's copy, the text as set up in the folio sheet shows considerable revisions. Apparently the changes were made in proof. For the text of the original see Appendix V.

This was one of the essays included among the 'Several Discourses' published at the end of Addison's *Evidences of the Christian Religion* (Tonson, 1730).

169. *m.*: *contemplari*: *quae*] *contemplariquae*

[4] No. 626.

[1] For this and other illustrations of the 'principle of plenitude' in this essay see A. O. Lovejoy, *The Great Chain of Being.*

[a] No paragraph in Fol.

170. 29–30: diversified;] de-/versified;

[a] he hath] hath *Fol.*

[b] *No paragraph in Fol.*

[1] Cf. Pope's *Essay on Man*, ii. 35–38.

172. 35: Thought] Thonght

[a] Intuition] Institution *Fol.*

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Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: DEDICATIONS

The Spectator, Vol. 5

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

DEDICATIONS

The following dedications were prefixed to the first collected editions of the *Spectator,* in 8vo and 12mo. (The text is that of the 8vo edition.)

To the Right Honourable *John* Lord *Sommers,*[1] Baron of *Evesham.*

My LORD,

I SHOULD not act the Part of an impartial Spectator, if I Dedicated the following Papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged Merit.

None but a Person of a finished Character can be the proper Patron of a Work, which endeavours to Cultivate and Polish Human Life, by promoting Virtue and Knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either Useful or Ornamental to Society.

I know that the Homage I now pay You, is offering a kind of Violence to one who is as solicitous to shun Applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only Particular in which your Prudence will be always disappointed.

While Justice, Candor, Equanimity, a Zeal for the Good of your Country, and the most persuasive Eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable Distinctions, You are not to expect that

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the Publick will so far comply with your Inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary Qualities. It is in vain that You have endeavoured to conceal your Share of Merit, in the many National Services which You have effected. Do what You will, the present Age will be talking of your Virtues, tho' Posterity alone will do them Justice.

Other Men pass through Oppositions and contending Interests in the Ways of Ambition, but Your Great Abilities have been invited to Power, and importuned to accept of Advancement. Nor

is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the Service of Your Sovereign the Arts and Policies of Ancient *Greece* and *Rome*; as well as the most exact Knowledge of our own Constitution in particular, and of the Interests of *Europe* in general; to which I must also add, a certain Dignity in Your self, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great Honours which have been conferred upon You.

It is very well known how much the Church owed to You in the most dangerous Day it ever saw,[1] that of the Arraignment of its Prelates; and how far the Civil Power, in the Late and present Reign, has been indebted to your Counsels and Wisdom.

But to enumerate the great Advantages which the Publick has received from your Administration, would be a more proper Work for an History, than for an Address of this Nature.

Your Lordship appears as great in your Private Life, as in the most Important Offices which You have born. I would therefore rather chuse to speak of the Pleasure You afford all who are admitted into your Conversation, of Your Elegant Taste in all the Polite Parts of Learning, of Your great Humanity and Complacency[2] of Manners, and of the surprising Influence which is peculiar to You in making every one who Converses with your Lordship prefer You to himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own Talents. But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your Lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other Character of Distinction.

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I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most Obedient,

most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

The Spectator.

pg 176

To the Right Honourable *Charles* Lord *Hallifax*.[1]

My LORD,

SIMILITUDE of Manners and Studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest Motives to Affection and Esteem; but the passionate Veneration I have for Your Lordship, I think, flows from an Admiration of Qualities in You, of which in the whole Course of these Papers I have acknowledged my self incapable. While I busie my self as a Stranger upon Earth, and can pretend to no other than being a Looker on, You are conspicuous in the Busy and Polite World, both in the World of Men and that of Letters: While I am silent and unobserved in publick Meetings, You are admired by all that approach You as the Life and Genius of the Conversation. What an happy Conjunction of different Talents meets in him whose whole Discourse is at once animated by the Strength and Force of Reason, and adorned with all the Graces and Embellishments of Wit? When Learning irradiates common Life, it is then in its highest Use and Perfection; and it is to such as Your Lordship that the Sciences owe the Esteem which they have with the active Part of Mankind. Knowledge of Books in recluse Men, is like that sort of Lanthorn which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy Paths of his own;[2] but in the Possession of a Man of Business, it is as a Torch in the Hand of one who is willing and able to shew those, who are bewildered, the

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Way which leads to their Prosperity and Welfare. A generous Concern for Your Country, and a Passion for every thing which is truly Great and Noble, are what actuate all Your Life and Actions;

and I hope You will forgive me that I have an Ambition this Book may be placed in the Library of so good a Judge of what is valuable, in that Library where the Choice is such that it will not be a Disparagement to be the meanest Author in it. Forgive me, my Lord, for taking this Occasion of telling all the World how ardently I Love and Honour You; and that I am with the utmost Gratitude for all Your Favours,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most Obliged,

most Obedient,

and most Humble Servant,

The Spectator.

To the Right Honourable *HENRY BOYLE* Esq;[1]

SIR,

AS the profest Design of this Work is to Entertain its Readers in general, without giving Offence to any particular Person, it would be difficult to find out so proper a Patron for it as Your self, there being none whose Merit is more universally acknowledged by all Parties, and who has made himself more Friends, and fewer Enemies.[2] Your great Abilities, and unquestioned Integrity, in those High Employments which You have passed through, would not have been able to have raised You this general Approbation, had they not been accompanied with that Moderation in an high Fortune, and that Affability of Manners, which are so conspicuous through all parts of Your Life. Your Aversion to any Ostentatious Arts of Setting to show those Great Services which You have done

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the Publick, has not likewise a little contributed to that Universal Acknowledgment which is paid You by Your Country.

The Consideration of this Part of Your Character is that which hinders me from enlarging on those Extraordinary Talents, which have given You so great a Figure in the *British* Senate, as well as on that Elegance and Politeness, which appear in your more retired Conversation.
I should be unpardonable, if, after what I have said, I should longer detain You with an Address of this Nature; I cannot,
however, conclude it without owning those great Obligations which You have laid upon,

SIR,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

The Spectator.

TO THE DUKE OF *MARLBOROUGH*.[1]

My Lord,

AS it is natural to have a Fondness for what has cost us much Time and Attention to produce, I hope Your Grace will forgive an Endeavour to preserve this Work from Oblivion, by affixing it to Your memorable Name.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious Passages of Your Life, which are celebrated by the whole Age, and have been the Subject of the most sublime Pens; but if I could convey You to

Posterity in Your private Character, and describe the Stature, the Behaviour and Aspect of the Duke of *Marlborough*, I question not but it would fill the Reader with more agreeable Images, and give him a more delightful Entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other Book.

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One cannot indeed without Offence, to Yourself, observe, that You excel the rest of Mankind in the least, as well as the greatest Endowments. Nor were it a Circumstance to be mentioned, if the Graces and Attractions of Your Person were not the only Pre-heminence You have above others, which is left, almost, un-observed by greater Writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising Revolutions in Your Story, to be made acquainted with Your ordinary Life and Deportment? How pleasing would it be to hear that the same Man who had carried Fire and Sword into the Countries of all that had opposed the Cause of Liberty, and struck a Terrour into the Armies of *France,* had in the midst of His high Station a Behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first Steps towards Greatness? And if it were possible to express that easy Grandeur, which did at once persuade and command; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to His Contemporaries, that all the great Events which were brought to pass under the Conduct of so well-govern'd a Spirit, were the Blessings of Heaven upon Wisdom and Valour; and all which seem adverse fell out by divine Permission, which we are not to search into.

You have pass'd that Year of Life wherein the most able and fortunate Captain, before Your Time, declared he had lived enough both to Nature and to Glory;[1] and Your Grace may make that Reflection with much more Justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at Empire, by an Usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved; but the Prince of *Mindelheim* may rejoyce in a Soveraignty which was the Gift of Him whose Dominions He had preserved.[2]

Glory established upon the uninterrupted Success of honourable Designs and Actions is not subject to Diminution; nor can any Attempts prevail against it, but in the Proportion which the narrow Circuit of Rumour bears to the unlimited Extent of Fame.

We may congratulate Your Grace not only upon Your high Atcheivements, but likewise upon the happy Expiration of Your

Command, by which Your Glory is put out of the Power of Fortune: And when Your Person shall be so too, that the Author and

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Disposer of all Things may place You in that higher Mansion of Bliss and Immortality which is prepared for good Princes, Law-givers, and Heroes, when HE in HIS due Time removes them from the Envy of Mankind, is the hearty Prayer of,

My LORD,

Your Grace's,

Most Obedient,

Most Devoted

Humble Servant,

The Spectator.

To the Right Honourable *THOMAS* Earl of WHARTON.[1]

My LORD,

THE Author of the *Spectator* having prefixed before each of his Volumes the Name of some great Person to whom he has particular Obligations, lays his Claim to Your Lordship's Patronage upon the same Account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already receiv'd great Instances of Your Favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a Work of this Nature to Your Perusal. You are so throughly acquainted with the Characters of Men, and all the Parts of Humane Life, that it is impossible for the least Misrepresentation of them to escape Your Notice. It is Your Lordship's particular

Distinction, that You are Master of the whole Compass of Business, and have signalized Your Self in all the different Scenes of it. We admire some for the Dignity, others for the Popularity of their Behaviour; some for their Clearness of Judgment, others for their Happiness of Expression; some for the laying of Schemes, and others for the putting of them in Execution: It is Your Lordship only who enjoys these several Talents united, and that too in as great Perfection as others possess them singly. Your Enemies acknowledge this great Extent in Your Lordship's Character, at the same Time that they use their utmost Industry and Invention to derogate from

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it. But it is for Your Honour that those who are now Your Enemies were always so. You have acted in so much Consistency with Your Self, and promoted the Interests of Your Country in so uniform a Manner, that even those who would misrepresent Your generous Designs for the Publick Good, cannot but approve the Steadiness and Intrepidity with which You pursue them. It is a most sensible Pleasure to me that I have this Opportunity of professing my self one of Your great Admirers, and, in a very particular Manner,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obliged,

and most Obedient, Humble Servant,

The Spectator.

To the Right Honourable CHARLES Earl of *Sunderland*.[1]

My LORD,

VERY many Favours and Civilities (received from You in a private Capacity) which I have no other Way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this Presumption; but the Justice I, as a *Spectator,*

owe your Character, places me above the want of an Excuse. Candor and Openness of Heart, which shine in all your Words and Actions, exacts the highest Esteem from all who have the Honour to know You, and a winning Condescension to all subordinate to You, made Business a Pleasure to those who executed it under You, at the same time that it heightened Her Majesty's Favour to all who had the Happiness of having it convey'd through your Hands: A Secretary of State, in the Interests of Mankind, joined with that of his Fellow-Subjects, accomplish'd with a great Facility and Elegance in all the Modern as well as Ancient Languages, was a happy and proper Member of a Ministry, by whose Services your Sovereign and Country are in so high and flourishing a Condition, as makes all other Princes and Potentates powerful or

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inconsiderable in *Europe,* as they are Friends or Enemies to *Great-Britain.* The Im-portance of those great Events which happened during that Administration, in which Your Lordship bore so important a Charge, will be acknowledge as long as Time shall endure; I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse those Illustrious Passages, but give this Application a more private and particular Turn, in desiring your Lordship would continue your Favour and Patronage to me, as You are a Gentleman of the most polite Literature, and perfectly accomplished in the Knowledge of Books and Men, which makes it necessary to beseech your Indulgence to the following Leaves, and the Author of them: Who is, with the greatest Truth and Respect,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Oblig'd, Obedient, and

Humble Servant,

The Spectator.

TO Mr. *METHUEN*.[1]

SIR,

IT is with very great Pleasure I take an Opportunity of publishing the Gratitude I owe You, for the Place You allow me in your

Friendship and Familiarity. I will not acknowledge to You that I have often had You in my Thoughts, when I have endeavoured to Draw, in some Parts of these Discourses, the Character of a Good-natured, Honest and Accomplished Gentleman. But such Representations give my Reader an Idea of a Person blameless only, or only laudable for such Perfections as extend no farther than to his own private Advantage and Reputation.

But when I speak of You, I Celebrate One who has had the Happiness of possessing also those Qualities which make a Man useful to Society, and of having had Opportunities of Exerting them

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in the most conspicuous Manner.

The Great Part You had, as *British* Embassador, in Procuring and Cultivating the Advantageous Commerce between the Courts of *England* and *Portugal*, has purchased You the lasting Esteem of all who understand the Interest of either Nation.[1]

Those Personal Excellencies which are over-rated by the ordinary World, and too much neglected by Wise Men, You have applied with the justest Skill and Judgment. The most graceful Address in Horsemanship, in the Use of the Sword, and in Dancing, has been employed by You as lower Arts, and as they have occasionally served to cover, or introduce the Talents of a skilful Minister.

But your Abilities have not appeared only in one Nation. When it was your Province to Act as Her Majesty's Minister at the Court of *Savoy*,[2] at that time encamped, You accompanied that Gallant Prince[3] thro' all the Vicissitudes of His Fortune, and shared, by His Side, the Dangers of that Glorious Day in which He recovered His Capital. As far as it regards Personal Qualities, You attained, in that one Hour, the highest Military Reputation. The Behaviour of our Minister in the Action, and the Good Offices done the Vanquished in the Name of the Queen of *England*, gave both the Conqueror and the Captive the most lively Examples of the Courage and Generosity of the Nation He represented.

Your Friends and Companions in your Absence frequently talk these Things of You, and You cannot hide from us, (by the most discreet Silence in any Thing which regards your self) that the frank Entertainment we have at your Table, your easie Condescension in little Incidents of Mirth and Diversion, and general Complacency of Manners, are far from being the greatest Obligations we have to You. I do assure You there is not one of your Friends has a Greater Sense of your Merit in general, and of the Favours You every Day do us, than,

SIR,
Your most Obedient, and
most Humble Servant,
Richard Steele.

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TO *William Honeycomb*, Esq;

THE Seven former Volumes of the *Spectator* having been Dedicated to some of the most celebrated Persons of the Age, I take leave to Inscribe this Eighth and Last to You as to a Gentleman, who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best Company.[1]

You are now wholly retired from the busie part of Mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past Atchievments; for which reason, I look upon You as a Person very well qualified for a Dedication.

I may possibly disappoint my Readers, and your self too, if I do not endeavour on this occasion to make the World acquainted with your Virtues. And here, Sir, I shall not compliment You upon your Birth, Person, or Fortune; nor any other the like Perfections, which You possess whether You will or no: but shall only touch upon those, which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one must allow You have a real Merit.

Your janty Air and easie Motion, the Volubility of your Dis-

course, the Suddenness of your Laugh, the Management of your Snuff-Box, with the Whiteness of your Hands and Teeth (which have justly gained You the Envy of the most polite part of the Male World, and the Love of the greatest Beauties in the Female) are entirely to be ascribed to your own personal Genius and Application.

You are formed for these Accomplishments by a happy Turn of Nature, and have finished your self in them by the utmost Improvements of Art. A Man that is defective in either of these Qualifica tions (whatever may be the secret Ambition of his Heart) must never hope to make the Figure You have done, among the fashionable part of his Species. It is therefore no wonder, we see such multitudes of aspiring young Men fall short of you in all these Beauties of your Character, notwithstanding the Study and Practice of them is the whole Business of their Lives. But I need not tell You that the free and disengaged Behaviour of a fine Gentleman makes

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as many awkward Beaux, as the Easiness of your Favourite *Waller* hath made insipid Poets.

At present You are content to aim all your Charms at your own Spouse, without further Thought of Mischief to any others of the Sex. I know You had formerly a very great Contempt for that Pedantick Race of Mortals who call themselves Philosophers; and yet, to your Honour be it spoken, there is not a Sage of them all could have better acted up to their Precepts in one of the most important points of Life: I mean in that Generous Disregard of Popular Opinion, which you showed some years ago, when you chose for your Wife an obscure young Woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient Family, but has certainly as many Forefathers as any Lady in the Land, if she could but reckon up their Names.

I must own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the Moment that you confessed your Age, and from eight and forty (where you had stuck so many years) very ingenuously step'd into your Grand Climacterick. Your Deportment has since been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed, You make a regular Appearance every Quarter-Sessions among your Brothers of the *Quorum*; and if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a Colonel of the Militia. I am told that your Time passes away as agreeably in the Amusements of a Country Life, as it ever did in

the Gallantries of the Town: and that you now take as much pleasure in the Planting of young Trees, as you did formerly in the Cutting down of your old ones. In short, we hear from all Hands that You are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty Acres,[1] and have not too much Wit to look into your own Estate.

After having spoken thus much of my Patron, I must take the Privilege of an Author in saying something of my self. I shall therefore beg leave to add, that I have purposely omitted setting those Marks to the End of every Paper, which appeared in my former Volumes, that You may have an opportunity of showing Mrs. *Honeycomb* the Shrewdness of your Conjectures, by ascribing every Speculation to its proper Author: though You know how often many profound Criticks in Stile and Sentiments have very judi-

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ciously erred in this Particular, before they were let into the Secret.

I am,

SIR,
Your most Faithful
Humble Servant,
The SPECTATOR.

THE Bookseller *to the* Reader.[2]

IN the Six hundred and thirty second Spectator, *the Reader will find an Account of the Rise of this Eighth and Last Volume.*

I have not been able to prevail upon the several Gentlemen who were concerned in this Work to let me acquaint the World with their Names.

Perhaps it will be unnecessary to inform the Reader, that no other Papers,[3] *which have appeared under the Title of* Spectator, *since the closing of this Eighth Volume, were written by any of those Gentlemen who had a Hand in this or the former Volumes.*

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NOTES

[1] John, Lord Somers (1652–1716), the great Lord Chancellor under King William, seems to have been—in spite of Queen Anne's personal dislike—generally admired and esteemed by Whig and Tory alike. He had taken a prominent part in the Revolution, and had served successively as Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Lord Keeper, and finally (1697–1700) Lord Chancellor. Addison dedicated his *Poem to His Majesty* (1695) and his *Remarks on ... Italy* (1705) to him, and in *Freeholder* 39 (published on the day of Somers's funeral, 4 May 1716) paid warm tribute to his abilities, his generosity to others, and his modesty. 'His Character was uniform and consistent with it self, and his whole Conduct of a Piece. His Principles were founded in Reason, and supported by Virtue; and therefore did not lie at the Mercy of Ambition, Avarice, or Resentment.'

[1] 29 June 1688, the day on which the Seven Bishops came up for trial (Archbishop Sancroft and Bishops Lloyd, Turner, Lake, Ken, White, and Trelawney). These were the prelates who had signed the petition against James II's order for reading in all churches his 'Declaration for Liberty of Conscience' (May 1688) and had consequently been imprisoned in the Tower. It was largely owing to the eloquence of Somers, their counsel, that the bishops were acquitted.

[2] This word, so frequently occurring in the *Spectator*, does not have the modern meaning of self-satisfaction but the old sense of 'disposition to please' (last recorded example in *OED* is 1749).

[1] Charles Montagu (1661–1715), at this time Baron Halifax, was a grandson of the 1st Earl of Manchester. A poet and statesman, he had been Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury under William III, and was largely responsible for the founding of the Bank of England in 1694. He had taken a leading part in the negotiations for the Union with Scotland, and in 1706 he had been sent to Hanover with the Acts of Parliament for the naturalization of the Electress Sophia and her family. 'He was one of those Lords who voted Dr. *Sacheverel* guilty in 1710, and spoke in Defence of the *Whig Ministry* in 1711, when falsly accus'd of mismanaging the War in *Spain*' (*Political State,* May 1715, p. 438). He was later made Earl of Halifax, and died on 19 May 1715. Steele dedicated Volume IV of the *Tatler* to Halifax, praising him for his patronage of the arts, his services as an 'able and unbiassed patriot', and his talents for poetry.

[2] A familiar illustration. Cf. Robert Boyle, *Occasional Reflections upon several subiects* (1665), p. 202: 'For there is such a kind of Difference betwixt Vertue shaded by a private, and shining forth in a publick life, as there is betwixt a Candle carri'd aloft in the open air,

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and inclosed in a Lanthorn; in the former place it gives more light, but in the latter 'tis in less danger to be blown out.' Budgell also uses it in No. 379.

[1] Henry Boyle, the youngest son of Charles, Lord Clifford, and a grandson of the 1st Earl of Burlington, had been Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1701 to 1708. From Feb. 1708 until Sept. 1710 he was one of the principal Secretaries of State. He had been dismissed from office along with Lord Somers and was at this time one of the Whigs 'out of place'. It was Boyle who requested Addison to write *The Campaign* to celebrate the victory at Blenheim in 1704.

[2] Boyle was a moderate in politics. Although a friend of Harley and an associate of the Tories, he had by 1708, when he became Secretary of State for the Northern Department, become known as a Whig. At the accession of George I he was created Baron Carleton, and from 1721 until his death in 1725 he was President of the Council.

[1] At the time this dedication was written the Duke of Marlborough was in virtual disgrace, having been removed from office in December 1711 as the result of Tory propaganda in the *Examiner* and various political pamphlets, the most important of which was Swift's *Conduct of the Allies.* Steele immediately brought out *The Englishman's Thanks to the Duke of Marlborough,* a two-penny pamphlet dated the day after Marlborough's dismissal and published by Mrs. Baldwin. Shortly after this dedication was published in Volume IV of the *Spectator* (on 11 Nov. 1712) Marlborough went into voluntary exile in the Low Countries, where he remained until the accession of George I in 1714. For the history of Steele's relations with the Duke see Miss Blanchard's edition of Steele's *Correspondence,* pp. 466–7.

[1] Julius Caesar. See Cicero, *Pro M. Marcello Oratio*, 8. 25. Addison quotes this in No. 256.

[2] Cf. No. 139 (vol. ii).

[1] Thomas, Earl of Wharton (1648–1715), as the outstanding leader of the Whigs, is fittingly praised here as 'master of the whole compass of business'; his leadership of the Whig opposition during the last four years of Queen Anne's reign was recognized by both parties. Upon his death, on 12 Apr. 1715, Abel Boyer wrote of him:

> As he was the most active, most stren[u]ous, and most indefatigable *Asserter* of *Liberty*; and the warmest and most inveterate Enemy to *Popery, Arbitrary Power,* and *French* Counsels; so was he ever obnoxious to the *Popish, Jacobite,* and *Frenchify'd* Faction, who, as far as they dared, aspersed and inveigh'd against him whilst living, and who still calumniate his Memory (*Political State,* Apr. 1715, p. 308).

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Addison had served as his secretary when Wharton was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1708 to 1710, and Wharton had proved a serviceable friend to both Addison and Steele. In *Tatler* 4 Steele had praised Wharton's great abilities and described him as a minister 'as industrious and restless for the Preservation of the Liberties of the People, as the greatest Enemy can be to subvert 'em'.

[1] Charles, Earl of Sunderland (1674–1722), became 3rd Earl on the death of his father in September 1702. He was an important member of the Whig Junto, having married in the previous year Anne Churchill, 'the little Whig', second daughter to the Duke of Marlborough. His library at Althorp in Northamptonshire was already famous. In December 1706 he replaced Sir Charles Hedges as Secretary of State for the Southern Department; in this post he retained Addison, already in office, as his secretary. Steele's position of gazetteer also came under Sunderland's supervision. He was dismissed from office on 14 June 1710, on the eve of the Tories' accession to power.

[1] Paul Methuen, son of John Methuen (the Ambassador to Portugal who negotiated the famous Methuen Treaty of 1703), was a prominent member of the Whig party and was born in the same year, 1672, as Addison and Steele. He was Minister at Turin in 1705, Ambassador to Portugal 1706–8, and a Lord of the Admiralty 1709– 10 and 1714–17. He was appointed Secretary of State in June 1716, a post from which he resigned in April 1717, to be succeeded by Addison. He died at the age of 85, in 1757. Like Addison and Steele he was a member of the Hanover Club.

[1] The treaties with Portugal in 1703, when Paul Methuen was assisting his father, the envoy at Lisbon.

[2] Methuen served as envoy at Savoy, and upon the death of his father was made Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Portugal (*London Gazette,* 12 Sept. 1706).

[3] Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy. The reference here is to the battle in September 1706, in which the Duke regained Turin, with the assistance of the Allies under Prince Eugene.

[1] Since Eustace Budgell collaborated with Addison in the revival of the *Spectator* in 1714, the Dedication to Vol. viii has been attributed to him (by Nichols, followed by Morley and Aitken). Gregory Smith assumed it to be by Addison, and the style certainly suggests Addison (cf.'the secret Ambition of his Heart' and' the whole Business of their Lives' in paragraph 5).

[1] For earlier examples of this expression see *N & Q*, 7th ser., iv (1887), 466; v (1888), 53.

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[2] The draft of'The Bookseller to the Reader' in Tickell's hand exists among the papers in the possession of Major-General Sir Eustace F. Tickell and has been printed in an important article,'The Eighth Volume of the *Spectator*', by M. J. C. Hodgart, in the *Review of English Studies*, N.S. V (1954), 367–87. This draft is our most valuable piece of evidence for the authorship of Nos. 556–635, which make up the eighth volume. See Introduction, vol. i, p. lxxvi.

[3] The allusion here is probably to the continuation (61 numbers) by William Bond, which ran from 3 Jan. to 3 Aug. 1715 (published on Mondays and Fridays). It later appeared as 'Volume ix' of the *Spectator.*

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